

MARCH ATLANTIC

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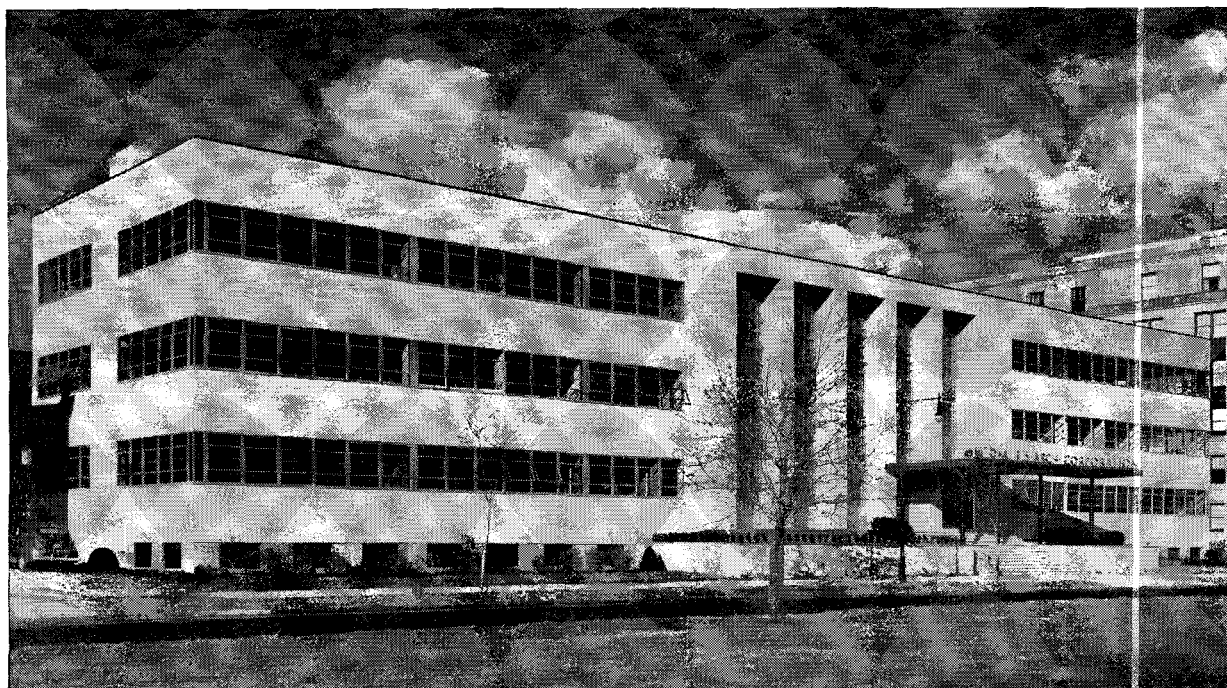
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Cover Panel by John Groth

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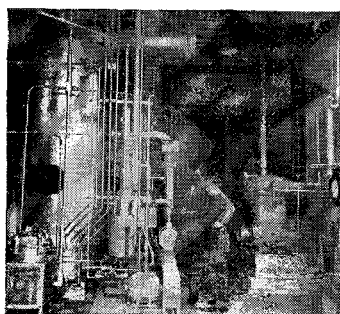
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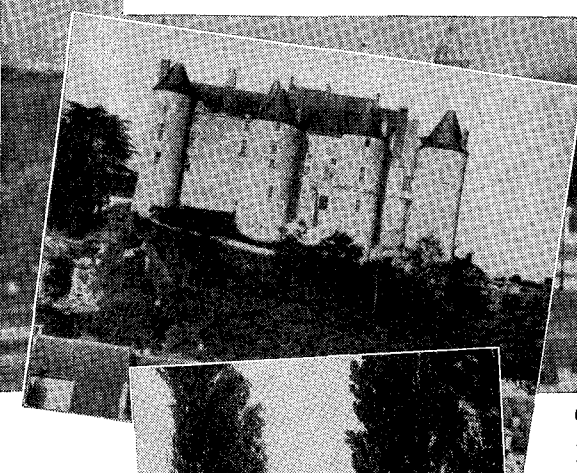
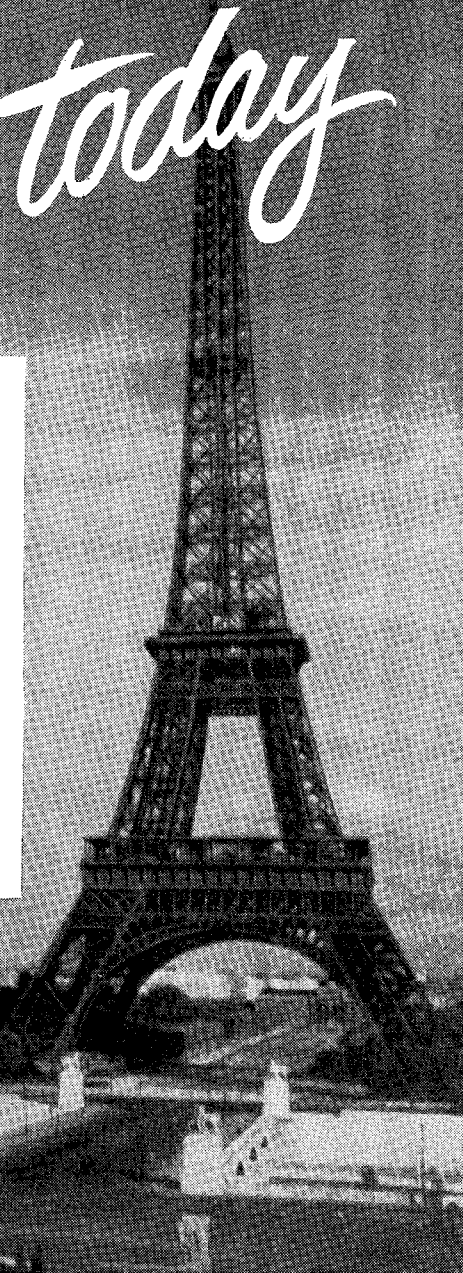
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today

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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today

The United Nations

THE United Nations is so much a part of our post-war world that only a fool or a dreamy idealist will expect it to perform as if it were distinctly separate from our world. This obvious fact leads us into a dangerous truism — namely, that until there is more top-level coöperation among nations the United Nations cannot begin to carry out its job as laid down in its Charter.

The truism is dangerous because it suggests that the United Nations is simply a debating society or an extra battleground for the cold war. United Nations decisions become then either heroic gestures or distorted applications of the Charter to serve the interests of one side or the other. The latter was a favorite interpretation of Assembly actions by Soviet orators.

Both interpretations spring from the naïve belief that the United Nations ushered in an entirely new era in the relationships between men and nations. If the United Nations appeared as the answer to the hopes and prayers of mankind, it actually expressed the imperative demands of nations for security. For wars are fought for national survival, and the directors of wars discover that nationalism is the most potent incentive to victory. Cities may be reduced to rubble, countrysides be laid waste, men, women, and children be slaughtered by the millions; but if the nation survives, every sacrifice has been worth while.

After World War II the smaller nations, some of which were virtually battered out of existence, have clung to the belief that peace has a slight advantage over nationalism. But the United States and the Soviet Union, the two big powers that survived the war, have been determined that any

post-war arrangements would have to guarantee the national integrity of the United States and the Soviet Union.

It is significant that the Yalta Conference of 1945, while the two powers were still buddies in arms, drafted the first working plan for the United Nations and at the same time drew the boundaries of the Russian and American spheres of influence. And the inviolability of national sovereignty, one of the classic occasions for wars in the past, was written into the world's new Charter for peace.

United Nations: a compromise

The long-sighted realist will say that a system of security based on national sovereignty is a quicksand foundation for peace in an atomic age. And in the long run he is right. Even the nationalist statesmen of Yalta and Dumbarton Oaks and San Francisco grudgingly admitted that peace could not be built on power alone, particularly when that power was divided between two somewhat unfriendly giants.

It was a certain cold realism, therefore, which forced them to give serious thought to the possibilities of an international order which would regulate the life of nations as the modern state regulates the life of its citizens. This realism provided a common meeting ground for the devotees of peace and the devotees of power, for the war-weary people who saw visions and dreamed dreams and the prudent statesmen who know that nationalism sometimes wins wars. The United Nations emerged as a compromise between the claims of national security and the claims of international order. The Security Council and the General Assembly represent these competing claims forced into an uneasy



The Atlantic Report on the United Nations



alliance. Power is concentrated in the Security Council; the General Assembly is limited to discussion, investigation, and recommendations.

No substantial action can be taken by a mere majority decision of the peace-loving nations of the world. The final word has to come from the two great powers and the three other powers called "great" by courtesy, who with their five permanent seats dominate the Security Council. Moreover, each of the greater powers is given protection against any unfavorable action on the part of a majority of its Security Council colleagues, by having the right to veto any action it does not approve.

The big are strong

There are good, practical reasons for this concentration of power. Any substantial action directed as a disciplinary measure against a member state would place considerable responsibility on the big powers who had the armies and the industrial strength. Power and responsibility are hard to separate in the enforcement of peace.

And there are valid reasons for the veto as well. It is difficult to see how strong action could be taken over the opposition of one of the major powers. And any significant advance towards world order must be made with the full coöperation of the big powers. A majority decision may bind the members who concur, and compel the members who dissent — if they happen to be small states. But a majority decision cannot compel a minority which is led by a major power — as Russia's several boycotts of limited Assembly actions prove.

Majority action could, of course, force a dissident big power out of the United Nations, but such an action would be an abject admission of defeat for the larger objectives of the United Nations.

It was apparent at the birth of the United Nations that, in the post-war world, national policies were going to have free play except where they constituted acts of aggression. And even where acts of aggression were evident or suspect, if a great power were implicated it could block any sanctionary action by its veto. International coöperation was hoped for; its instruments were forged. In the long run it was recognized as a necessity of survival. But the architects of the Charter saw that coöperation could not be proclaimed by fiat. The Charter was a blueprint for peace and security: it could not be considered a finished picture of a war-proof house.

Those who planned and engineered the United Nations greatly underestimated the effect of war on the economies of nations and the minds of men. For the people of the United States the end of the war meant the return to normal living and the scrapping of wartime controls. It meant unprecedented prosperity. For Europe it meant economic chaos, poverty, and starvation; post-war relief served barely to keep populations alive. No European nation had the resources to rebuild its national economy. At least a year too late the United States began to realize that the economic plight of Europe had an immediate bearing on its own economic and perhaps strategic security.

Struggle for power

The war's effects on men's minds were even greater. In America, victory was interpreted as the triumph of Western methods of political and economic organization, a triumph for capitalist democracy. In Europe, on the other hand, the war released revolutionary forces only partly accounted for by the influence of Russia, which expressed themselves in forms of violent upheaval or gradual reform, depending on the degree of democratic development in the country concerned.

The uneasy tension between the great powers was transformed into an active struggle for power. The Soviet Union, taking advantage of the new forces released by the war and the deepening economic distress, made use of well-organized and disciplined Communist Parties in the nations beyond its immediate sphere of influence. The United States countered by *ad hoc* aid to the most threatened salients.

It so happened that American aid went first to one of the most reactionary governments of Europe, which was engaged not only in fighting Communist-led guerrillas but in stamping out all forms of democratic and liberal expression. America's aid to Greece combined with America's antipathy to socialist advances in Western Europe was grist for the Communist mill. Late in the day the Marshall Plan gave the democrats of Western Europe the hope they were so desperately seeking.

The cold war moves in on the UN

The United States aimed to buttress its defenses against the threats of Soviet expansion by using wherever possible the majority in the Assembly to compensate for vetoed actions in the Security Council. From the broader standpoint of world peace its aims were justified. Russian Communist maneuvers in Europe were much more active

threats to world equilibrium and to world peace itself than any countermoves on the part of the United States. American sins were of omission — failure to aid democracies rather than actions menacing Russian-held positions.

Russia's objective was partly to buttress its own defense against threats from the consolidating alliance of the Western nations, partly to encourage discontent among smaller and colonial peoples with America's alleged imperialist, capitalist ambitions. Both sides claimed support from the Charter of the United Nations. The Soviets charged that the United States was subordinating the Charter to American power aims and threatening the national sovereignty of small nations; the United States insisted that Soviet action, through the veto, had frustrated almost every constructive effort at international cooperation.

What neither side appreciated was that the Assembly belonged to the middle and the smaller nations rather than to the big powers. And these nations were more concerned with the preservation of peace than with the shifting fortunes of the big-power struggle. If it came to a showdown, most of them would choose the American side. But they were anxious not to force that showdown. If the big powers were wedded to their cold war, the middle and small nations would make a determined effort to prevent the United Nations from being transformed into either a battleground or a recruiting station.

Small nations strive for peace

While Vishinsky, Bebler, and Manuilsky, Johnson, Dulles, and Austin, were catching the headlines, the solid work in the Assembly was being done by Spaak of Belgium, Aranha of Brazil, Pearson of Canada, Evatt of Australia. The talented British team could not make up its mind whether to play a big-power second line or run interference for the small powers. They tried both.

The useful work of the small nations is apparent in three important issues — Greece, the Little Assembly, and Palestine. In Greece, it was Spaak of Belgium who, taking no back talk from Vishinsky, nevertheless insisted that the Assembly's main job was to find a settlement, not to lay blame for past misdeeds. Spaak had no more love for Tsaldaris of Greece than for Tito of Yugoslavia, and insisted that the clauses accusing Greece's northern neighbors of most of the trouble in the Balkans be removed from the American resolution. But Spaak and other leaders of the small-nation group were firmly behind a Balkan commission to play watchdog on the Greek border.

The American Little Assembly plan was launched as the answer to the Security Council deadlock. It would meet in constant session and deal in an efficient, untrammelled fashion with matters threatening peace. The Russians naturally shouted that the Charter was being violated and the United Nations assassinated.

I met New England

AT A BANKERS' CONVENTION IN CHICAGO



Jim smiled at me across the lunch table.

"What," he said, "you think New England is only interested in trustee accounts — conserving property — supplying working funds to established industry . . . you think New England has no venture capital available for new companies — or for the expansion of old?"

The three of us leaned forward. All of us knew that I was kidding, when I challenged him, but yet I felt that some part of my remarks might be true.

Then Jim let us have it.

"Gentlemen, perhaps you don't realize how much money New England is putting into new and untried ideas, products and companies. Sure, we want to be darn certain that management, the product, and plant location and equipment are right. But after that, you'll find New England corporations and individuals putting plenty of capital into small and large enterprises throughout New England.

"And why shouldn't they?" he continued. "New England is the most diversified section industrially in the world, because it's got everything industry needs to produce goods and make a profit. It's an ideal set-up for a large company that wants to decentralize or for any progressive company looking for the best site. Power lines are ready to be tapped with no high-cost long-distance connections. We have plenty of water for manufacturing. And New England itself, you know, is a very rich market — close to the richest markets in the world, too.

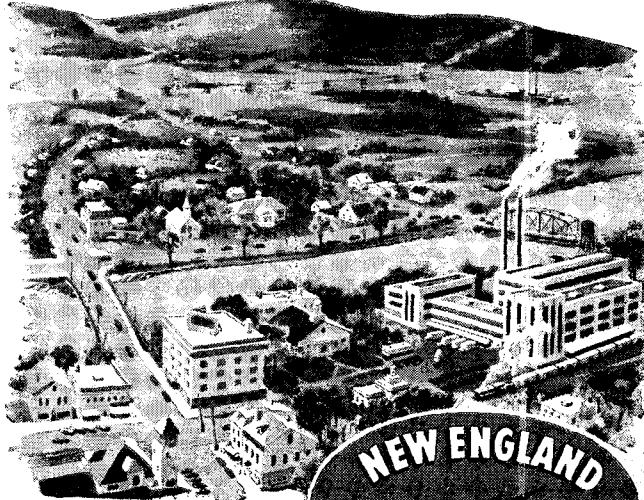
"And one more mighty important point about New England" — Jim was not smiling now — "is that it inherits from its banking ancestry the sort of intimate and friendly counsel that means so much if you're starting a new business venture, or if you're established in industry and looking for a chance to expand."

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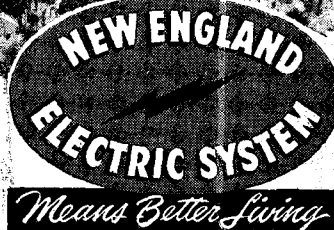


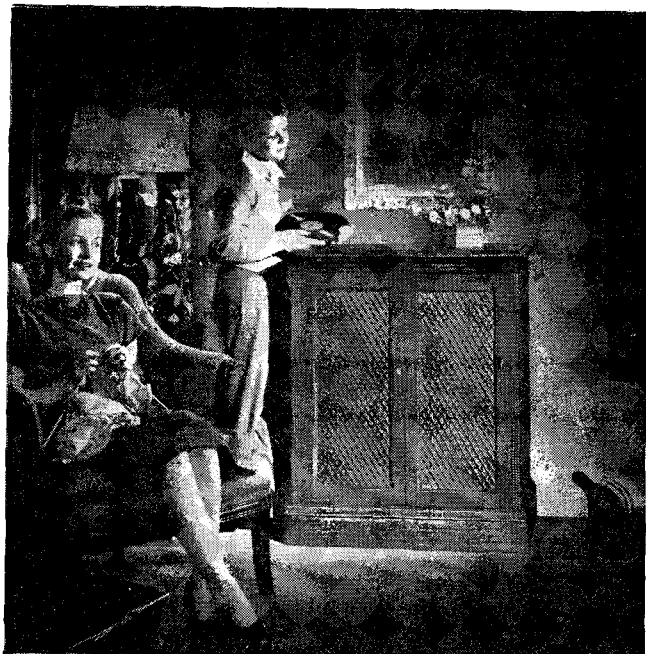
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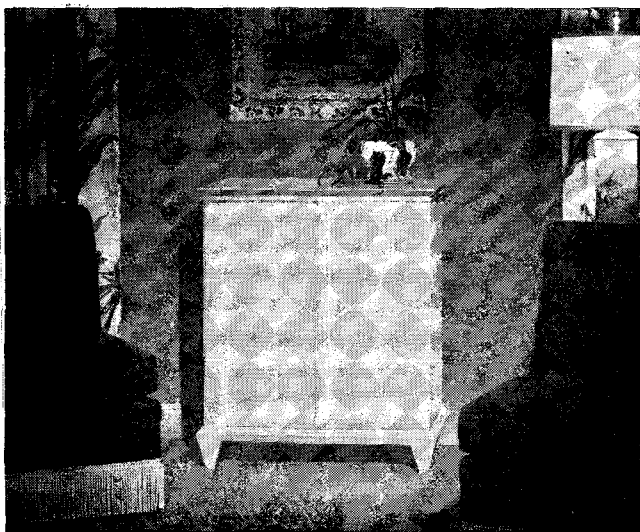


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The leaders of the small powers took a sober and balanced view of the proposal. With no love for the veto, they thought an Interim Committee might be a good way to bring disputes to world attention before they had gone too far. But they were very leery of the original American proposals, which they considered loose and broad and open to some of the Russian charges. At the urging of Canada, France, the United Kingdom, and others, the Little Assembly was cut down to size.

The Palestine settlement provides the best illustration of small-power activity. In this case it was not so much big-power antagonism as big-power inaction that threatened a constructive decision. Both Russia and the United States were in favor of partition, but each had its own plan for enforcement. The British meanwhile sulked in their tents. Lester Pearson of Canada should be given most of the credit for working out a scheme which, if boldly implemented, would provide the maximum of justice to Arabs and Jews. His plan carried solid United States backing, was acceptable to Britain as the retiring mandatory power, and eventually won more than a two-thirds majority of the Assembly.

But Pearson's brilliant work in committee would have been unavailing without the constructive support of other delegates from small powers — Evatt of Australia, Pruszyński of Poland, Fabregat of Uruguay, Granados of Guatemala. The Palestine settlement was the most important decision yet taken by the United Nations; in working it out the big powers played a comparatively minor part.

The pressure for peace

It is significant, then, that when the cold war moved in on the United Nations it did not destroy it. Nor did its main protagonists dictate Assembly action. The role of the small nations has a particular relevance to ordinary people in this and other lands, for whom the United Nations is still the main hope of peace. Small nations, like individuals, freed from the immediate burdens and corruption of power, see with greater clarity the great potentialities of a world organization.

The United Nations continues as an uneasy compromise between the claims of power and the claims of international order. As long as national sovereignty exists, that compromise will remain. There is no more chance today of legislating out of existence the big-power conflict than of legislating into existence a world government or an international order based on the principles of the Atlantic Charter.

The balance-of-power maneuvers will continue, the cold war will go on, but against them will be the continued pressure of men and nations who realize that another war will be the death of us all, and who feel the necessity of building a world community that will sustain law and order. The United Nations provides the chief means, perhaps the sole means, of maintaining that pressure for peace.



Washington

RELIANCE on the military is bound to be intensified as United States leaders continue to talk of war with Soviet Russia. Our thinking is becoming more and more military. The latest evidence is contained in the Finletter Commission report on air policy. It is an arresting document, and those who know Thomas Finletter, a man who has devoted himself to world government, can imagine with what reluctance he advised the President to prepare for war.

The Commission advises a program which is staggering in its expense. The military budget for the next fiscal year is 11 billion dollars, but the Finletter Commission recommends that this be increased by a billion and a half in 1948 and again by a billion and a half in 1949, with a review of the entire situation by January 1, 1950.

The Finletter Commission states that the new military strategy must be based on air power. This might seem elementary in this air age. But the Commission found no strategical plan extant. The reason for this lies in the perennial conflict among the services over the question of defense organization. If there is no agreement on organization, there can be no plan. The Finletter Commission may expedite consideration of one, particularly in view of the recommendation that the President appoint a board of citizens biennially to report on progress of a strategical defense plan.

The Finletter group throws a glaring light on the inadequacy of the much vaunted unification of our armed forces. The report of the Commission points out several instances of surviving separatism, and the evidence of it is implicit in the entire document. The three services — Army and Air Force on the one hand and Navy on the other — have only a meager interconnection. Instead of a joint organization, the Navy is planning for ships, land forces, and aircraft, as if the other two services did not exist. The result is twofold: no common plan, and unnecessary expense for the taxpayer.

Mr. Baruch and inflation

Outstanding in the testimony on the Marshall Plan was the contribution of Bernard Baruch. Mr. Baruch, whose prestige with Congress is incon-

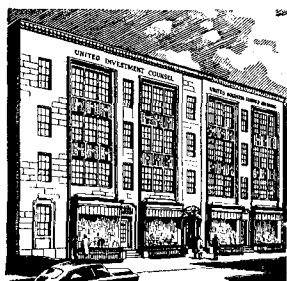
testable, put the debate in an all-encompassing context. It is curious to note the way his evidence was misinterpreted. Some said the object of his proposals was to kill the Marshall Plan. Another group said he was against the Marshall idea of organization. The plain fact is that he saw the Marshall Plan in the large — that is to say, along with application of the Truman Doctrine and the drive against inflation. His statement did not deviate from Secretary Marshall's on the subject of organization.

But there was one point in the Baruch blueprint against inflation that Mr. Baruch slurred over. That was its money aspect. This inflation is a monetary phenomenon — too much money chasing too few goods. Mr. Baruch's basic remedy is more work, but the fact is that the country has never been more fully employed, and cannot conceivably catch up with the money outpour.

The real remedy is credit contraction. In this respect the Federal Reserve System is in a dilemma because of the size of the public debt. There are two ways of contracting credit: one is to make money dearer, the other is to make money scarcer. The first could be accomplished by Federal Reserve selling of governments, but this would increase the interest burden of the 250-billion-dollar public debt. Moreover, the commercial banks are so loaded with governments, which are reserves for lending money, that the buying of governments would not put a dent in their ability to lend.

The difficulty has not yet been faced squarely. For the time being the trouble is hidden. During the tax-collecting months a great deflationary force is in operation. When that is ended, however, the inflationary force will again be in full swing, and the government will have to do something to combat it. The decision will be a hard one. The only device that might be effective is the Federal Reserve recommendation, opposed by all bankers, ordering the banks to set up special reserves in addition to regulation reserves against loans.

It might then, of course, be too late to promote stability. For deflation and collapse usually follow



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inflation. The lesson of history is inexorable: after every sizable war, there is a terrible reckoning which is called "money's revenge." Wars involve huge expenditures for things that are blown away, leaving the money still intact and nothing to show for it. Thus inflation is traditionally an aftermath of war and the correction of it is found in the collapses of 1837, 1873, and 1929.

Who administers the Marshall Plan?

On the Marshall Plan the greatest struggle involves its organization. Congress lacks confidence in the business capacity of the State Department, either in Washington or through its representatives abroad. The members of the Herter Committee came back with a sorry tale of the ineptitude of the diplomats. They said there was only one man who gave them real help: Lewis W. Douglas, Ambassador to Britain. It was unfortunate that the diplomats with economic knowledge were in Geneva at the time of the Congressional trip.

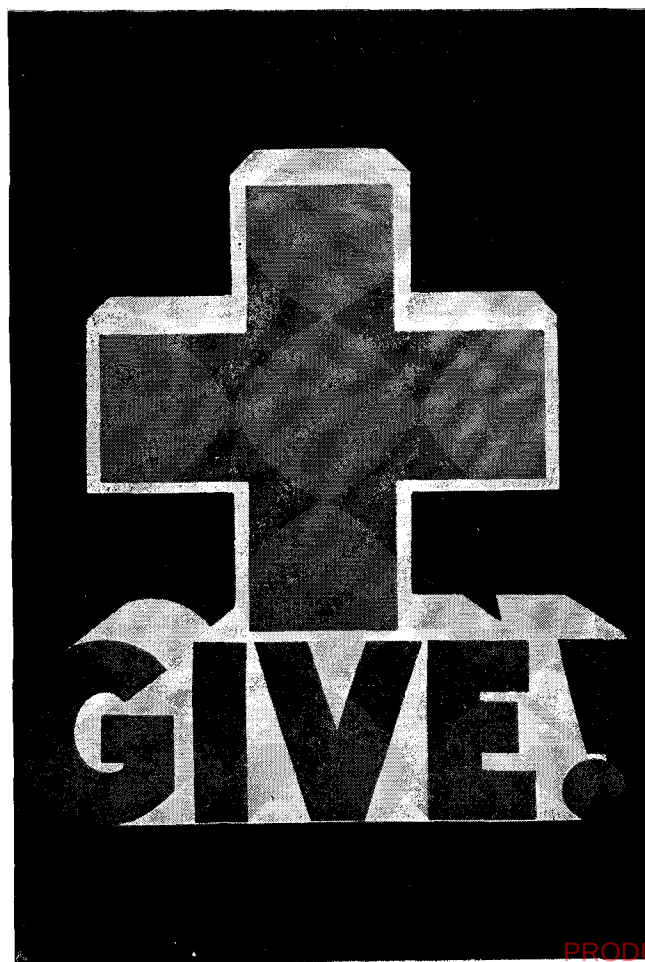
The Herter bill provides for a government corporation, with a bipartisan board of directors and an executive director, appointed by the President. Such a bill would not go to the Appropriations Committee. It would go to the Banking and Currency Committee, and the size of the capitalization, which would be equal to the Congressional appropriation, in all likelihood would not be changed in this committee.

The confusion involved in a government corporation setup could be mitigated by proper choice of personnel and a few changes in the Herter bill. The executive director should be someone who would make a team with Secretary Marshall. Marshall has a great reputation for delegating authority, and, granted a congenial administrator, the ground would be set for harmony of administration.

The Herter bill provides for a bipartisan board of directors. This would be hampering in any circumstances, and Congress ought to be satisfied if it made sure that the executive director, or chairman, had executive authority. There is also an objection to the transfer of export controls from the Department of Commerce to the foreign aid administration, which is contained in the Herter bill.

The Mood of the Capital

Opposition to the Marshall Plan is isolationist but does not dare to say so. The tactics of the antis is to challenge the "precision" of the Marshall amount. This has caused such a detailed debate that, except when men like Baruch and John Foster Dulles are in the limelight, it is easy to lose sight of the concept of the Plan — the consolidation of Western Europe. Nobody can be sure whether the Plan will work, for it is clearly an exercise in faith rather than a business scheme in which financial exactitude is to be sought. The opposition, which is finding leadership in Mr. Hoover, will also concentrate on guarantees that the money will be applied to stated purposes.



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WE'RE all out on the same limb these days. High prices are every bit as troublesome to us as they are to you. They mean that fewer people can buy.

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Increase in cost of food . . . 106%

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Notice that milk has not increased nearly so much as the average of other foods. Our profit from all of our milk divisions averaged less than $\frac{1}{2}$ cent per quart of milk sold in 1947—far less than the public thinks business makes—and much less than the average profit in the food industry.

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other milk products—stay high in quality . . . *and reach the largest number of people at the lowest possible prices.* Milk—nature's most nearly perfect food—gives you more for your money than anything else you can eat.

An impartial national survey shows that most Americans consider 10%-15% on sales a fair profit for business. Compared to this, the average profit in the food industry is less than 5%. And National Dairy's profit in its milk divisions in 1947 was less than 2%.



NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION



Holland

HOLLAND, which has sometimes been accused of being monotonous both in scenery and in way of life, is today a country of startling contrasts. When the traveler returning for the first time since 1939 debarks from the ship in Rotterdam, he is driven through sickening wasteland, past empty shells of office buildings to the railway station. The train to Amsterdam is a modern, streamlined, Diesel-powered beauty, speeding from devastation to the familiar countryside which reassures the memory.

The railroads are kept running strictly on schedule, over bridges which were shambles less than two years ago, past humming factories and the usual prosperous-appearing homes. But one cannot escape the bitter underlying facts, though it is a slow process to realize them.

On the surface, Holland is a healthy country, recovering from ravages and misery with remarkable speed and thoroughness. But how deep is the surface? What are the problems of the factory manager, of the men in government who must find ways of providing coal and oil for the railroads, machines and raw materials for the factories? What about the housewife who must care for large families? Is life comfortable and cheery behind the brilliantly lighted windows of Dutch homes?

No props for the Dutch

Many answers will be given, of course, to these questions, but they all bring out one major point: the basic structure of the country — political, economic, social, and perhaps moral — is far from sound and stable. Consider the main props of Holland's strength before the war: investments in the East Indies; imports from those islands and the export as finished goods of some of the raw materials; the huge merchant marine; a flourishing industry of highly varied character, producing both for export and domestic consumption; exports, in great quantities, of the famed dairy products, cheese, milk, butter, eggs. Where are they now?

The Indies are naturally contributing little indeed to the well-being of the "mother country" today, though surprising energy is being shown in rehabilitation in some areas, even in strife-torn

Java. (The Dutch side of the Indonesian mess is a story in itself, deserving a more complete hearing than it has yet received in America.) The merchant marine was ravaged and is being revived very slowly.

Industries are operating at low percentages of pre-war production, if at all. Machines and tools were destroyed or stolen by the Germans and it is said that the Dutch laborer seems to have lost much of his formerly notable will and capacity for work. Dairy products are being feverishly exported and eggs, cheese, milk, and butter are uncommon sights on the dining tables of Dutch homes. The ration is rigid, and black-market prices are beyond the reach of the average purse.

As in many other European countries, but more poignantly in Holland because of the lack of obvious surface contrasts, there are vast differences between the glittering shopwindows, which impress the tourist, and the life of the people. In Amsterdam stores, one can see practically anything one might wish to buy. But prices are high, and the stringent rationing excludes most purchases even if the would-be buyer had the credit or cash. The strain on the nerves of the ordinary parent is difficult to calculate. Probably the adult *can* get along on one pair of shoes every eighteen months, but what about the growing boy and girl? The accepted in America is the rare luxury in Holland.

Caviar for the Congressmen

It must be doubted that the traveling Congressmen were allowed to see reality; they were a very special brand of tourist. Even the most sincere, who earnestly wished to see and study for themselves, saw the inside of only those Dutch homes that could provide luxurious food and drinks long unknown to most Hollanders.

The influential and widely read weekly *Elsevier's* published a stinging editorial after the visit of one committee. While the journal sympathized with the government's national pride and its desire not to present the country as a "beggar," the editorial expressed wonder that a wholly superficial view could have been permitted to men who would be so

Speaking of Profits...

Newspapers all over the country are carrying an ever-increasing amount of "home-town" advertising on the subject of profits.

More and more, individual companies are talking over their profit picture with the people in their communities.

Why?

Because the average American, as shown by recent public opinion polls, has a fantastic misconception regarding the size of business profits.

These surveys show that most Americans think industry's peacetime profits amount to from 18% to 25% a year.

What are the *facts*?

Here are the figures, for the past ten years, computed directly from sales and

profit data published by the U. S. Department of Commerce:

Profit Margins on Sales

All Manufacturing Corporations:

1938.....2.3%	1943.....3.9%
1939.....5.2%	1944.....3.6%
1940.....5.8%	1945.....3.3%
1941.....6.2%	1946.....5.0%
1942.....4.5%	1947 (First 6 mos.) 5.8%

Paradoxically enough, the same people who think profits are so high also believe that 10 to 15 cents out of each sales dollar would be a fair profit. As you can see, industry's profits average less than half that much.

What's more, about half of these profits are "plowed back" by industry to pay for the progress and development that mean more products, more jobs, and greater security for everyone.

NATIONAL **A**SSOCIATION OF **M**ANUFACTURERS

Composed of 16,500 large and small manufacturing companies.



The Atlantic Report on Holland



influential for Holland's future. In discussing the editorial a few days later, a young government technical expert, though he agreed with its general purpose, almost shouted, "But we *are* beggars!"

Dutchmen generally appear to blame their Labor Government for the inadequate picture given the Congressional visitors. Americans, reading of the trunkfuls of data brought back by committees, might remember that government reports and statistics cannot provide the whole picture.

Holland needs a productive Germany

One might expect that people who had existed five years under the occupation would look askance at current discussion and plans directed towards a revival of German economy and possible creation of a new state in Western Germany.

Generalizations about "national attitudes" are, of course, rarely safe. But a few points can be noted with certainty. Naturally, there is still hatred in varying degrees. Some people refuse to go to a concert at which Wagner will be played. The exhibitionist loudly proclaims that he will kill any German he ever meets. Others suffer quietly and, while retaining unspoken contempt for Germans, try to live in the present for the sake of the future. Many will tell you that those who detail their work in the "resistance," and curse out all Germans, ought to be regarded with a healthy skepticism. As in all countries, the real heroes seek no glory.

Hatred or bitterness conflicts with any realistic appreciation of the economic and political scene in Europe. As in the past, a stable Germany would have great economic significance for Holland. Holland needs coal from the Ruhr, German markets for Dutch products, and the possible products of German industry. Of vital importance is the traffic through Dutch canals and rivers to the ports. Much of the pre-war prosperity of Rotterdam, for example, was based on the traffic between Germany and the overseas world. Newspaper comment and private discussion tend more and more to the obvious practical view that, in the interests of the Dutch, a sound German economy is desirable.

Re-educating the Germans

There are encouraging signs that many Hollanders are realizing that, for themselves and for Western civilization as a whole, there is much more to the German problem than economics. The intellectual circles, centered in the universities such

as Amsterdam, Utrecht, Groningen, and Nijmegen, are taking the lead in offering assistance to the belatedly accelerated plans and projects for the "re-education" of Germans.

Conferences are now being held, without fanfare, between enlightened Dutchmen, German leaders from Bizonia, and military government officials. The Dutch, who surely know the German character and mentality better than the British and Americans, are giving advice on methods of re-education and already, on a small scale, are providing practical assistance by active participation in the programs. Enlightened self-interest and reason, combined constructively, as they can be in the Western world, are triumphing over emotion. Here is a noteworthy example of how allies can coöperate.

The Dutch and the Marshall Plan

Dutch hopes are pinned on speedy and favorable action by Congress on the Marshall Plan. It is certain that no session of the American legislature has ever been reported as fully or followed as closely in Holland as the current session.

Needs here differ markedly from those of France, Italy, or even Britain. They are concentrated on the basic, long-range material aids essential to the reconstruction of the country's economic structure, rather than on immediate shipments of, say, food. Fuel and capital equipment are the outstanding necessities. The transportation system, so remarkably rebuilt, must be maintained and new rolling stock constructed or otherwise obtained. Equipment for factories is, beyond doubt, the most basic and urgent demand of a shattered economy.

The Congressional discussions will presumably inquire: "Will these people make good use of what we provide?" In the case of Holland, there need be little, if any, doubt about the people. Many informed Dutchmen, however, are frank to say that it is their hope that we will establish a thorough control system, perhaps similar to the Lend-Lease supervisory mechanism.

On the part of some, this hope is inspired by lack of confidence in Holland's Labor Government. Few can escape the fear that in some manner United States aid will find its way to black-market channels which flourish here as elsewhere. It is extremely doubtful whether American officials and technicians sent here to keep an accounting of our aid would encounter resentment or encumbrances on their activities. Holland is a pretty safe bet.



The Middle East

THE Truman Doctrine, hastily improvised a year ago to fill the vacuum which threatened to follow British withdrawal from Greece, begins to emerge as part of a new long-range American policy for the Middle East. In Greece the policy is having its first test; and, as temperatures rise and fall along the line running, almost as sharply as a geological fault, from Konitsa along the northern borders of Turkey, Iran, and Afghanistan (and incidentally Sinkiang), the Kremlin must now have a fairly clear idea of how seriously the Western powers will take any new pressures on this line.

The positions taken up by the United States in the Mediterranean are being backed by British forces. The British token army and air force remaining in Greece will not be withdrawn, as planned. British troops from Palestine will soon move northwest to Cyprus.

That this policy cannot be merely a military or static one becomes evident as we become more involved in Middle East affairs, and as more of the basic facts of political life there sink into American official consciousness. We must realize what Britain and Russia have always understood: that the Eastern Mediterranean basin and the Middle East countries bordering it are parts of one political complex. This complex now extends as far as Pakistan; and a new line from Karachi north to Kabul must enter into the calculations of Washington as it has for many years into those of Moscow and London.

Knowledge of the interrelationships in the Middle East may enable us to place seemingly isolated disturbances in their true context. It is illuminating, for example, to see the everyday use rival powers make of the common denominators of poverty, unenlightenment, and minority troubles all through the Middle East. The Soviet propaganda attributes all of these difficulties to "imperialist influences." A recent series of articles in a Soviet magazine circulated widely in the Middle East reports the sufferings of the Azerbaijanis in Iran since the departure of the Russians. The emphasis is on the influx of inferior American goods, which are said to compete with local industries to such an extent

that the Azerbaijanis have lost all incentive to produce. The Iranian government's custom of using Persian as the official language in the province, rather than the local dialect, is another point stressed.

A further installment of this saga, attributed to a "traveler" from the U.S.S.R., relates the distress of the masses of Syria and the Lebanon, who are pictured as being ready for liberation from the yoke of feudal leaders. Russian propaganda since the vote on the partition of Palestine has taken the line that the decision is in the best interests of the Arabs, implying that since it is good for them they should welcome it. How this will go down remains to be seen. But it is clear from the relatively mild tone of Arab criticism of the Soviet position on partition, as contrasted with the violent expressions against the United States in the Arab press, that some of the Soviet propaganda is working.

Britain and the Arab League

The historic British policy of "divide and rule" has undergone considerable modification in the Middle East since the end of the war. First evidence of the change was in British encouragement of the Arab League. Set up in 1945 to help newly independent Arab countries meet some of their regional economic and social problems, the League has become the chief instrument of the politically articulate peoples between Cairo and Riyadh, Baghdad, and Beirut.

Its leading spokesman is Secretary-General Abdel Rahman Azzam Pasha, an Egyptian intellectual who has fought and is again fighting for the independence of Libya. His present preoccupation is, of course, with Palestine. But Azzam Pasha paints with a very broad brush indeed, for he envisions a united Arab world from the Atlantic to the Taurus. Standing for the development of democratic institutions and planned economic development of this whole area, he represents the moderate and more advanced element in the Arab movement.

It is notable, for example, that it was Azzam who, after the war, first suggested to the Western



The Atlantic Report on the Middle East



powers that if they would take a fair share of Europe's displaced persons, the Arab countries would do likewise. A more recent warning issued to students in Cairo rioting against partition is significant. He assured the students that the Arabs would win in their struggle against partition as they had against the Tartars and the Crusaders.

But he went on to point out that the Christian Arabs are now second to none in their loyalty to the Arab cause; and he stressed that all Arabs had a duty to remain hospitable to foreigners within their gates, as Arab tradition demands, a warning evidently directed at extremist elements playing up anti-foreign sentiments in Egypt.

It is to leadership of Azzam Pasha's type that Britain turns as she is forced to realign her position in the Middle East. In his January speech on foreign policy in Commons, Bevin suggested that by improving the agricultural and industrial potentialities of the Middle East and so raising the standard of living of the masses, Britain would be fulfilling her real destiny in that part of the world. He anticipates that such coöperation in economic and social fields may carry with it responsibility for mutual defense.

Politics in Iran

British mediation in Iran may have prevented a crisis for the moment. A supposedly pro-British Premier has succeeded Ghavam, whose standards of rectitude in government proved too flexible even for the Iranians.

The new government has made several moves calculated to ease tension at a moment when Russian loss of face and temper over the proposed northern oil concession threatened further trouble. Premier Hakimi announced in January that Iran would grant no concessions to outsiders, but would develop its resources on its own; he also cut down drastically on the amount of military matériel previously requested from the United States, asking with considerable show of bravado, "What do we need so much material for? . . . I don't think our gendarmerie . . . need that much." And he has stated that it would not be to Iran's advantage to accept a proposed loan of 250 million dollars from the International Bank, partly to exploit the coveted northern oil fields.

Since politics, not oil, is the real issue here, and Russian fears of rival powers in the region are real, these tactics obviously are designed to allay such fears and keep the border quiet. The appearance of

Anthony Eden in Teheran recently, during an unofficial visit as guest of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, points up continuing British interest, however, and may serve as a gentle warning to Moscow that Britain is on guard in Iran, with or without troops.

Oil royalties in Bahrein

Eden's recent tour took him also to the Persian Gulf island of Bahrein and to Riyadh, the capital of Saudi Arabia. British influence is, of course, paramount in the island of Bahrein, where a British adviser in the service of Sheikh Sir Sulaiman ibn Hamid al Khalifa has initiated the most constructive use of oil royalties known in the Arab world.

Briefly, one third of the royalties paid by the American-owned Bahrein Petroleum Company goes into the royal coffers; another third goes into public works and local government, giving the islanders considerable lead over neighboring oil-rich states in matters of sanitation and schools; a final third goes into long-term investments outside the area, to protect the Sheikdom when the royalties diminish or cease altogether.

Eden will have inspected, in addition to these helpful by-products of a daring and successful American oil venture, the naval base and air base which make the island an important link in the British transportation route eastward to Pakistan, India, and Singapore.

But across the Gulf, on the Saudi Arabian mainland, where he had a royal lunch with Ibn Saud, he will have found less evidence of British influence. In view of Bevin's announcement of an impending new treaty with Saudi Arabia to replace that signed on the occasion of Britain's recognition of the present Saudi Arabian government, it is reasonable to assume that Eden's visit had hot political importance for three countries, the third the U.S.A.

In the context of the entire Middle East struggle for stability, the Palestine tragedy stands out, calling for greater statesmanship and insight than have yet been displayed by any of the powers. By narrowing the question to its local dimensions — that is, to a two-way dispute between Arab and Jew — the United Nations Assembly recommendation leaves unsettled the wider implications which are only recognized in the trusteeship arrangement for Jerusalem. For here there is taken into account the principle that is still denied by both Zionists and Arab nationalists, that Palestine is an international problem.

ATLANTIC

Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

"Banking Is an Art"

SIR:

In your January issue, at the end of the final selection from "Banking Is an Art," by John P. Marquand, is this statement by the Editor:—

"As was the case in Frank R. Stockton's famous short story *The Lady or the Tiger?* the reader is left to decide for himself whether Charles Gray or Roger Blakesley is to get Tony Burton's nod."

The Editor should be ashamed of himself! In the case of Frank R. Stockton's famous short story *The Lady or the Tiger?* the reader is *not* left to decide for himself whether Charles Gray or Roger Blakesley is to get Tony Burton's nod: the reader is left to decide for himself whether the opened door will release the lady or the tiger.

In both stories the reader must decide for himself. Only in "Banking Is an Art" must he decide which man gets Tony Burton's nod. I think the Editor was caught nodding.

BERNARD E. EDELSTEIN
Boston, Mass.

SIR:

Unlike *The Lady or the Tiger?* the Marquand story suggests multiple possibilities:—

- (a) The bank might fail.
- (b) It might be merged with another and have entirely new management.
- (c) The city might be obliterated by an atomic bomb.
- (d) Catering to the feminine trade, Tony might give the job to Dorothy.
- (e) Discovery of gold or oil in Charles's yard in Sycamore Park might make him lose interest.

(f) Charles or Roger might be uncovered as an embezzler.

For the benefit of whodunit fans, there ought to be a conventional high-class butler flitting in and out of the story.

GEORGE A. BRIGGS
Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR:

In the November installment of "Banking Is an Art," the first sentence of chapter 2 (page 41) is incorrect, and does an injustice.

The sentence reads: "His herringbone suit had a slight benzine odor which showed it as just fresh from the cleaners."

Good cleaning renders a garment fresh and odorless. I am certain that there are good cleaners who render call and delivery service in every town in Connecticut which is within commuting distance of banking centers.

EDWARD I. GOLDEN
Boston Dye House, Inc.
Everett, Mass.

SIR:

In the introduction to John Marquand's story about the Stuyvesant Bank you say he expects to polish it up a bit. In the process, tell him there is no Liggett & Myers "B" any more. All one class of stock now. Just Liggett & Myers. (If he likes the "B" idea, he may use Reynolds Tobacco "B" or American Tobacco "B".)

What are we doing? Putting the "B" on Marquand?

GEORGE FRAYNE
Hemphill, Noyes & Co.
Albany, N.Y.

Atlantic readers who are furious not to learn whether Charles Gray did get the nod and the vice-presidency will have to wait only a few months before receiving the answer. The novel is now two-thirds done, and we have Mr. Marquand's promise that when it is finished we may present the concluding episodes in which the fateful choice is made.—THE EDITOR

"Safe and Insane"

SIR:

You know that feeling which comes over a person when he looks at a certain painting or hears certain music and which leaves him with tears in his eyes? Well, that is how I felt after reading Philip Wylie's "Safe and Insane" (January *Atlantic*). Its truth struck a chord deep inside me.

C. H. RISTAD
Pasadena, Calif.

SIR:

As one who spent twenty years in the real country (in a hamlet of 500), then came to New York, and now has two small sons, I'd like to make a couple of comments on some of the remarks about life in the country in "Safe and Insane."

First, Philip Wylie's anecdotes of the wild life in the country have a suspicious urbanity about them.

If Mr. Wylie had lived in the country or even bothered to research his piece, he would know that juvenile delinquency and poor health have far more alarming frequency in rural than in urban areas.

As for those friends who shudder at his amazing exploits with fire



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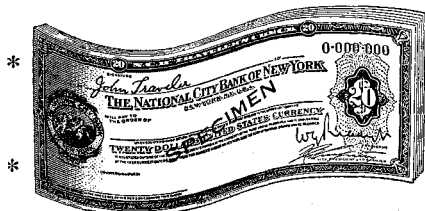
You can use them to pay for any purchase, any service... anywhere. For the name of America's greatest world-wide bank on your travelers checks assures immediate recognition and courteous attention.

And no one can tamper with your travel funds... here's why... You sign(*) your name on the checks when you buy them. This makes them your personal, individual money—as safe as in a bank vault. When you wish to spend them you sign(**) them a second time. If lost or stolen, uncounter-signed, you get a full refund.

Ask for them at your bank... in denominations of \$10, \$20, \$50 and \$100. Cost 75¢ for each \$100.

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crackers and his coming to grips with NATURE, I would suggest that he widen his circle of acquaintances so that it will include a few less effete city folks. I venture to say there are some.

CAMERON DAY
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

SIR:

Mr. Wylie's thought-provoking article has thrilled me deeply. I wish all parents of young children could be made to read it. It should be read by all educators and especially by those who seek to break down our school systems. Get Mr. Wylie to offer suggestions as to how and where we can begin to correct the evils he describes.

MOSES JOEL EISENBERG
Chestnut Hill, Mass.

SIR:

In spite of playground supervisors, teachers, and parents, modern children seem to be quite self-reliant. I marvel at some small city children I know, who commute long distances by themselves. I am thinking of one small boy in particular, who has the care of a tiny sister.

I have also noted that many persons of forty-five and over are not self-reliant. They are the sad products of an age when it was believed that children should be seen and not heard. These individuals never learned to think for themselves, but were molded into a given pattern. Many of them lived in the rural and small urban communities idealized by Mr. Wylie. They climbed a cliff back of their home instead of riding the cog train up Pikes Peak.

Many middle-aged persons are introverts and have serious social neuroses due to the fact that their self-reliance was not developed. The racial and religious prejudices of their parents are their prejudices. This is one reason why the K.K.K. was a flourishing organization twenty years or so ago. I trust that our more self-reliant, thinking young people will not let this or similar organizations flourish again.

In the meantime, Mr. Wylie wants us to live dangerously and also return to the good old days. I do not think that these two ideas agree. Either Mr. Wylie is an escapist, or he has reached old age, which is characterized by living in the past.

ELEANOR RUFF
Denver, Colo.

**Come see the
Heartland
of EUROPE**



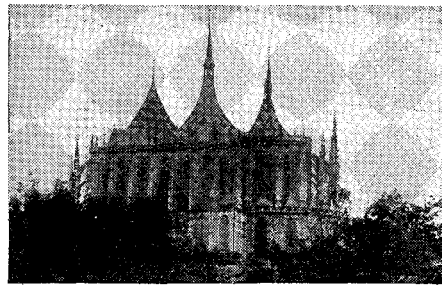
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I Personally —

SIR:

Let reproachable Alan Devoe "The Speakable Cad," December *Atlantic*) lie awake nights trying to visualize exactly what will happen when a resistible force meets a movable object.

MABEL MACFERRAN ROCKWELL
Pasadena, Calif.

SIR:

I have just read, in the December *Atlantic*, Lee Anderson's bread article, "The Busted Staff of Life."

It is doubtful whether bakers will ever reform and make the kind of bread I like. And housewives consider their bread a failure if it isn't light and fluffy like the baker's product. But when my wife mourns over her bad luck with her baking, I know I am in for some good bread. The texture is firm and the loaf is "yeasty."

My mother was proud of her bread, and when we came home from school and begged for bread with sour cream and brown sugar she would say: "If you are really hungry, good bread and butter is good enough" — a great truth.

C. BOYNTON
Dawson, Iowa

SIR:

I send you my thanks for the splendid section in the *Atlantic* called "Accent on Living." I have yet to find one dull piece in the lot.

I have just received my *Atlantic* for the month of January and in this issue I find "Thanks for a Terrible Try" by R. J. Hicks. I only wish I could shake the hand of Mr. Hicks for showing up the ghastly Quiz Shows. Mr. Hicks has not laid it on too thick. I have heard radio quizzes even worse than those he describes in his article.

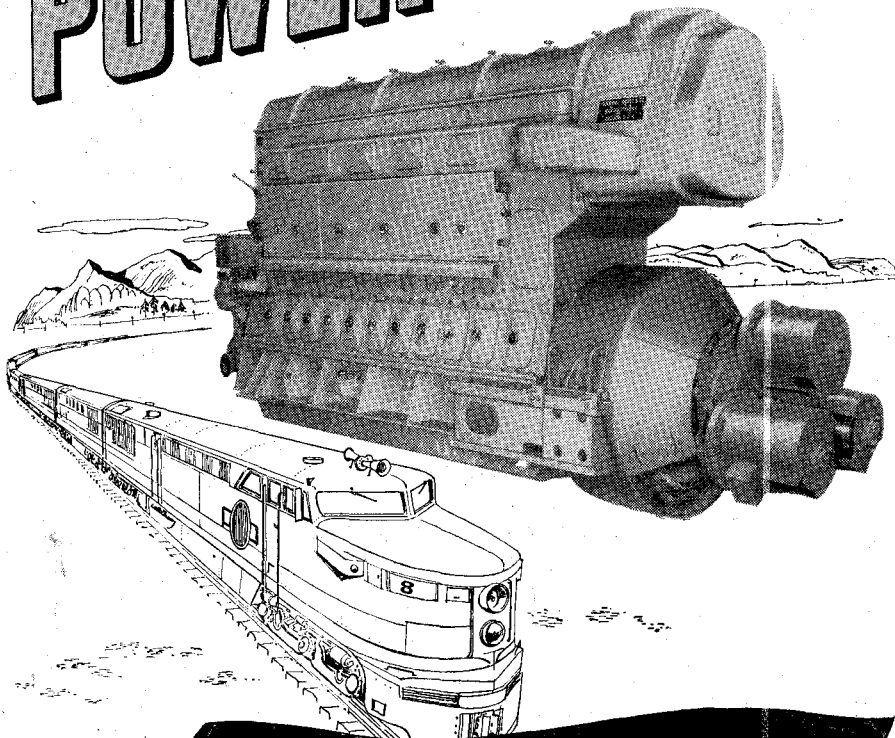
HERMAN J. V. GRIMMER, JR.
Quito, Ecuador

SIR:

"Thanks for a Terrible Try" is the most timely and appropriate article I have read in many a long day. As a matter of pure patriotism it should be broadcast by every station in the land, every time a station goes on the air, for about six months. The lashing, stinging truth should hit every American in the face every time he turns his dial.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER McCAIN
Doylestown, Pa.

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The telephone will be seventy-two years old this year. Its development within a single lifetime has been a modern miracle. Yet it is only the beginning.

There are any number of men and women in the telephone business today — some just starting out — who will see greater progress than the past has ever known.

Year by year the next half century will be increasingly theirs. New leaders will appear from among them. Step by step, rung by rung, they will mount the ladder to the top. For telephone management is employee management and comes up from the ranks.

There will be more good jobs in the telephone business in 1958 and 1998 than now. It just

can't help being that way. For of all the trades and professions there are few more interesting and necessary.

So the future is bright for those who work for the telephone company, for those who use the telephone and for those who have faith in its growth and development. “The best is yet to be.”

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM





Ever since his expulsion from Eden, man has lived by this ruthless pattern of land use: Cut, burn, plant, destroy, move on. But the planet is no longer big enough, says FAIRFIELD OSBORN, for this kind of plunder. With a world population of more than two billion we have barely enough forests, water sources, and arable soil for subsistence and no new lush lands to conquer. But suppose the population reaches three billion. President of the New York Zoological Society, Mr. Osborn is leading the drive for conservation on a national scale. His forthcoming book, Our Plundered Planet, is a shocking report on how far spoliation has gone the world over.

CROWDED OFF THE EARTH

by FAIRFIELD OSBORN

PEOPLE the world over are coming to realize the essential unity of mankind. All nations are dependent upon others in varying degrees for products, materials, or goods that have become a necessary part of everyday living. The spoiling of the land and the ensuing destruction by floods in the great Yellow River valley of China soon or late, in one manner or another, impinge on the well-being of peoples a thousand horizons away. No longer is an American unaffected by the trends of living conditions of other peoples, whether those of a country in the Western Hemisphere or those on the opposite side of the earth. No longer can 3 million people in India die of starvation, as they did in 1943, without a specific and cumulative effect on an Englishman in Surrey. The peoples of the earth, whether they will it so or not, are bound together today by common interests and needs, the most basic of which is, of course, food.

In China live a people many of whom are gifted in agriculture and skillful in maintaining terraces and other good land practices, yet they have come up against an enemy within their own gates — that of overpopulation. The needs of teeming millions are being met at the expense of the future of the land. Hunger here is the constant enemy.

The Yellow River, its channel built up by silt carried from the eroded lands at its sources, flows between high embankments at a level well above the

surrounding land, and threatens and indeed often floods and destroys vast areas of China. So numerous are the people that when disasters occur and numbers of lives are lost the world is scarcely aware. Losses are soon made up and the pressure of people increases daily, and as this happens the physical strength of the race inevitably declines. What can these people do?

India is in some ways worse off. The internal enemy here is the same — too many people for the land to support. India's land has long since been depleted, yet her population continues to increase. Times of famine have reached almost cyclic regularity; scarcely anyone in India has enough to eat, and all the care spent on restoring a rich but wasted land goes for little, so long as there are too many people to live upon what the land can provide.

An observer serving with the Royal Army Medical Corps in World War II attempted a detached point of view on what he saw in Calcutta in 1943 and 1944. To him it appeared that in that city the dogs had the best time of it. They could and did eat human flesh before city authorities could carry away the bodies of those who died of famine in the city streets. On one occasion a single bag of rice was distributed from a relief station, doled out by the handful to thousands of people, not so much with the idea that it could save them from death by starvation as in the hope that since they were so

far gone they would die conveniently near the relief station, so that their bodies might be gathered up with a minimum of effort.

India's wasted land will not support such a pressure of population, but the immoderate increase goes on, weakening lands and people, rendering them helpless in the struggle to keep alive upon the earth. Here is the extreme present-day example of man, ever increasing in numbers, ruining himself and the earth on which and by which he must live.

2

MAN's problem in his earliest, dimmest, most far-away days was obtaining a living — from the forests, the soils, and the waterways. The wheel of human destiny seems to turn, but the basic facts of life remain constant. Man's initial problem is still with him — can he obtain a living from nature?

The population of the earth has increased almost five times within the last three centuries and doubled even within the last century. Human civilization has permeated virtually every living area of the earth's surface. Vast fertile areas in various parts of the earth have been injured by man, many of them so ruined that they have become deserts and uninhabitable. Flourishing civilizations have disappeared, their cities buried under wastes of sand, their inhabitants scattering to new lands. But *now*, with isolated and inconsequential exceptions, there are no fresh lands anywhere.

The productive soil of the world is now so limited that it is estimated there are not more than 4 billion acres of arable land left to fill the needs of more than 2 billion people — less than two acres per person. Two and one-half acres of land of *average productivity* are required to provide even a minimum adequate diet for each person. Many countries have less than an acre of productive land per person. No wonder there are world-wide shortages.

Students of population point out that by the end of this century there may be still another half billion people on the earth and that the world population in a hundred years may exceed the 3 billion mark. How are so great a number of people going to be fed; how are they to receive enough of the other basic resources of the earth to support life, especially in view of the fact that hundreds of millions of people today are undernourished and otherwise lacking in the basic requirements of existence that alone can be provided by the earth's fertility?

Population pressures have long been recognized as one of the major causes of war, yet there is scarcely any recognition of the fact that such pressures are the major cause of the world-wide depletion of the natural living resources of the earth. Most people still have the notion that the living resources of the earth are illimitable and that they can be drawn upon as if there were an endless reserve. A capable American businessman recently

made this naïve remark when his attention was called to the fact that the forests of his country were being rapidly exhausted: "Oh well, we don't need to worry — if we use up our forests, we can get all the timber we want from Mexico." Let him go to Mexico and see what is happening there.

Mexico is in the main a mountainous country and consequently is unusually susceptible to violent erosion. Less than one third of the land area is level or even approximately level, with the result that only a relatively small portion of the whole country can safely be used for agriculture in the absence of extraordinary precautions that are not now being taken. Because of this scarcity of arable land, the people of Mexico have extended the cultivation of crops to increasingly steep slopes, resulting in severe and widespread erosion. Much of the country was once heavily forested but Mexico is now actually beginning to face a forest famine, with the usual afterresults of deforestation in the form of disastrous floods, the disappearance of springs, and the failure of regular water supply.

Within the last fifteen years Mexico's population has increased by about one third and now stands at more than 22 million. The pressure of an increasing population, combined with the mounting injury to existing cultivable areas by erosion, is forcing people to use land that is totally unadapted to the growing of crops, and at the same time is compelling the country to rely on imports for much of its basic food supply. It may be recalled that land hunger was one of the principal dynamics of the Mexican Revolution.

The industrialization of the country depends to such a considerable extent on its water resources that the reckless deforestation now taking place is cutting at the roots of Mexico's industrial programs. One of the reasons for forest destruction is that this country, like others in Central and South America, is handicapped by a scarcity of coal. Consequently there is a lot of timber cutting to produce the charcoal so widely used as fuel for cooking and heating.

Years ago more than forty National Parks were established. These areas are now being invaded by lumbermen and cattlemen.

There is general ignorance of the important part that animals of every kind play in the life complex of nature. Not only have the larger forms of wild life been reduced almost to the vanishing point, but non-game birds, as well as small mammals, are shot "for the pot." The monetary cost of the destruction of insect-eating birds is just another item of "loss" in the economy of Mexico.

A distinguished Italian botanist with a profound knowledge of southern Mexico has stated categorically that the state of Oaxaca will be a desert within fifty years. The Chief of the Conservation Section of the Pan American Union believes that if present trends are allowed to continue, most of Mexico will be so severely denuded within a century

that the country, at best, will be able to maintain its people only at the barest subsistence level. Few people recognize that Mexico today is engaged in a desperate struggle for survival.

The pattern of land use still follows that of the ancient populations: *Cut, burn, plant, destroy, move on*. It is a method known as *milpa*, common not only in Mexico but in most other countries in Latin America and, for that matter, elsewhere in the world. Such a system is possible where there are limited numbers of people who have plenty of room to move on from one place to another, leaving the wounds on the land behind them for time and nature to heal. Under the pressure of tremendously increased populations, and with the growth of cities and towns and the disappearance of new and unspoiled land, the eventual results of the system are fatal.

3

MANY people have the notion that lands which have been misused and have become sterile can be restored to fertility by the use of chemicals. Nowadays we are so impressed by the "wonders of modern science" that we are apt to consider it capable of any accomplishment — even of patching up nature. We move, live, and have our being in a world of gadgets and inventions. That is, about a billion of us do — the other billion live on the land trying to produce a subsistence for themselves and sufficient surplus for the rest of us in towns and cities. There is a general impression that all that is needed to make worn-out land productive is to apply fertilizers. There could be no greater illusion.

The treatment of soil by chemicals and fertilizers is, it is true, of considerable help in preventing land from becoming sterile. Under existing methods of rapid crop production, the mineral elements that nourish plant growth are removed from the soil faster than they can be replaced by natural processes, and consequently fertilization of the soil with such chemicals as lime, phosphate, and potash is an accepted practice in agriculture today. Further, the organic matter of which soils have been depleted can be restored in large measure by the application of animal manure or by means of so-called "green manuring," which consists of plowing leguminous plants and grasses into the surface.

There can be no argument concerning the fact that manures and chemical fertilizers are necessary aids in maintaining soil fertility, *but at best fertilizers are corrective supplements*. In no sense should they, especially chemical fertilizers alone, be thought of as substitutes for the natural processes that account for the fertility of the earth. In the long run, life cannot be supported by artificial processes. The deterioration of the life-giving elements of the earth, which is proceeding at a constantly accelerating velocity, may be checked but cannot be cured by man-applied chemistry.

Fertile soil is *alive* in the sense that it harbors many different kinds of living organisms that function in relationship to one another and provide, in effect, the health and productivity of the soil itself. *Ingenious as man is, he cannot create life*. Stated simply, soil is fertile largely because of the living organisms that are within it — in combination, of course, with its mineral nutrients. Nowhere on this earth has nature provided a more intricate pattern of interrelated life than in the soil. There is an immense variety of animal life, ranging in size and kind from burrowing rodents, insects, earthworms, down through the scale to animals and life forms of microscopic size such as protozoa and bacteria.

These living things make two basic contributions to soil fertility, one as important as the other. The first is soil cultivation, including the letting in of air and water through the soil made by the passage of their bodies, whether large or small. The second contribution comes through the fact that animal life and living bacteria are the media by which organic remains are mixed with the minerals in the soil. These living elements — innumerable hosts of them, invisible to the eye — are, in effect, the soil chemists.

There is an almost endless number of other characteristics of fertile soil. For instance, iron is a necessary element for living cells; no matter how minute the quantity, it is required for the growth and well-being of all plants and animals. In the complete absence of iron, green plants will fade to a yellow and finally die. If such a condition develops, it may indicate a slow or improper bacterial activity of the soil. Certain soil bacteria are able to take up iron and accumulate it on the surface of their cells, where it is quickly changed to some more soluble form of iron compound which is then taken up by the plants.

Another important constituent of living matter is phosphorus. This element is also tied up with proteins. The bony framework of man and animals consists largely of calcium phosphate. This material is insoluble, but despite this fact it is converted to a soluble form of phosphate by the action of soil bacteria, the solvent action being largely due to carbonic acid produced by these bacteria.

In addition to the four major chemicals of soil — nitrates, lime, phosphates, and potash — there are a number of other essential elements such as copper, manganese, zinc, and boron, known as "minor" or "trace" elements. Only in recent years has the essential nature of these elements become known. Previously it was erroneously assumed that the amounts used by plants were too small to be important. There is no room for doubt that most of them, perhaps all of them, are vital to health and strength, even though they are supplied by nature in minute volume. The mere fact that they exist and appear to have a definite part in the life scheme emphasizes the extreme complexity of earth fertil-

ity. The relationship between land health and the health of human beings, as well as other animals, is actually no more than another aspect of the delicate and complex relationship of all life. How, in the face of these things, can we accept the idea that "science" is capable of providing for the continuity of human life by substituting its methods for those of nature?

4

THE old saying that "a man is what he eats" is acquiring a considerably greater meaning than it had at the time the phrase was coined. Our energy and well-being, physical and even mental, are dependent in the main upon the composition and quality of our diet. All of it, except fish and other food taken from the ocean or inland waters, is derived from the soil, whether in the form of grains, fruits, or vegetables, or in the form of meat and the milk of animals that in turn live upon plant life.

Not only man's well-being but his actual survival is dependent upon the preservation of the *health* of the earth. We are, in truth, of the essence of the earth. Our bodies, as well as those of all other animals, are composed of chemical elements that are derived from the air, from water, and from the soil.

A dramatic example of the relationship between land health and animal health is provided by the decline and rebuilding of the fortunes of one of the great thoroughbred racing and breeding stables in this country within the last fifteen years. This establishment for decades had been one of the most consistently successful in the history of the American turf. The bloodlines of its stallions and of its brood mares had, over a long period of time, produced racing horses of unusual stamina and speed. Almost every horse that was started under its colors was home-bred on a large farm located in the heart of the Bluegrass country in Kentucky.

Commencing with the year 1933 the fortunes of the enterprise, as to both racing and breeding results, began to dwindle. Each year fewer and fewer races were won despite the fact that some sixty thoroughbreds were maintained in training. Further, and even more alarming, breeding results began to decline; fewer mares each season came in foal, and mares began to drop stillborn or deformed colts. So bad did the situation become by 1941 that the owner was told by various racing experts that it was apparent that the bloodlines of his stallions and mares had "run out" and that there was nothing for him to do but dispose of his horses for the best prices he could get and start anew.

He could not bring himself to believe this. It so happened that his manager had studied at an agricultural college and had some familiarity with the matter of land and soil conditions. One day the manager came to the owner and told him that he

had an idea that the trouble might perhaps be traced to the condition of their land. He suspected that the long use of the fields as horse pasturage, with constant cropping and perhaps the hardening of the ground by the hoofs of the horses, might be proving harmful.

As a result of this conversation, plans were made at once for the study of the land by soil chemists and other agricultural experts. It was found that the soil had in fact slowly and insidiously lost its natural fertility. Analysis indicated that the soil was lacking in some of the chemical and mineral elements for which the land in this region was so well noted. It was observed that scarcely an earthworm was left on the entire property. A major program of soil rebuilding was then undertaken. Cattle were introduced, manure was widely used, green crops were grown and plowed under; and even, when the time was right, earthworms were reintroduced.

Within two years the results on the track and in the breeding farm took a marked turn for the better. Improvement thereafter was consistent and rapid and by 1946 the stable was the third highest winner of races in the entire country and the breeding results had returned to their earlier excellent standard of mare fertility and sound colts.

One authority, chairman of the Department of Soils at the University of Missouri, has reached the conclusion, as a result of innumerable studies of farmlands in the Midwest, that soil fertility on an individual farm can be depleted enough, through failure to return manure, crop residues, and other enriching elements, to shift that farm within a single human generation from a place of good health to one of deficiency diseases for the farm animals and for the families that live upon it.

He further observes that the same crops, still growing after decades of farming, may have shifted from protein-producing, mineral-supplying sustenance to vegetation mainly of fuel value and markedly lacking in the nutrients that are required to maintain health. The shifts may occur without any diminution in the bulk of the crops or, in other words, the tonnage output of the farm. This shift to foods having in the main merely fuel value is aggravated still further by present-day processing methods, which tend to retain the starches and sweets and to lose the natural minerals and vitamins. Another provocative observation from the same source is that the deterioration of our soils is "pushing domestic animals towards the dangerous precipice" with the result that decreased reproduction, increased diseases, more body deformations, and other irregularities are compelling early marketing of these animals.

It was a bright day when, through the growth of the science of bacteriology, the causes of communicable diseases became known. The marvelous progress of the medical sciences in discovering methods of coping with infectious diseases has in large meas-

ure removed the terrors of plagues and pestilences that once took such a heavy toll of human life. At the end of the last century it looked as if mankind were about to enter into a new era of health and happiness.

It has not happened so. While the life span in many countries has increased, yet even in these, there appear to be a whole series of "new" illnesses that suggest a slow, pervading deterioration of human health. These degenerative diseases affect many of the organs as well as the structural parts of the body, such as the heart, liver, teeth, and bones. Their causes are little understood — medical records of the distant past throw little light on the matter — and consequently the medical profession is comparatively helpless in either preventing them or curing them.

It would be a careless generalization to state that what appears to be the physical degeneration of people in our own country and elsewhere is being caused by nutritional deficiencies resulting from declining soil fertility. Civilization has brought with it many conditions of living that are anything but healthful. However, the supposition cannot be dismissed that the alarming increase of degenerative diseases, including psychological and neurological illnesses, may be related, in a manner yet to be defined, to the steady deterioration and wastage of topsoil, the precious sensitive earth cover through which life flows.

5

ALL the component parts in the machinery of nature are dependent one upon the other. Remove any essential part and the machine breaks down. There are four major elements that make possible not only our life but, to a large degree, the industrial economy upon which civilization rests: water; soil; plant life, from bacteria to forests; animal life, from protozoa to mammals.

The last two of these elements, being alive and capable of reproduction, are referred to by conservationists as "renewable resources."

Water is fundamental to all life. Vegetation is composed mostly of water; more than 70 per cent of our own human body weight is water. Consequently, water must be generally available, and at all seasons, in habitable areas. Vegetation of all kinds, from trees to tomatoes, must have it regularly and adequately; animal life, including human beings, must similarly be able to depend on it, in season and out.

Regular and adequate water supply is dependent upon the preservation of extensive forests, especially in the watershed areas where streams and rivers have their sources. Water supply is also dependent upon vegetation cover in open country. When these natural conditions are too greatly disturbed, water supply diminishes or disappears. Springs dry up

owing to the lowering of the underground water table. Further, rains falling upon exposed lands, which have been improperly stripped of forest or other vegetation cover, are not held in the soils and consequently rush to stream or river beds so that violent fluctuations of drought and flood conditions are started, becoming cumulatively more severe.

The surface of all the habitable or cultivable areas of the earth is — or rather, in its natural state, *was* — covered with a layer of productive topsoil. This covering varies considerably in thickness, but the average thickness over the earth as a whole is computed to be not more than one foot, and probably is less. In the United States, for example, topsoil is estimated to lie originally at an average depth of about seven or eight inches over the face of the land. As nearly as can be ascertained, it takes nature, under the most favorable conditions, including a good cover of trees, grass, or other protective vegetation, anywhere from three hundred to one thousand years or more to build a single inch of topsoil.

Yet what may have taken a thousand years to build has in places been removed by erosion in a year or even in a single day. Wherever nature's balance is too greatly disturbed, accelerated erosion occurs, and man is continually upsetting the balance of nature, because of what he considers his immediate need, not looking even a few years into the future; or because of ignorance or greed.

Erosion comes about through the exposure of land by wrong use or by overuse, by the careless removal of its protecting cover of grass or forests, or by denying it the constant water supply which it must have for the growth of protective vegetation. Any or all of these practices expose the topsoil, so that it can be blown away by winds or washed away by rainstorms. Thus land is often gullied into useless badlands that may be and frequently are impossible to restore.

Perhaps the most widespread, and certainly the most insidious, sort of erosion is called sheet erosion, which, as its name implies, is the more or less even removal of soil in thin layers, a little at a time, by the steady action of wind or water. Often it results from the gradual movement of soil material from higher land to lower. Inconspicuous in its immediate consequences, it is a type of erosion most difficult to guard against.

To produce food, man makes clearings in forests or, in areas of natural grassland, turns the protective sod for planting. He plants his grain or other crops one year, and then the next year, and then the next, too often leaving his fields bare and unprotected from the elements in the stormy seasons between harvests. In flat country the processes of erosion are less apparent though still present. On sloping lands, comprising the great majority of the earth's cultivable areas, erosion is active and eventually fatal unless man controls it, which he too rarely does. As man's yield of food from a field

dwindles with each harvest, he looks about for a new place to plant, leaving the old one to the fate that erosion will complete. Proper agricultural methods, now well understood, are capable of preventing this destructive cycle of events.

Yet over great areas of the earth, man, until recently, still moved from place to place, wearing out the land without a thought save for his immediate physical needs, or because of a desire for quick profits to be robbed from the soil that might have served him permanently. Faulty methods of agriculture, overgrazing of grasslands, and indiscriminate cutting down or burning of forests have seriously weakened our own country, as I shall show in my next article.

There is another major cause of loss of the interdependent resources of forests and soils. In a way it is one of the crowning ironies of human life today. This is the warfare of man with himself. The urgency of demand for forest products during the war just ended has accelerated the destruction of fast-vanishing forest reserves in many countries, while the pressures upon agriculture for high-speed crop production have been so great that they have led to the *mining* of croplands for quick returns rather than encouraging their orderly use. The aftereffects will be felt for decades, and in many areas the loss will be irreparable because of the denudation through erosion that follows the stripping of forest covers and the misuse of agricultural lands.

6

THERE could be no situation that better exemplifies the dire consequences of overusing the land for purposes of trade or profit than that of the growth of the sheep industry in Australia, which has been an effort to gain from the land more than it is capable of producing. From a temporary point of view, the Australian people have gained quick returns from the sheep industry, but the long-term or permanent health of the land has suffered greatly.

In the early part of the nineteenth century, England had become the world's most important center for the production of woolen goods, and the spindles and looms of Yorkshire were demanding greater and greater quantities of wool. At that time English manufacturers were buying most of their wool in Europe either from the Spaniards or from the Germans. Spanish wool, however, was not retaining its quality and English buyers were switching to the wool of excellent quality that came from the Saxon Merino sheep. Woolgrowers of northern Europe, however, had to struggle with the rigors of a severe winter climate and this situation pointed the way to Australia's great opportunity whereby the then most wretched of British colonies could pay its way and even win its position as a commonwealth by contributing to the stupendous energy of England's economic expansion.

By 1882, following a couple of decades of experimental breeding, the wool of Australian sheep was judged equal to the finest Saxon. The boast was made by Australian colonizers that their country "contained tracts of land adapted for pasture so boundless that no assignable limits may be set to the number of fine wool sheep which can be raised," and from that time on English manufacturers depended increasingly upon Australian wool, and English capital assumed great influence in the development of this industry. In effect wool provided the economic impulse that opened up the Australian continent and, incidentally, provided one of the reasons for the early overcutting of forests in the ill-considered attempt to get more pasture land at so great a cost to Australia's present-day land economy.

Anyone who has not seen herds of sheep, each numbering several thousand animals, has no conception of the damage to the land of which they are capable. Both sheep and goats are close-cropping animals and unchoosing in their readiness to eat all kinds of living plants, even to their roots. Further, the plant cover that is not consumed is trampled and injured by the thousands of hoofs. When their numbers are not properly balanced or controlled, these animals are one of the major causes of injury to the surface of the land, of erosion, and of eventual desolation. So it has been since before the days of Christ. So it has proved in many parts of Australia and of New Zealand.

It was a sorry day for Australia when an early colonizer from England packed a few innocent-looking rabbits aboard ship and sailed for his new home in the land "down under." This individual, whoever he was, together with occasional others who did likewise, has unwittingly cost the Australian people monetary losses that run into hundreds of millions of dollars and have caused injury to the land resources of Australia, much of it even of a permanent nature, that is beyond computation. Each and all of these men were blind to the fact that the predatory animals that existed in Australia, such as dingoes and several species of hawks, would be incapable of acting as automatic natural controls in keeping a rabbit population in balance. The subsequent importation of wild foxes, as a control measure, proved a complete failure. Nothing short of a thorough advance knowledge of the intricacies of wild-life ecology could have prevented the avalanche of trouble that continues even to this day.

The first record of the existence of rabbits in a wild condition in any Australian state appeared in 1827, but the menace really dates from 1859 when the clipper *Lightning* arrived in Hobson's Bay with twenty-four wild rabbits for Thomas Austin of Barwon Park near Geelong. These were liberated and within three years rabbits first began to be referred to as a pest. Six years later Austin had killed off some twenty thousand rabbits on his own and adjoining properties but was confounded at being

forced to estimate that there were at least ten thousand left. At about the time of their introduction into Victoria there is recorded the ironical touch that a man was charged at the Colac police department with having shot a rabbit, property of one John Robertson of Glen Alvie, and was fined ten pounds, in accordance, no doubt, with the old poaching laws of England, where game was the property of the landowner. A few years later Robertson's attempt to stamp out the rabbits cost him £5000.

Within the next thirty years the animals multiplied to such a degree and migrated so widely that they became a pest of the most critical kind practically throughout the Commonwealth. In the seven years from 1883 to 1890 the New South Wales Government was forced to spend not less than £1,543,000 in its attempt to control the scourge, and today rabbit control both in Australia and in New Zealand is a financial load upon every community. Many methods of eradicating this pest have been attempted. In Western Australia more than two thousand miles of fencing was erected at a cost of almost £500,000, but after it was all up it was found that some rabbits were already on the other side of the fence! Unfortunately, with the compulsory use of poison for rabbits, there has been a very great destruction of wild life as well as livestock, and phosphorus poisoning, employed for rabbit control, has been one of the principal causes of death among the marsupials and native birds.

The feeling of concern and apprehension regarding rabbits as a pest has even had psychopathic effects, as is illustrated by the testimony of a witness before one of the parliamentary commissions. This witness, who happened to live in one of the arid regions of South Australia where rabbits were a real curse, stated that the rabbits in his part of the country had developed a long neck and miniature hump indicative of their capacity of living for long periods without water.

These animals actually, when pressed to it, can live on bark and thus have been the cause of widespread killing of scrub growth by ringbarking it, in addition to consuming millions of seedlings. Another observer has pointed out that rabbits eat the hearts out of pastures by their habit of selective feeding, taking the best grasses and leaving the worst, and have in effect been the cause of creating new deserts. A writer in the Australian Encyclopedia estimated that "with the removal of the rabbit the capacity of the Commonwealth in carrying livestock would be increased by 25 per cent." This may be somewhat of an exaggeration, especially now that in the better pastoral lands the rabbit is fairly well under control.

There are at least a few entries on the credit side of the rabbit ledger, such as the use of the animal

for its fur as well as for its food value, as evidenced by the fact that in the decade ending in 1924, 157 million frozen rabbits were exported and in the same period Australia exported more than 700 million skins. But the harm done to Australia by the unwitting actions of a few of the early colonizers is and will continue to be irreparable.

The essence of man's situation is slowly becoming obvious. His physical adaptability, in the pattern of biological history, provided until recently its own guarantee of his survival. Today one cannot think of man as detached from the environment that he himself has created. True, one never actually was justified in doing so. Yet even as recently as the latter years of the last century, the projections of man's mind in the form of the physical changes he was effecting on the earth itself were not of sufficient extent to be recognized as a new and profound change in the evolution and even in the destiny of mankind.

The groundwork had been laid in earlier centuries. The explosion, world-shaking, has occurred in this one. The mechanical, chemical, and electrical sciences, man's mind-extensions, are changing the earth. A concept lately expressed speaks of man as now becoming for the first time a *large-scale geological force*. The present world-wide disturbances in human civilization can at least partially be accounted for by the havoc that man is working upon his natural environment. These disturbances will unquestionably increase in violence, even to the point of social disintegration, if the present velocity of destruction of the earth's living resources continues.

Man has it in his power to stop this havoc. He also still has it in his power to remedy enough of the damage that he has caused to permit the survival of his civilization. The question is, Will he do it and will he do it in time?

The tide of the earth's population is rising, the reservoir of the earth's living resources is falling. Technologists may outdo themselves in the creation of artificial substitutes for natural subsistence, and new areas, such as those in tropical or subtropical regions, may be adapted to human use, but even such recourses or developments cannot be expected to offset the present terrific attack upon the natural life-giving elements of the earth.

There is only one solution: Man must recognize the necessity of coöperating with nature. He must temper his demands and use and conserve the natural living resources of this earth in a manner that alone can provide for the continuation of his civilization. The final answer is to be found only through comprehension of the enduring processes of nature. The time for defiance is at an end.

(In the April Atlantic Mr. Osborn will continue the discussion in his article entitled "The Country That Can Feed the World.")

Box Office

Each March we are regaled by the spectacle of Hollywood swooning before the Oscar Awards. Actresses, directors, film writers, and technicians all have their golden moment under the kleig lights. How are the winners chosen? Who cast the decisive votes and why? Does a fine performance in a picture which fails at the box office stand a chance for an award? Why do foreign pictures get the whisk? For the answer we turn to RAYMOND CHANDLER, four of whose novels were made into films (one of them being The Big Sleep), and who is a member of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

OSCAR NIGHT IN HOLLYWOOD

by RAYMOND CHANDLER

I

FIVE or six years ago a distinguished writer-director (if I may be permitted the epithet in connection with a Hollywood personage) was co-author of a screen play nominated for an Academy Award. He was too nervous to attend the proceedings on the big night, so he was listening to a broadcast at home, pacing the floor tensely, chewing his fingers, taking long breaths, scowling and debating with himself in hoarse whispers whether to stick it out until the Oscars were announced, or turn the damned radio off and read about it in the papers the next morning. Getting a little tired of all this artistic temperament in the home, his wife suddenly came up with one of those awful remarks which achieve a wry immortality in Hollywood: "For Pete's sake, don't take it so seriously, darling. After all, Luise Rainer won it twice."

To those who did not see the famous telephone scene in *The Great Ziegfeld*, or any of the subsequent versions of it which Miss Rainer played in other pictures, with and without telephone, this remark will lack punch. To others it will serve as well as anything to express that cynical despair with which Hollywood people regard their own highest distinction. It isn't so much that the awards never go to fine achievements as that those fine achievements are not rewarded as such. They are rewarded as fine achievements in box-office hits. You can't be an All-American on a losing team. Technically, they are voted, but actually they are not decided by the use of whatever artistic and critical wisdom Hollywood may happen to possess. They are ballyhoosed, pushed, yelled, screamed, and in every way propagandized into the consciousness of the voters so incessantly, in the weeks before the final balloting, that everything except the golden aura of the box office is forgotten.

The Motion Picture Academy, at considerable expense and with great efficiency, runs all the nominated pictures at its own theater, showing each picture twice, once in the afternoon, once in the eve-

ning. A nominated picture is one in connection with which any kind of work is nominated for an award, not necessarily acting, directing, or writing; it may be a purely technical matter such as set-dressing or sound work. This running of pictures has the object of permitting the voters to look at films which they may happen to have missed or to have partly forgotten. It is an attempt to make them realize that pictures released early in the year, and since overlaid with several thicknesses of battered celluloid, are still in the running and that consideration of only those released a short time before the end of the year is not quite just.

The effort is largely a waste. The people with the votes don't go to these showings. They send their relatives, friends, or servants. They have had enough of looking at pictures, and the voices of destiny are by no means inaudible in the Hollywood air. They have a brassy tone, but they are more than distinct.

All this is good democracy of a sort. We elect Congressmen and Presidents in much the same way, so why not actors, cameramen, writers, and all the rest of the people who have to do with the making of pictures? If we permit noise, ballyhoo, and bad theater to influence us in the selection of the people who are to run the country, why should we object to the same methods in the selection of meritorious achievements in the film business? If we can huckster a President into the White House, why cannot we huckster the agonized Miss Joan Crawford or the hard and beautiful Miss Olivia de Havilland into possession of one of those golden statuettes which express the motion picture industry's frantic desire to kiss itself on the back of its neck? The only answer I can think of is that the motion picture is an art. I say this with a very small voice. It is an inconsiderable statement and has a hard time not sounding a little ludicrous. Nevertheless it is a fact, not in the least diminished by the further facts that its ethos is so far pretty low and that its

techniques are dominated by some pretty awful people.

If you think most motion pictures are bad, which they are (including the foreign), find out from some initiate how they are made, and you will be astonished that any of them could be good. Making a fine motion picture is like painting "The Laughing Cavalier" in Macy's basement, with a floorwalker to mix your colors for you. Of course most motion pictures are bad. Why wouldn't they be? Apart from its own intrinsic handicaps of excessive cost, hypercritical bluenosed censorship, and the lack of any single-minded controlling force in the making, the motion picture is bad because 90 per cent of its source material is tripe, and the other 10 per cent is a little too virile and plain-spoken for the putty-minded clerics, the elderly ingénues of the women's clubs, and the tender guardians of that godawful mixture of boredom and bad manners known more eloquently as the Impressionable Age.

The point is not whether there are bad motion pictures or even whether the average motion picture is bad, but whether the motion picture is an artistic medium of sufficient dignity and accomplishment to be treated with respect by the people who control its destinies. Those who deride the motion picture usually are satisfied that they have thrown the book at it by declaring it to be a form of mass entertainment. As if that meant anything. Greek drama, which is still considered quite respectable by most intellectuals, was mass entertainment to the Athenian freeman. So, within its economic and topographical limits, was the Elizabethan drama. The great cathedrals of Europe, although not exactly built to while away an afternoon, certainly had an aesthetic and spiritual effect on the ordinary man. Today, if not always, the fugues and chorales of Bach, the symphonies of Mozart, Borodin, and Brahms, the violin concertos of Vivaldi, the piano sonatas of Scarlatti, and a great deal of what was once rather recondite music are mass entertainment by virtue of radio. Not all fools love it, but not all fools love anything more literate than a comic strip. It might reasonably be said that all art at some time and in some manner becomes mass entertainment, and that if it does not it dies and is forgotten.

The motion picture admittedly is faced with too large a mass; it must please too many people and offend too few, the second of these restrictions being infinitely more damaging to it artistically than the first. The people who sneer at the motion picture as an art form are furthermore seldom willing to consider it at its best. They insist upon judging it by the picture they saw last week or yesterday; which is even more absurd (in view of the sheer quantity of production) than to judge literature by last week's ten best-sellers, or the dramatic art by even the best of the current Broadway hits. In a novel you can still say what you like, and the stage is free almost to the point of obscenity, but the motion picture

made in Hollywood, if it is to create art at all, must do so within such strangling limitations of subject and treatment that it is a blind wonder it ever achieves any distinction beyond the purely mechanical slickness of a glass and chromium bathroom. If it were merely a transplanted literary or dramatic art, it certainly would not. The hucksters and the bluenoses would between them see to that.

But the motion picture is *not* a transplanted literary or dramatic art, any more than it is a plastic art. It has elements of all these, but in its essential structure it is much closer to music, in the sense that its finest effects can be independent of precise meaning, that its transitions can be more eloquent than its high-lit scenes, and that its dissolves and camera movements, which cannot be censored, are often far more emotionally effective than its plots, which can. Not only is the motion picture an art, but it is the one entirely new art that has been evolved on this planet for hundreds of years. It is the only art at which we of this generation have any possible chance to greatly excel.

In painting, music, and architecture we are not even second-rate by comparison with the best work of the past. In sculpture we are just funny. In prose literature we not only lack style but we lack the educational and historical background to know what style is. Our fiction and drama are adept, empty, often intriguing, and so mechanical that in another fifty years at most they will be produced by machines with rows of push buttons. We have no popular poetry in the grand style, merely delicate or witty or bitter or obscure verses. Our novels are transient propaganda when they are what is called "significant," and bedtime reading when they are not.

But in the motion picture we possess an art medium whose glories are not all behind us. It has already produced great work, and if, comparatively and proportionately, far too little of that great work has been achieved in Hollywood, I think that is all the more reason why in its annual tribal dance of the stars and the big-shot producers Hollywood should contrive a little quiet awareness of the fact. Of course it won't. I'm just daydreaming.

2

Show business has always been a little overnoisy, overdressed, overbrash. Actors are threatened people. Before films came along to make them rich they often had need of a desperate gaiety. Some of these qualities prolonged beyond a strict necessity have passed into the Hollywood mores and produced that very exhausting thing, the Hollywood manner, which is a chronic case of spurious excitement over absolutely nothing. Nevertheless, and for once in a lifetime, I have to admit that Academy Awards night is a good show and quite funny in spots, although I'll admire you if you can laugh at all of it.

If you can go past those awful idiot faces on the bleachers outside the theater without a sense of the collapse of the human intelligence; if you can stand the hailstorm of flash bulbs popping at the poor patient actors who, like kings and queens, have never the right to look bored; if you can glance out over this gathered assemblage of what is supposed to be the elite of Hollywood and say to yourself without a sinking feeling, "In these hands lie the destinies of the only original art the modern world has conceived"; if you can laugh, and you probably will, at the cast-off jokes from the comedians on the stage, stuff that wasn't good enough to use on their radio shows; if you can stand the fake sentimentality and the platitudes of the officials and the mincing elocution of the glamour queens (you ought to hear them with four martinis down the hatch); if you can do all these things with grace and pleasure, and not have a wild and forsaken horror at the thought that most of these people actually take this shoddy performance seriously; and if you can then go out into the night to see half the police force of Los Angeles gathered to protect the golden ones from the mob in the free seats but not from that awful moaning sound they give out, like destiny whistling through a hollow shell; if you can do all these things and still feel next morning that the picture business is worth the attention of one single intelligent, artistic mind, then in the picture business you certainly belong, because this sort of vulgarity is part of its inevitable price.

Glancing over the program of the Awards before the show starts, one is apt to forget that this is really an actors', directors', and big-shot producers' rodeo. It is for the people who *make* pictures (they think), not just for the people who work on them. But these gaudy characters are a kindly bunch at heart; they know that a lot of small-fry characters in minor technical jobs, such as cameramen, musicians, cutters, writers, soundmen, and the inventors of new equipment, have to be given something to amuse them and make them feel mildly elated. So the performance was formerly divided into two parts, with an intermission. On the occasion I attended, however, one of the Masters of Ceremony (I forget which — there was a steady stream of them, like bus passengers) announced that there would be no intermission this year and that they would proceed immediately to the *important* part of the program.

Let me repeat, the *important part of the program*.

Perverse fellow that I am, I found myself intrigued by the unimportant part of the program also. I found my sympathies engaged by the lesser ingredients of picture-making, some of which have been enumerated above. I was intrigued by the efficiently quick on-and-off that was given to these minnows of the picture business; by their nervous attempts via the microphone to give most of the credit for their work to some stuffed shirt in a corner office; by the fact that technical developments

which may mean many millions of dollars to the industry, and may on occasion influence the whole procedure of picture-making, are just not worth explaining to the audience at all; by the casual, cavalier treatment given to film-editing and to camera work, two of the essential arts of film-making, almost and sometimes quite equal to direction, and much more important than all but the very best acting; intrigued most of all perhaps by the formal tribute which is invariably made to the importance of the writer, without whom, my dear, dear friends, nothing could be done at all, but who is for all that merely the climax of the *unimportant* part of the program.

3

I AM also intrigued by the voting. It was formerly done by all the members of all the various guilds, including the extras and bit players. Then it was realized that this gave too much voting power to rather unimportant groups, so the voting on various classes of awards was restricted to the guilds which were presumed to have some critical intelligence on the subject. Evidently this did not work either, and the next change was to have the nominating done by the specialist guilds, and the final voting only by members of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

It doesn't really seem to make much difference how the voting is done. The quality of the work is still only recognized in the context of success. A superb job in a flop picture would get you nothing, a routine job in a winner will be voted in. It is against this background of success-worship that the voting is done, with the incidental music supplied by a stream of advertising in the trade papers (which even intelligent people read in Hollywood) designed to put all other pictures than those advertised out of your head at balloting time. The psychological effect is very great on minds conditioned to thinking of merit solely in terms of box office and ballyhoo. The members of the Academy live in this atmosphere, and they are enormously suggestible people, as are all workers in Hollywood. If they are contracted to studios, they are made to feel that it is a matter of group patriotism to vote for the products of their own lot. They are informally advised not to waste their votes, not to plump for something that can't win, especially something made on another lot.

I do not feel any profound conviction, for example, as to whether *The Best Years of Our Lives* was even the best Hollywood motion picture of 1946. It depends on what you mean by best. It had a first-class director, some fine actors, and the most appealing sympathy gag in years. It probably had as much all-around distinction as Hollywood is presently capable of. That it had the kind of clean and simple art possessed by *Open City* or the stalwart and magnificent impact of *Henry V* only an idiot would claim. In a sense it did not have art at

all. It had that kind of sentimentality which is almost but not quite humanity, and that kind of adeptness which is almost but not quite style. And it had them in large doses, which always helps.

The governing board of the Academy is at great pains to protect the honesty and the secrecy of the voting. It is done by anonymous numbered ballots, and the ballots are sent, not to any agency of the motion picture industry, but to a well-known firm of public accountants. The results, in sealed envelopes, are borne by an emissary of the firm right onto the stage of the theater where the Awards are to be made, and there for the first time, one at a time, they are made known. Surely precaution could go no further. No one could possibly have known in advance any of these results, not even in Hollywood where every agent learns the closely guarded secrets of the studios with no apparent trouble. If there are secrets in Hollywood, which I sometimes doubt, this voting ought to be one of them.

4

AS FOR a deeper kind of honesty, I think it is about time for the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences to use a little of it up by declaring in a forthright manner that foreign pictures are outside competition and will remain so until they face the same economic situation and the same strangling censorship that Hollywood faces. It is all very well to say how clever and artistic the French are, how true to life, what subtle actors they have, what an honest sense of the earth, what forthrightness in dealing with the bawdy side of life. The French can afford these things, we cannot. To the Italians they are permitted, to us they are denied. Even the English possess a freedom we lack. How much did *Brief Encounter* cost? It would have cost at least a million and a half in Hollywood; in order to get that money back, and the distribution costs on top of the negative costs, it would have had to contain innumerable crowd-pleasing ingredients, the very lack of which is what makes it a good picture.

Since the Academy is not an international tribunal of film art it should stop pretending to be one. If foreign pictures have no practical chance whatsoever of winning a major award they should not be nominated. At the very beginning of the performance in 1947 a special Oscar was awarded to Laurence Olivier for *Henry V*, although it was among those nominated as best picture of the year. There could be no more obvious way of saying it was not going to win. A couple of minor technical awards and a couple of minor writing awards were also given to foreign pictures, but nothing that ran into important coin, just side meat. Whether these awards were deserved is beside the point, which is that they were minor awards and were intended to be minor awards, and that there was no possibility whatsoever of any foreign-made picture winning a major award.

To outsiders it might appear that something devious went on here. To those who know Hollywood, all that went on was the secure knowledge and awareness that the Oscars exist for and by Hollywood, their purpose is to maintain the supremacy of Hollywood, their standards and problems are the standards and problems of Hollywood, and their phoniness is the phoniness of Hollywood. But the Academy cannot, without appearing ridiculous, maintain a pose of internationalism by tossing a few minor baubles to the foreigners while carefully keeping all the top-drawer jewelry for itself. As a writer I resent that writing awards should be among these baubles, and as a member of the Motion Picture Academy I resent its trying to put itself in a position which its annual performance before the public shows it quite unfit to occupy.

If the actors and actresses like the silly show, and I'm not sure at all the best of them do, they at least know how to look elegant in a strong light, and how to make with the wide-eyed and oh, so humble little speeches as if they believed them. If the big producers like it, and I'm quite sure they do because it contains the only ingredients they really understand — promotion values and the additional grosses that go with them — the producers at least know what they are fighting for. But if the quiet, earnest, and slightly cynical people who really make motion pictures like it, and I'm quite sure they don't, well, after all, it comes only once a year, and it's no worse than a lot of the sleazy vaudeville they have to push out of the way to get their work done.

Of course that's not quite the point either. The head of a large studio once said privately that in his candid opinion the motion picture business was 25 per cent honest business and the other 75 per cent pure conniving. He didn't say anything about art, although he may have heard of it. But that *is* the real point, isn't it? — whether these annual Awards, regardless of the grotesque ritual which accompanies them, really represent anything at all of artistic importance to the motion picture medium, anything clear and honest that remains after the lights are dimmed, the minks are put away, and the aspirin is swallowed? I don't think they do. I think they are just theater and not even good theater. As for the personal prestige that goes with winning an Oscar, it may with luck last long enough for your agent to get your contract rewritten and your price jacked up another notch. But over the years and in the hearts of men of good will? I hardly think so.

Once upon a time a once very successful Hollywood lady decided (or was forced) to sell her lovely furnishings at auction, together with her lovely home. On the day before she moved out she was showing a party of her friends through the house for a private view. One of them noticed that the lady was using her two golden Oscars as doorstops. It seemed they were just about the right weight, and she had sort of forgotten they were gold.



The most eminent philosopher in the English-speaking world, GEORGE SANTAYANA, now in his eighty-fifth year, is living in Rome and writing with vigor and sapience. It is the Atlantic's privilege to publish in successive issues this spring his three new Dialogues, two of them short and the third of considerable length. Each contains passages characteristic of Santayana at his best; each reflects his sense of detachment from his own time, or any particular time, and his critical and contemplative devotion to truth as he sees it, regardless of age, war, or climate.

THE LIBERTINE

by GEORGE SANTAYANA

I

THE STRANGER. — I see, Alcibiades, how truly Socrates describes you when he tells us that you were the occasion of all his wisdom. "That good-for-nothing boy," he says, "is marvelously beautiful, and Beauty remains the one clear revelation which the Good has ever vouchsafed to me of its nature. Moreover, he was given to desperate follies and as fond of himself as he was negligent; and such exasperating unreason in him was of all vices the best fitted to destroy my peace and to make me a beneficent nuisance to mankind."

ALCIBIADES. — If you know Socrates, you know that he never means what he says. Had I been the source of his wisdom, he would have continued to run after me, as he did for a month or two at Athens after I had won my first crown at the boys' games; but ever since, both in the upper world and here, he seemed rather to avoid me, as if I were a disreputable old friend whom one would not be seen with in public, though willing for old times' sake to do him a little kindness now and then in the dark.

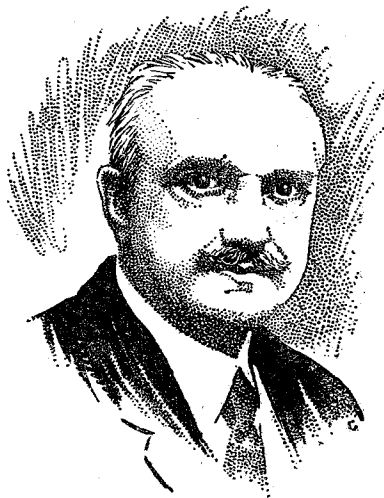
THE STRANGER. — I assure you that he speaks of you often, and with the most wonderful affection.

ALCIBIADES. — Mere sophistry and rhetoric, which he is full of. If it were affection he would not spend his days in preference with everyone else whom he finds willing to listen to him, especially if it be a young simpleton like Marcellus or a stranger like you.

THE STRANGER. — Marcellus drinks in his words

like an oracle and is a fervent neophyte of the new philosophy, while you are an incorrigible scoffer. Besides, as we grow old we have to abandon the people we like for those who like us. The young Marcellus with his Roman stolidity puts before Socrates an eternal dilemma, because here spirits are never able to discover anything that at least virtually they had not already discovered on earth; and it had never occurred to the honest Socrates, while he lived in the flesh, to turn his dialectic into mythology or his myths into revealed oracles and truths; yet this is what Plato began to do in his name after him, and what the good Marcellus, brought up on devout superstitions, spontaneously does too — and Socrates finds his own words taken by his fervent disciples more seriously, as science, than he ever took them himself.

As for me, I have a magical and most undeserved advantage over you all. I am alive and can summon ghosts by a certain familiar incantation to speak to me against their will: how else should you and I, Alcibiades, ever have talked together? Besides, suppose Socrates had frequented you only, how should he then have come to know that of all possible people Alcibiades was the most worth frequenting and the best foil for his philosophy? A large mind cannot limit itself to what it loves. Remember, too, that here, where you dwell in eternity, Socrates need not take away from you the hours or the attention that he devotes to other things or to other pleasures.



ALCIBIADES. — Do not exert yourself to comfort me, you odd ghost-raiser and distiller of dead herbs. Are you not something like a sophist yourself? I was never so wedded to Athens or to philosophy as Socrates was, and the rest of the world had enough in it to entertain me.

THE STRANGER. — Yet Socrates holds a special place in your esteem, unless the account he gives of your first encounter in these regions is inaccurate. For he says you were ashamed to see him again, considering what you had done and had become in the world after his death; as if you saw in him the embodiment of a reproachful conscience.

ALCIBIADES. — Has he told you that story? I wonder with what inventions he has embroidered it.

THE STRANGER. — It sounded to me like the truth; but if you will give me your version of what occurred, I will believe it in preference to his, as coming from an innocent youth, incapable of irony or dissimulation.

ALCIBIADES. — No. How should I remember the twists he chose to give his words? Tell me yourself what he reported, and then when I next see him I shall have something to confound him with and make him blush for in his turn, when I repeat the malicious lies he has been telling strangers about me.

2

THE STRANGER. — It was some years, he said, after he had arrived here that, stalking as is his wont among these knolls, he spied you leaning like Narcissus over the edge of a fountain. Chin in hand, you were intently observing whether death had effaced or rather restored your good looks; for you were secretly troubled by a tale your nurse had told you when a child, that in the realm of shades men do not retain the aspect of their earthly bodies, but become the image of their deeds. — Is my story truthful so far?

ALCIBIADES. — As stories go. Perhaps there is some truth in it. But what then?

THE STRANGER. — He made a sound, and you unmistakably caught sight of him through the corner of your eye; but you pretended not to have seen him; you yawned and stretched yourself and would have strolled off listlessly into the wood. But he called after you loudly, "Alcibiades, Alcibiades," and you were obliged to turn back. "What," he said, "have you forgotten your old friend Socrates? No: my form and features are not easily mistaken; but you looked away and pretended not to know me because you were ashamed. That is an old absurd trick of yours, that you are not ashamed before the gods nor before yourself nor before other men, whether Greeks or barbarians, but are ashamed before Socrates. And yet you were now doing nothing to be ashamed of, not being drunk nor lolling in the company of flute girls, nor prowling about the chamber of any Spartan queen, nor taking money from

the barbarians to fight against your country nor out of pique and effrontery affecting to wear their villainous stuffy clothes or to speak their uncouth language; nor were you in the act of knocking off from the statues of the gods any provocative detail. You were simply standing lost in thought, as I sometimes stood in the streets of Athens, or as we all stand often in this ghostly world where we move as noiselessly and as innocently as we breathe. Why, then, should you attempt to avoid my presence and to hide from me the blessed fact that you, too, are here? For it is by the blessing of the gods that you have been admitted where nothing enters that does not in some way partake of the Good; a blessing to you, because you have somehow deserved it, and a blessing to me, who am your lover, in that my love is thereby divinely approved and declared to be well-grounded. — Why do you not answer me, Alcibiades?"

"To say the truth, Socrates," you replied, "I did know you perfectly, but I was afraid that I myself was much changed and that if you recognized me it might be with pain."

"Not with new pain, my friend," Socrates retorted gravely. "The loves of old men and of philosophers are sadly prophetic. We know from the beginning that they cannot be altogether happy. We discount the illusion which the god sends us and foresee the disappointment of our hopes in our young friends. When we see them slender and blooming, in all the smiling curiosity and playfulness of their age, Eros, who is himself a boy and fond of fooling, whispers in our ear: 'Here is a youth indeed, worthy to be the child of Theseus or of Solon, and who will surely be virtuous and kind, and will grow up to be a philosopher, and a philosopher of your own sect!' But we old foxes are not deceived by the artful Eros, though we never tire of listening to his delightful banter. We are well aware that all you darlings will prove faithless to us and to philosophy, and that you will not be blooming and slender forever. Nevertheless we are compelled to love you; for as when the rowers in a galley dip their oars into the sea, though they know well by experience that the oars remain straight, yet they are forced by nature to see them bent, so we are forced by nature to see in you what by experience we know cannot be there; only that in the illusion of love it is the contrary deception that heaven practices upon us, since we are bewitched into seeing as straight and beautiful those bodies and those souls which we know to be crooked. It is no new pain, Alcibiades. I knew you truly on earth, and my passion never deceived me. Time, or rather eternity, has merely stripped bare that true Alcibiades whom only the eye of Socrates could formerly discern, and has revealed him to all the world now and, strangest of all, to Alcibiades himself. If just now, when you were gazing into the fountain, you had blushed at yourself and tried to hide from your own eyes, I

could have understood the reason. Not having ever known yourself before, the revelation might have startled you. But to me your present aspect is no revelation. Even in the upper world, the eye of a philosopher, when he is a lover, penetrates to the truth."

"You are not serious, Socrates, even now that you are dead," you said in answer. "Had I looked then as I look now you would never have dreamed of pretending that you were in love with me; for you never really were, only it amused you in your sarcastic way to say in scorn that you found me irresistible. But if anything about me pleased you, it was certainly what I seemed and not what was to turn out to be the truth about me. Therefore you were no philosopher in loving me, but a fool, as all lovers are."

"Come, come," he grumbled in his familiar way, "do not talk as if you were addressing an audience that wants to laugh, and never remembers what it applauded the week before. I was saying that although I knew that you were crooked I could not help seeing you straight, for the god compelled me; and do you suppose that Eros showed me a good and beautiful Alcibiades to no purpose instead of the living rascal? The god that works in the lover's soul is either the same god that works in nature or a greater god; and when he makes in nature a crooked Alcibiades of flesh and blood, who looks beautiful but is base and who from being young and generous becomes in time fat, brutal, and unprincipled — do you suppose that then the Creator is making something more real than when, in the soul of Socrates, he makes an ideal Alcibiades, bright and incorruptible as a god? And when Socrates loves the divine Alcibiades, having no illusions about the human one, is he not a true lover and a true philosopher?"

"So you confess it at last," you cried, "what I have always perceived, though you denied it, that you never cared for me at all, but gave my name in play to some fond creation of your fancy? You are no better than those other villainous sculptors, men of your own profession, who are too full of themselves to make a good likeness of anybody, but give the name of Pericles or Nicias to some mere replica of their stock dummy, that looks more like a lion than a man, and then impudently deliver the work to Pericles or Nicias as his express portrait, demanding a fabulous price. So you impudently deliver to me your love of your own ideas and call it your prophetic love of Alcibiades, expecting me to be infinitely grateful and to pay you, rogue that you are, with all sorts of good coin."

3

ALCIBIADES. — There, I allow, Socrates reported our conversation faithfully, and you too have a good memory, for that is exactly what I said and what I think, and what I shall say again upon

occasion when Socrates vexes me with his humbug.

THE STRANGER. — Very well, but if the rest of your conversation was reported no less accurately, it was not long before you took back your words.

ALCIBIADES. — Cornered and cheated by some sophistical trick, perhaps; but I warn you that I now take back and recant my recantations, past and future; for very likely he will browbeat and corner me again, the old charlatan!

THE STRANGER. — Yes, and this is the way he proceeded to do it. "It is easy to slander a philosopher, Alcibiades," he said, "but it is not easy to be one. However, I wish to admit the truth, and if you can show me that what I love is not the true Alcibiades, I will gladly admit it, and say it is Hermes or Dionysius or some other young god that has appeared to me in a dream. But answer me this question: You have had lovers who were not philosophers?"

"Yes, many," you replied, "both men and women. Greeks and Persians."

"You do not accuse them," he went on, "especially not the Persians and the women, of not loving the real Alcibiades?"

"It would be odd to accuse them of that."

"You mean that their actions left no room for doubt, in that they embraced you, feasted you, and gave you magnificent presents?"

"Exactly; and if they had said they loved me to distraction, but had turned their backs on me rudely if by chance I got too near, and had given me nothing but sarcastic words and sharp admonitions, forcing me to listen to long verbal disputes and hollow praises of beauty in general, I should certainly have said they were mocking me and were sophists in practice, even if in name they were kings or queens, or generals, or sculptors."

"Very good," said Socrates slyly, "and now will you please answer this other question: When a boy becomes a man does he cease to be the same person?"

"Of course not," you replied, "and what of that?"

"Be patient, you will see in a moment. If a man has an illness or is wounded and has a hand or a foot amputated by the surgeon, does he too remain the same man?"

"He does."

"And those who truly love him, his father and mother or his faithful slaves, will they cease to love him when he becomes a man or when he loses a hand or a foot in the service of his country?"

"No," you replied; "in that case I think perhaps they might love him more, or at least they would be more tender and considerate in the expression of their affection."

"Precisely," he continued; "that is what I should have answered if the question had been addressed to me. But let us see if we agree also on this further point. If those fine Athenians who courted you when

you were a demure lad had seen you many years later advance smiling towards them with a long dyed beard, do you think their love would have remained unaltered?"

"How absurd!"

"Do you think those Persians and those women who so unmistakably loved you would still have taken you hunting with them or danced and sung for you in their delicious gardens, or locked you closely in their scented chambers and in their soft white arms, if in consequence of some accident in war, or of some disease, the surgeons had amputated your leg or some other part of your body?"

"How low-minded you are, Socrates," you protested; "yet I must confess that if I had lost so much as one ear, every one of my adorers would have fled from me with a shudder."

ALCIBIADES. — Yes, and when I made that admission Socrates imagined that he had scored a point, and by his swagger induced the bystanders and even me to believe that he had really done so. In fact those people would have been perfectly right. Their taste was exquisite and exacting, and in my mutilated state I should have offended it. I myself could never bear to see a lame horse, and a dog with fleas might fawn and wag his tail as much as he chose; he was the nastier and the more annoying for his devotion; and before I had time to be

sorry for him I would order the lame horse to be killed and the dirty dog to be given away to lead a blind beggar. There are plagues and horrors enough inevitable; at least in what we freely choose and place before us intentionally all should be perfect and beautiful. Time and the barbarians have taught me that. It is not possible for any man to be happy. It is not possible for any city to be perfectly well governed, unanimous and always victorious. But it is possible for some of us to put a jeweled dagger in our belt, and to forget many evils always and all evils sometimes. It is possible to cull many an absolute delight, and to taste before we die some moments of utter enchantment. I have snatched them repeatedly from the chase, from music, from wine, and from love. The rest is slavery. I have been the occasion of pleasures to others as pure as those I have enjoyed. I am content to have transported and redeemed for a moment from vulgarity those who have loved me in my day.

THE STRANGER. — Is not that what you have done for Socrates also, and in a much more radical and lasting way than for the others? His philosophy has separated the charm from the enchanter. The passion and illusion that you aroused have gone to make the god he worships; and to the unvarnished earthly Alcibiades he has remained a rough honest friend both in peace and war.

NIGHTFALL BAY

by ROBERT HILLYER

THE wind went with the sun. Two yellow stars
Like daffodils hang from the sickle moon.
Now evening's salty fingers probe the scars
Of memory, but dreams will heal them soon.
The hill-ringed bay, remote, unvisited
But by this glimmering, white sloop, is balm
To him who found no peace until he fled
From human turmoil to primeval calm,
And now stands, leaning slack against the mast,
Watching his cigarette smoke drifting gray,
While phantoms from his overcrowded past
Come back from years ago and miles away.
How still it is! The echo of a sigh
Makes the trees tremble between sea and sky.



An Atlantic "First"

A STORY



A native of Robinson, Illinois, JAMES JONES went straight into the army from high school. He got on the trail of the Atlantic when he read Cord Meyer's "Waves of Darkness" and Victor Ullman's "Sometimes You Break Even" in the O. Henry Memorial Awards collection of 1946. Since the war he has written two novels, which are now undergoing revision. This is the first of his short stories to appear in print.

THE TEMPER OF STEEL

by JAMES JONES

KNIVES," the tall man said, looking down at the gate-leg table. "They are truly ingenious things, are they not?"

Johnny moved his cocktail glass and followed the tall man's gaze down.

Their hostess smiled brightly. "Yes, aren't they? So gruesome." She spared the table one polite glance from her quick peerings about the room at her other guests. Her short hair, feathered about her ears and forehead, heightened the effect of a sparrow looking for bread. "Oh," she said. "I see someone I must speak to. You two know each other? You won't mind?"

"No," Johnny said. He looked at his drink and decided he needed it.

"My dear lady," the tall man said. "We met here in your home, at dinner. Don't you remember?" He eyed Johnny. "Did we not?"

"Yes, Lon," Johnny said. "Yes, we did."

"But of course." Their hostess smiled brightly. She put her frail hand on Johnny's arm. "I want you to relax and just make yourself at home here. Another cocktail? These affairs are really nothing." She brought the cocktail and flickered away after new crumbs.

The tall man picked up one of the knives and his eyes burned down into Johnny's face. He tugged abruptly. The sheath embraced the knife, surrendered it only under pressure and with a squeak of protest. He held the knife with its tip pointed at Johnny's chest and looked at him with that bright hard stare.

"Truly," he said, "they are ingenious. Now you take these: there are none of the too heavy, too

chrome, too fine-lined characteristics of mass production about these."

Johnny looked at him and did not say anything. There were two knives in their embossed sheaths on the small table. Both knives had come from Africa in the hill country. The tall man had picked up the smaller one. The frantic buzz of conversation by which people earned their way at cocktail parties was incessant, fearing a letdown.

"These are individual pieces of work." The tall man spoke authoritatively and gestured toward Johnny with the knife in his hand. "The savage who made this tried in his dim ignorant way to express himself, to put some of his knowledge of life and living into the making of it. To him, probably, it was truly beautiful. In fact, it is beautiful, because of its very crudeness, in the sense of being directly the opposite of our smoothly machined knives. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, Lon," Johnny said. "I guess that's right." It was his own fault for coming to cocktail parties. He had only met Lon twice. Lon had lived an adventurous life. That was all right, he liked Lon, but he did not want to talk knives.

Lon tossed the knife into the air and caught it deftly by the blade as it flickered down. His eyes glittered an answer to the knife's flicker of light.

"Yes," he said caressingly, "this is a nice knife."

Lon swung the knife up and down lovingly, as if tentatively measuring the weight for throwing. He looked almost as if he would throw it through the cocktail party to stick it quivering in the wooden door. His hatchet face turned toward Johnny,

stabbing at him like a knife itself, like the killing knives Lon knew, and used, and loved.

Johnny could hear the unending slur of voices around the large room playing Lon's accompaniment. All of them knew of Lon's achievements. He knew them too, and he wished that Lon would drop it.

"The wide part of the blade," Lon explained technically, "that is for cutting. You can slash a man to ribbons with this one — in spite of its crude workmanship. Knowing where our host got it, I don't doubt that the lifeblood of a number of men has flowed along this blade, right where my finger is. Does that not evoke a peculiar emotion?"

"Yes."

Johnny could tell what he was doing but he was not angry, he was only tired. He wondered abstractedly if Lon knew why he avoided knives, or if Lon knew that there was a memory struggling to crawl up from the bottom of his mind.

"The point is also very sharp," said Lon. "Not much power would be needed to push this knife through the thick outer epidermis of a man."

"That's right," Johnny said wearily. "But the trouble with a long thin point like that is if it hits a bone, it's liable to break or bend and then your beautiful knife is ruined."

Lon nodded approvingly. He squinted down the thin length of the blade, holding the point with his thumb in the old practiced manner.

"That is true. Still, this is a fine knife. Better than the other, which is too long. One wants a short knife. Knife fighting is a lost art, just as the making of fine knives is a lost art."

"You must have had an adventurous life," Johnny said. He could feel the memory climbing the ladder of his spine into his brain.

Lon looked at him quickly. "Well," he said. He pinged the point with his thumbnail. "Most of my knife experience came after the *first* war. In Spain and in northern Africa when I was wandering around. Of course, I had already learned my technique in Mexico, but the Mexican has not the finesse of the Spaniard, in knife fighting or anything else.

"Alley fights were the best. You have to learn to be quick and clean, or you do not get to use your technique very long. *N'est-ce pas?*" His hatchet face grinned. His bright eyes commanded Johnny as he jammed the knife back into its sheath. His bright eyes commanded everybody.

Johnny stood quietly wondering when he would finally shut up. Perhaps he did not know left hooks as he knew knives? He drew a deep breath and let it out slowly but the other would not go out with it. It was like a cat on the ladder and would not come down.

"I think I will go and find our host," Lon said. "It is about time I was leaving."

He stuck out his hand. Johnny shifted his glass to his left hand and took it. There was a heavy, warm, clean pressure in Lon's handclasp.

"I hope I have not upset you by my bloody talk," Lon said.

"No. It didn't bother me." The knife was lying sheathed upon the table as before.

When Lon left him, he sat down in the nearest chair. He could feel the memory rising, as a gas-filled corpse rises to the surface of the sea. He tried listening to the conversation near him. His jaws tightened in the struggle.

2

THEY had conversed little and softly, lying in a slit trench three feet by seven feet by two feet. Most people did not know the difference between a slit trench and a foxhole since the famous chaplain said there were no atheists in foxholes. You could not lie down in a foxhole and they were harder to dig and they were only for special cases. Even after digging a slit trench a man would be exhausted and drenched with sweat. And that when they were not even under fire.

On the line they never dug them any closer than five and it was often ten or fifteen or even twenty yards, when the line was too great for the number of them as it so often was in the early days on the 'Canal.

It was so different, this war, from the other, it was not like you read. Archie Binns did a good job of showing what it would come to be, next time, with his Japanese and Russians in Siberia in *The Laurels Are Cut Down*. Chivalry Was Dead, he said. Long live chivalry, I said, it all was dead. That trick of crawling in between the slit trenches at night, then jumping in from behind. Probably some point of *Bushido* honor: come back with a souvenir of a kill. Apparently honor also is subject to the Law of Relativity. But then they did not mind dying. Or maybe it was just that they were so hungry and they did it to get the luxurious cans of C ration each Yankee carried. You never knew, not any more.

He was terribly sleepy. After a certain point you were always terribly sleepy. Even if the guy in the next slit trench had the watch you did not sleep. How could you sleep? It was an all-out war, they said, twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, no time off for good behavior. Paydays used to be a half holiday, back in peacetime. This was it, they said, this was really the war to end war, this time we mean it, no crap, this is the one that counts, think of your sons. Probably the Russians said the same thing. But apart from that your ears and your nerves were always wide awake anyway, for a sound or a feel, always reaching, reaching out.

He heard no sound. Or felt anything either. He just knew it was there, suddenly. The hairs on the back of his neck rose up and prickled. Somewhat the same feeling you get when you suddenly know somebody is staring at you from behind and you

turn around and sure enough there is somebody staring at you. Only this, of course, was greatly enhanced. When it hit him it shot clear through like an electric shock and he was wide awake. Yet he heard nothing.

He was lying on his belly with the brim of his helmet dug into the dirt to keep his face out of the mud. This slit trench was not really wet. It was only muddy with that thin film clay gets when the dew is mashed into it. Oh, it was a slick war all right, they said; it was a slick war.

He always lay on his belly with his back up. Really comical how hard it is to lay on your back. You can't do it. Whenever you heard one coming you always lay on your belly while you waited. Maybe you dug your fingernails into the slick too, but then that was different. They will always flop over on their belly when they hear one coming if they are on their back. You just can't help it. Like a fish or a porcupine.

He turned his head to the left very slowly to look back. He could see nothing. The sky was clouded and there were no stars to outline a figure. He strained his eyes until he felt their muscles would crack and curl up like springs. Nothing.

Still, he knew it was there. He could tell. The instinct told him. It was invariably right. He had developed it over a period of weeks. It was what they did not teach you in the field manuals.

It was very quiet and his eyes rolled in his head. Somewhere in the silence a grenade popped, fizzed, went off, sending a shower of little screamings outward. This was too close for a grenade and you could not fire without the muzzle blast betraying you. At night it was always the knife. This was his first.

The thought of it there sent a spasm of refined terror through him. A terror of hopelessness that made him want to shrug and turn his head back and close his eyes and simply wait. Waiting for it dejectedly, yet hoping all the time the instinct was wrong, and knowing at the same time the instinct was never wrong. He felt, then, it was not worth the trouble. There were a lot of things worse than dying. Slowly disintegrating day by day was worse than dying.

He did not know, you never knew any more. When you looked back and you saw how it all came about, it was so logical. How, in the beginning, it was not at all necessary. Just simply cause and effect that, in the beginning, was not at all necessary. It was not that people did not see it, everybody saw it. Everybody always saw it. That was why it was so hard to know. It was like the being always terribly sleepy. Just to relax, to sit quietly and not be sleepy, maybe then you could know. Just to relax was all. It was really very simple. It was not a question of being paralyzed with fear, it was simply having to decide. He was wide awake and terribly sleepy and he could not decide.

While he lay in the mud-slick fatigues, unable to decide, his hand with the rolls of dirt under the cracked and crusted nails decided. It slid down over the cloth made waterproof by weeks of soaking up his body oil. Quite silently it unfastened the snap and freed the knife from the sheath strapped to his leg. Then it relaxed full length along his side, cunning as animals are cunning. Perhaps in the end that was all it was.

Over the luxurious feeling of resignation was something else apparently, a flame over the sour damp ashes; a flame, now, that never came alive until there was no other thing, burning strongly in a wind of death. The hand and this primitive flame worked together leaving him out of it.

He was astonished to realize it was not five seconds since the hair first rose. He felt like he had just carried three thousand pounds a couple of miles.

The hand jerked sideways when the nothing jumped, flopping him over on his back and raising the knife in an arc until it was sticking straight up. The knife in the hand made of the arm the sharpened spike of the elephant trap. The nothing impaled itself by the weight of the body. The falling body jarred through his arm releasing the hand from its responsibility, pushed his arm down till the knob on the knife hilt ground against his pelvic bone.

The Jap's knife struck his helmet slithering and stuck itself into the clay without power. The Jap hardly made a sound, only a sharp "unh" as the knife went into him. Such a silent war this one was.

There was a little struggle when he grabbed the Jap's wrist with his left hand. But not much. The Jap's hand came away from the hilt of his knife fairly easily. The knife had gone into him just under the breastbone. Sort of a solar plexus punch you might say, and it took his wind.

Blood ran distastefully over his hand and he pushed the Jap's leaden weight away from him and pulled his knife out. He could see him now, the inscrutable almond eyes and the funny bell-shaped helmet, like a woman's 1920s hat. The Jap put both hands over his belly where the knife had been. The Jap lay on his back, eyes watching, chin pulled down against his chest, breathing with a kind of grunt.

Johnny heard the breathing above the explosions of his own heart and knew he had nothing more to fear from this one.

They looked at each other for a little while, both breathing softly. Then Johnny put his hand over the Jap's face, the heel of his palm on his chin. The Jap did not shut his eyes and opened his mouth and bit at one of the fingers. Johnny moved the finger and thrust it up the Jap's nose, the Jap still trying to bite it. Then he pulled his knife across the Jap's bent throat, downward and away. The Jap quit trying to bite. He had not moved his hands from his belly.

Johnny grabbed him and rolled him out of the slit trench on the downhill side. His right hand had escaped, but he had not jerked his left hand quick enough and the geyser pumped against his arm. He wiped his hand vigorously and then lay in the slit trench, trying to keep out of the blood, waiting for morning to come. Somewhere in the silence a grenade popped, fizzed, went off, sending a shower of little screamings outward. A Nambu MG chattered in its falsetto foreign tongue. And him wishing to relax, just to relax, lying slow and easy, maybe under a tree, on a creek.

3

JOHNNY took a sip from his fresh martini. The olive oscillated slightly and a few drops sloshed over his fingers. People near-by were laughing at some quip of a Successful Author. He had missed it. The woman next to him offered to explain it, so that he could laugh too. He thanked her, seeing Lon coming toward him across the room with their hostess. Lon was wearing his rakish topcoat and carrying his slouch hat.

Lon shook his hand again. "Do not let my talk of knives get on your nerves. It is only that knives fascinate me."

"No," he said. "Forget it, Lon. Do you remember the scene in *All Quiet* where Paul kills the Frenchman in the hole and then begs forgiveness?"

Lon looked at him curiously. "Yes. That scene. Highly sentimental stuff."

"That's what I mean. It's outdated, isn't it? You couldn't write it that way now, could you?"

"No," Lon said. "You couldn't write it like that

now. Pointlessly hysterical. What they call a chaotic reaction."

Johnny nodded. "Chaotic reaction. Psychological? That's good. In other words, they had not developed the high art of proper indoctrination in those days."

"Yes. That's it."

"But this war was different, wasn't it, Lon?"

"Yes," Lon said. "This war was different. I must go." He shook Johnny's hand again. "I hope I did not upset you with my bloody talk."

"Forget it, Lon. I've got a couple knives you might like to see. I took one of them off a dead Jap."

Lon was interested. "What kind of knife is it?"

"American-made. The Jap probably took it off a dead American."

"Oh," Lon said. "I thought it might have a story behind it. . . . Well, good-bye."

"So long." He watched Lon stride to the door, the topcoat ballooning about his legs, the high collar covering his ears.

"I must see him out," their hostess whispered. "Isn't he fascinating? He has been everywhere and done everything."

"He must have led a truly adventurous life."

"Oh, you can't know. Truly incredible. Do you want another cocktail? You are enjoying yourself? You veterans, you who have done so much, you need to relax."

"Excuse me, my dear. I must really see Lon out. I was very lucky to get him. He abhors cocktail parties, you know. Truly an amazing personality."

"Yes," Johnny said. "I can see that. Truly he is."



POEMS

by ELFORD CAUGHEY

THE SILENT HOUSE

"Why have they gone?" the old clock wondered —
Its hands were joined like hands in prayer,
But stilled was the voice that one time thundered
Midnight from the landing on the stair.

"When they glanced at me," said the looking-glass,
"They were seeing strange things far away;
They left the garden and the uncut grass
But swore to return to us some day."

Down the hall sauntered a mouse,
Monarch of silence and traps unbaited,
And his footsteps lisped all through the house
While the mirror watched, and the old clock
waited.

WOUND

THE ether cone, the knife and skill
Level the cicatrice
Of some old wound, but still
The unseen hurt at hint of stormy weather
Nags at the scar smoothed for a lover's kiss —
Pain and memory conspire together.

Deep folds of an inward scar
Cut by some poisoned word or deed
Are safe from art or knife, too far
For blade to level or to bleed
To smoothness, yet too near the rain,
The earth or moon, the sun or star
To know a holiday from pain.

CAMOUFLAGE

THE green bird in the green forest
Lives by camouflage;
The gray gull at sea. Over winter fields
The white hare drifts like snow;
Jungles shelter dappled hide.

The spirit, too, wears camouflage.
A timid smile,
A sharp breath quickly drawn
Reveal the gentle, yet untamed.
Mostly it soars unseen,
A questing dove.

Now the green bird flutters in a wicker cage,
The white hare hangs limp on a market hook;
Camouflage betrayed
The shy, the unwary.
And the spirit trapped shudders to see
The wide world shrunk to this:
A single bar to perch upon,
A crumb if none forgets —
Soft color of safety laid on wing
That one time dared the morning sky.



Last October we published an article by Ralph Lee Smith, who resigned from the Naval Academy midway in his second year. In his paper, "Why I Resigned from Annapolis," he criticized the hazing to which the plebes were submitted, and also the curriculum, which he felt to be inadequate. The Atlantic invited replies, and to date we have received ninety-eight articles or letters in extenso. Of the responses defending the Academy, we have selected the five vigorous statements which follow. It should be understood that in each case the views expressed are not those of the Navy Department or the Naval Service, but of the individual writer.

HOW GOOD IS ANNAPOLIS?

An Answer

YOUNG OFFICER ON ACTIVE DUTY

LT. COMDR. EDWIN E. KINTNER

IF the United States Naval Academy is designed to produce a skeletal framework of technique and tradition upon which American manpower and industrial genius can quickly place muscle and sinew for modern warfare, then Annapolis appears to have admirably performed its duty. Yet the Academy system is being criticized from many sides. Most of its critics, like Ralph Lee Smith in "Why I Resigned from Annapolis" (*Atlantic* for October, 1947), make two fundamental errors.

First, they use for comparison the liberal arts educational system in the United States. In reality, what Annapolis attempts to produce differs intentionally and widely from what most civilian schools have as a goal. Annapolis still aims to do what most colleges have long since given up attempting: to train young men for a specific vocation. In a short undergraduate course it must imbue cynical American boys with patriotism, devotion to the ideals of democracy, a spirit of responsibility to the Navy and the nation, and a willingness to relinquish certain of the emoluments of civilian life in performance of a duty to the citizens of the United States.

Second, these critics imply that hazing is the sum and substance of plebe year. As a matter of fact, physical hazing is no part of the official system of discipline and military training through which a plebe must pass.

Keeping these two fundamental errors in mind, I should like to offer my opinion of the Naval Academy, based on my experience afloat and ashore as a naval officer and as a student at two excellent civilian schools.

The entire tone of superior-subordinate relation-

ships in the Navy is set by plebe training. Annapolis must accept boys from all parts of the United States, reared in democracy and the easygoing lack of discipline of American life, and in four years develop a military sailor. The midshipman must be taught his place in a military organization; he must understand the philosophy undergirding this organization; he must have an appreciation of how this organization works in action; and he must become acquainted with the practical techniques of military life.

The customs of plebe year are almost all in answer to this problem — that a civilian farm lad must be made into a military man of the sea. The attention which each plebe must pay to his dress and the details which he observes in stowing his gear establish habits of exactness and neatness which make possible the uniformity of detail of which all efficient military organizations are so proud. Practices like bracing up at the table and remaining in proper uniform at all times produce the alertness and snap so necessary in young officers. The regulations requiring plebes to obey without equivocation all orders given them by upperclassmen inculcate habits of strict and prompt obedience to orders without which a military organization cannot function.

Smith admits that the majority of upperclassmen take no part in physical hazing. The present first class at the Academy has, on its own initiative, condemned the practice. Maintaining plebe "rates," however — very different from hazing — is the responsibility of all upperclassmen. These rates are the fundamentals of plebe year. Some of the most important are: —

1. Always remain braced up outside one's room — that is, shoulders back, chest out, chin and stomach in, eyes straight ahead.

2. Walk in the center of every corridor, and square all corners.

3. Double-time off the terrace into Bancroft Hall when released from class formations. The terraces are crowded between classes, and this rate tends to clear them quickly.

4. Sit on the forward half of one's chair at table to prevent slouching against the back.

5. Speak to an upperclassman only when spoken to.

6. Answer as quickly as possible any professional or newsworthy question put by an upperclassman.

7. Maintain rigid table etiquette at all times.

8. Snap to attention and "sound off" whenever an officer or upperclassman enters one's room.

These are the primaries of plebe year. They are unpleasant, but not humiliating. Within a few months they become habits — habits which are partially retained the rest of the plebe's life. They, and similar ones, are the only parts of plebe year sanctioned by Naval Academy regulations. Hazing, in the sense of physical punishment, is specifically forbidden. Such hazing is gradually dying out. That it exists, I do not deny, but several of my classmates were severely punished for having engaged in it, and I was threatened with dismissal as a first classman by a senior executive officer who mistakenly thought he had seen me use a bread tray on the stern of a plebe. I agree with Smith that drastic action should be taken to eradicate it completely, but certainly hazing is not nearly so prevalent as his article would indicate.

Thus, most practices of plebe year have definite objectives. There are many which are simply facetious, and in these the plebes often take as much pleasure as the upper classes. They are the military counterparts of the traditional college fraternity initiation. They can be abolished at Annapolis with as little harm and with as little regret as at Podunk U.

Much of the criticism of the academic quality of the Naval Academy is unfair in that the critics do not consider the variables necessary in the training of a naval officer. In order to avoid misunderstanding, I should like to explain what the Academy system of teaching is, and why it must differ from systems of civilian schools.

Naval officers are required to perform varied duties. One tour of duty may be as a division officer, with close personal contact with men. The next may be as gunnery officer, the next as navigator, another as engineer officer. To perform all these duties adequately an officer must have a sturdy foundation in many subjects, but more important, he must have the ability to attack new problems on his own, dig into explanation books and texts, and quickly come up with sufficient knowledge and information to handle properly all the facets of each new job.

The same is true, but perhaps to a lesser extent,

in many other professions. The Naval Academy, unlike other schools, prepares for it. The fundamental principle of Academy teaching is self-teaching. Basically, each midshipman prepares his lesson in every subject before he arrives in class, using his textbook as a source. His instructor (and at the Academy the classes are never larger than fifteen men per instructor) explains the lesson in his own words, paying especial attention to any questions a midshipman may have. Then, and this is an indispensable part of the Academy system, each midshipman recites at least once in every class every day. He is graded daily, and his daily averages form 60 per cent of his final grade, an examination at the end of each two-month period forming the other 40 per cent. In other words, at the Academy a man must prepare for each course daily as well as bimonthly, and he must do so personally, not allow his professor to do it for him. The usual college system of slackness for two months and a violent cramming of information, vomited up by the mind as soon as exams are completed, is impossible for the student at the Academy.

Smith has had little opportunity for comparison of Academy teaching with others, and he certainly does not appreciate how it contributes in a later period. After three years at sea I returned to M.I.T. for a three-year postgraduate course in Naval Construction and Marine Engineering, a course completed in two years as a result of the wartime speed-up. Before entering the Academy, I attended an excellent liberal arts junior college. I sincerely believe that Annapolis contributed a better preparation for the job I was preparing to do than either of the other institutions. This statement has been duplicated by many of my fellow officers who have attended various civilian colleges before and after their Academy years. Practically every one of them agrees that the results of their studies at Annapolis were as good as at civilian schools, or better. I can say unequivocally that I was fully as well prepared to handle the practicalities of engineering duties aboard ship when I graduated from Annapolis as when I received my Master's degree from M.I.T. Because the midshipman is confronted by the immediate necessities of day-to-day studying, he is unable to appreciate that five or ten years later he will retain far more of the details as well as the broad outlines of his curriculum because he has been forced to struggle independently through every lesson in every course every day.

Of my class of twenty Academy officers at Tech, sixteen graduated with honors, and one performed the almost unheard-of feat of completing the course in postgraduate school with a perfect straight A multiple. The officers from civilian schools and the civilian students taking the same course did not approach the records of the Annapolis men. If Academy training is a "deathblow to any com-

prehension of the theory underlying the work," then these figures certainly do not show it.

No human organization is perfect. I do not intend to argue that Annapolis is. Like Mr. Smith, I should like to see changes made in the Academy system in an attempt to increase the quality of the men who will serve their nation with me. To that end, I make the following suggestions: —

1. Make Academy appointments completely competitive. Under present regulations, any physically normal boy with a friendly Congressman and \$1000 to spend boning up for entrance examinations in special prep schools can become a midshipman. No other single factor would better the general quality of the Annapolis product more than an improvement in Annapolis raw material. Appointments should be based on nation-wide competitive examinations including mental, psychological (including moral), and physical factors.

2. Completely eliminate hazing. As I have mentioned, Academy regulations expressly forbid hazing, but as Smith says, a great deal more pressure must be exerted by the Executive Department if the practice is to be stamped out. (But let me repeat: observance of plebe rates is not hazing, and these rates must be preserved as an integral and important part of the training of naval officers.)

3. Change the methods of selecting instructors. Professors in all non-professional subjects should be civilians. Instructors in all professional subjects should be naval officers considered experts in their fields, and not officers due for a tour of shore duty. This, too, is an important point upon which I strongly agree with Smith.

For the past one hundred years the Naval Academy at Annapolis has been developing naval officers who have made the United States Navy without equal, professionally and materially, anywhere in the world. If the three changes I have suggested are made — the first, major and beyond the ability of the Academy to initiate, the others minor and gradually being accomplished through the Navy's own initiative — I am confident that Annapolis will continue to produce professionally competent and psychologically disciplined young officers who will dedicate their lives to "fighting the fleet" in the interests of the United States.

THE FIRST CLASSMAN SPEAKS

NEWBOLD SMITH

THE Navy is very cognizant of public opinion, and naturally we midshipmen have discussed the article by Ralph Lee Smith at length, with an eye to self-criticism and possibly to rectifying any detrimental setup which we might have.

What many people do not realize is that this place is an engineering school; even more than that,

a specialized engineering school. It is a trade school, if you must use the expression, but what engineering school isn't? You don't go to M.I.T. to learn six different professions, do you? This is something like M.I.T. The many boys from M.I.T. who are here do very well, invariably. It differs in that there are no electives (except in foreign languages), and that we do not put out such a finished engineer in one specific field, but instead make a man a fair student of (a) electrical engineering, (b) marine engineering, including many elements of mechanical engineering, and (c) naval subjects such as navigation, seamanship, ordnance, and *Leadership*. The naval subjects are our forte. We become more expert in these subjects than any lawyer becomes in law. We must, because we will later have men's lives in our charge.

We get a lot of criticism for being narrow and specialized "trade school boys." Here's the answer to that. We have more than three times as many required units in arts courses as do M.I.T., California Tech, Purdue, and Lehigh. We have English, History and Government for *four* whole years. In that department we study American diplomatic history, naval history, European history, economics, American government, constitutional law, naval law, public speaking, and literary appreciation. Since coming here, I've read works of Shakespeare, Cervantes, Tolstoy, Balzac, Ibsen, Goethe, Thackeray, and Hardy. In foreign languages we make our choice and study it for two years. There is no prerequisite. We start from scratch, and the emphasis is on speaking the language. In class we are not allowed to speak English, not even so much as to present the section or to give commands when marching to and from the class. This system has its points.

A man can get very discouraged here in his first three years. He is never in a position of great responsibility or command. He is a follower, not a leader. He is pounded and molded and taught obedience, fidelity, and loyalty. Then, in first class year, he reaches the ultimate. He is allowed to show initiative, to do the leading. But he must first have been a follower and a good one. Herein lies the great failure of many of our short-term reservists. They just couldn't handle men. Leadership is an important course taught here academically. It comprises the elements of psychology and sociology and uses the case system in the main. Much of the time, the student must stand on his feet and tell the class and the instructor his ideas.

There were trying times in my case, when four years seemed a long while, when the first classmen were particularly exacting, when I got behind in academics, and when to quit seemed the only alternative. They don't teach that kind of stuff here, and the weaklings fall by the wayside. This school has a high rate of attrition. It's very common that an entering class will have 1200 and end up with

800. That's a failure of 33.3 per cent. The government spends a good deal of money separating the chaff from the wheat.

As for Mr. Smith's criticism that "the assignment of men who were surely fine command officers to posts in the academic department, where their lack of real knowledge of their subject is only too painfully obvious, is one of the most serious failings of the academic program," I have this to say: Smith is not correct. Reason: he wasn't here long enough to find out some pertinent facts. There are only two regular officers in the Department of English, History and Government. There are only two officers in the Department of Mathematics. Practically the whole Marine Engineering Department is composed of regular officers, but why not? The Seamanship and Navigation and the Ordnance and Gunnery Departments are also manned by regulars; again, why not? About 50 per cent of the Electrical Engineering instructors are officers, and most of them are good. The Executive Department is, of course, entirely composed of officers. The same is true of the Department of Aviation. Our instructors can teach aerodynamics just as well as technicians from laboratories at Langley Field. The civilian instructors are better paid than their counterparts in college. Only when he attains the rank of professor does a college instructor make more money.

Mr. Smith fails to realize that we get a broad education by traveling in Europe and other parts of the world on summer cruises. He quit before we started post-war cruises. He also fails to realize that we are producing naval officers, and that a naval officer must combine many attributes. Mr. Smith is way off on the discipline situation. He should have been in my platoon. I would have seen to it that he had the rudiments of military indoctrination. He peeves me, because he is joining the host of anti-military, anti-aristocracy, anti-law-and-order bolsheviks that find it so easy to criticize and so hard to be subordinates.

The Navy from its conception has been an autocracy, not a democracy. Where life and death are at stake, you cannot put questions to a vote! You cannot make yourself so close to your subordinates that they think you're kidding when you give them an order. Too many Americans do not realize this. Too many have not had the proper training. Too many are disrespectful of elders, of traditions, and, far more important, of rules.

This is my conclusion: (1) Mr. Smith was a cry-baby, and (2) he had illusions about this place before coming here. That is my opinion, and yet I am a man who finds fault with things, specifically the U.S.N.A., every day. This is a tough place, and when it comes to my college education, I don't take off my hat to anyone, be he a Harvard, Yale, Princeton, M.I.T., or Wabash man. Naturally, to compare fairly, one must evaluate the standards of

minimum requirements, and we have tough ones all the way around.

The material coming to the colleges from the high schools is not up to snuff. There has been a decline in training of the fundamental elements of honor and respect. Gentlemen, in the true sense of the word, are becoming fewer and fewer. Here is a place that gets some rough timber but does a hell of a lot of whittling! Our candidates are bright, have good eyes, are ambitious, but that's all they have in common at the start.

FROM THE CIVILIAN PROFESSOR

HORACE J. FENTON

ANYONE judging the Naval Academy by Ralph Lee Smith's article alone might easily get the impression that the institution should be immediately subjected to a Congressional investigation, and then revamped from the ground up. The factual statements in it are true. They are not imaginative or dressed up to make entertaining reading. I am sure of that, for I was there as instructor and associate professor from 1904 to 1924, and am fairly familiar with the system. The upper-classmen do assume considerable responsibility in the training of lower classmen, and sometimes they overdo the matter. The method of instruction is peculiar to the Academy and not above reproach. And yet as I read this paper I could not help wishing that the writer had stayed on, endured the whips and scorns of the Academy, and finished the course. Had he done so I feel very sure that he would have acquired a very different feeling for it, and would not have written in quite the same way.

Admittedly the Naval Academy is a hard school. There is none other in this country that demands so much of those who enter, or disciplines them so thoroughly, with the exception of the Military Academy at West Point. Uncle Sam pays midshipmen a salary and takes pretty good care of them too, in return for which he insists that they knuckle down to business about all the time. From reveille to taps, with the exception of brief periods called liberty hours, you are studying, reciting, drilling, or attending to some prescribed duty. The courses of study are prescribed. They are exactly the same for all midshipmen, and there is no snap course in the lot. You do what you are told to do, you meet satisfactorily every requirement, or you get out.

Mr. Smith got out not because of scholastic difficulties or any failure to live up to other requirements, but because the constant drilling, the rubbing by upperclassmen, and the apparent insufficiency of the instruction system disgusted him. He was within his rights to do so, but before we judge the Academy from his paper it is well to remember that some thousands of other American youths

have been through the mill before him, have endured the drilling, the rubbing, and the long assignments, and that is why the Navy during the late war was in such good hands. Suppose King, Nimitz, "Bull" Halsey, and a few dozen other officers of almost equal stature had quit the Academy midway in the course because they hadn't liked it?

Not only is the Academy a hard school, difficult to get into and demanding much of all who do, but in certain other respects it is quite unlike Yale, Harvard, or any other of the myriad educational institutions in this country. You are aware of the fact as soon as you enter the Academy yard. It is not a college. It is not even an educational institution. It is, as a naval captain once said to me, "a training school and nothing more." It is a school into which youths are taken after a rather searching examination, and then for four years subjected to a mental and physical drilling calculated to lick them into shape for the exacting duties of command. The study curriculum stresses the practical; it touches the cultural rather lightly. Only in the Department of English are midshipmen led to the Pierian spring, and even that department leans to the practical, the art of plain composition. In classrooms there is seldom any of that pleasant give-and-take between students and professor so characteristic of college classrooms. Seminars are unknown. Midshipmen go to class not to receive instruction as a rule, but to recite their lessons and be marked up or down for their pains. If one lingers after the hour to discuss a question with the instructor or professor, it is for a brief moment only and then at the risk of being termed a "greaser" by his fellows; that is, one seeking the inside track to the professorial good will.

Yet if the Academy is not fundamentally an educational institution, its graduates are by no means ignoramuses. In their four years of intensive training they have acquired a fund of practical information quite worth while, and the ability to use it. They have also acquired at least a smattering of literary culture, an upright carriage, habits of personal cleanliness, and a sufficient knowledge of the social amenities so that in whatever group they may afterwards be found they are not likely to be duds. Moreover, and this is one of the best gains of the Academy course, they have acquired the invaluable habit of putting the best foot forward every time. The phrases "I can't" and "That's not my line" are not in their vocabulary. To whatever duty they may be called they are more than likely to answer, "Aye, aye, sir," and then go ahead and do the best they can. The habit has been drilled into them, and it sticks. That attitude should be drilled into every graduate of our collegiate institutions, but unfortunately it is not.

If Ralph Lee Smith found the Academy a hard school, I can well believe it. Every youth who ever was enrolled there found it hard. If the curriculum

and the methods of instruction were not up to his expectations, I can easily see in what respects they were not. If he was treated rather brutally by a few upperclassmen, I sympathize with him. I have no respect for despots. But to his intimation, if not outright charge, that the Academy is a school of low grade, that its atmosphere breeds brutality and dishonesty, that it is a school which no self-respecting youth should enter, I take vigorous exception. In its capacity for turning raw and slouchy youths into upright, forceful men, for instilling in them a high sense of honor and respect for law, for drilling into them the habit of obedience to authority and that most helpful habit of doing their best in any situation, the Naval Academy is a superior institution.

FROM A RETIRED REAR ADMIRAL

GILBERT J. ROWCLIFF

IT is generally known that there is a proper channel through which suggestions for the betterment of the U.S. Naval Academy can be made. It is no less well known that the foremost educators of the United States have visited the Naval Academy often and have examined its methods. Indeed, for many years a distinguished Board of Visitors annually has analyzed and reviewed the performance of this school, and has made a report to the President of the United States, with recommendations. These reports are available to those who care about the merits of the matter.

The Naval Academy was established by Congress to fill a demonstrated need: to train young officers uniformly and adequately for the United States Navy. It does this, but it has never yet achieved a state of perfection. It is no "go as you please" diploma factory; nor is it a cultural finishing school of the plushy sort. It does strengthen the mental muscles of those who complete the course.

The Naval Academy enjoys some advantages which are usually the envy of educators: —

1. It is democratic as to entrance.
2. It is not dependent on the treasurer's receipts or the popularity of instructors.
3. It controls all the student's time.
4. It is highly progressive and has the finest equipment in the world for practical work.
5. The classes are small, and each midshipman must demonstrate his assimilation almost daily.
6. The principal instructors are not theoretical pedagogues without experience or responsibility. They may meet the midshipman of today in tight circumstances at sea tomorrow.

The Naval Academy has suffered from two major difficulties: —

1. It has not been able to crowd into four academic years and the summer cruises all the material desirable for a young officer's training.

2. Under the entrance system it has not been able entirely to exclude young men who are temperamentally and psychologically unfit to become officers. However, it manages to eliminate most of these before graduation.

There is some reason to believe that during the war the Naval Academy had to bear additional difficulties:—

1. The already crowded course was shortened to three years and the crowded space became congested.

2. The number of officer instructors was diminished radically, while those retained were overburdened and unhappy at not being at sea.

3. A few young men took advantage of the appointive system to go to school in a security and immunity which for the time being appealed to them or their parents.

I became interested in the Naval Academy in 1897. I managed to enter, to graduate, and to serve for forty-seven years. As a plebe I was sometimes hazed, and early learned that it was unprofitable to lose my temper or my equilibrium. I was harassed sometimes by instructors and by the officers of the Department of Discipline. Generally I was too busy to browse comfortably in the library, and I was usually too tired to lie awake at night brooding over my troubles. Stupid as I was, I soon got the idea that it was up to me, even at the age of sixteen. My principal concern was my own deficiencies as related to the standards of a great institution which I seem to have recognized as more important than any individual in it.

Many changes have come to the Navy in fifty years, and great changes have been made in the Naval Academy to keep it up to date. It is a matter of pride that the graduates have steadily improved and advanced in professional and technical training, and that they are fully as good as in the past in character, dependability, courage, and maintenance of the Academy's wonderful traditions.

During the war the graduates of the Naval Academy were able to take to themselves and assimilate a dilution of young and intelligent, but generally untrained, temporary officers in the ratio of about twelve to one without losing the war at sea. Results were accomplished by teamwork and common understanding, rather than by individual brilliance. No Navy but ours could have handled the stupendous job in the Pacific, in addition to vital operations elsewhere.

On the whole the long concatenation of staffs at the Naval Academy owes no apologies to anyone. Neither do the graduates. Apparently the intent of Congress has been rather well carried out.

I ALSO RESIGNED

ROBERT R. PARK

MINE is a unique position. I was one of 500 officers in the class of 1946, U.S.N.A., who served the required two years in Naval Service following graduation from the Academy and then resigned. Yet I find myself forced to defend the system.

To begin with, academics and the system must be differentiated. I do not defend academics at the Naval Academy. There is a definite need for a vigorous reorganization of the academic departments. But what Ralph Lee Smith has failed to realize is that the mission of the Naval Academy is to *train* officers for the fleet. This is a significant point, and perhaps it explains the paradox of the academic departments. The emphasis is to train, not to educate. If you receive education at the Naval Academy, consider yourself fortunate. But the training is superb, and by this excellent training, isn't the Naval Academy fulfilling its function?

Does Mr. Smith expect geedunks at Kwajalein? Does he expect filets and mushrooms in the North Atlantic? Does he expect midwatches only once a week, and eight hours' sleep a night? The Navy is austere. It is a tough life. The purpose of the system is to inculcate the will to accomplish the supreme task in the face of countless personal difficulties. It is a life of austerity, personal sacrifice, and service.

My conflict with the Navy came here. When I subjugated my personal desires to those of the Navy, I was happy. But there was the time we came into New York after four weeks on Operation Frostbite—I had the duty. There was the shore patrol in Kingston when the rest of the lads were enjoying the sights of Jamaica. There was the time I was summoned from Easter service in the mess hall to conduct signal drill for the division commander. I realized that my executive officer was actually on duty twenty-four hours a day, in port and at sea. The captain was always on the bridge. As responsibility increases, more and more personal sacrifice is demanded. The Navy is primary; your life, your interests, your wife, your family, all are secondary.

My friends at Annapolis tell me that the midshipmen, especially the plebes, are being given privileges hitherto unthought of. The Navy Department and the Superintendent of the Naval Academy have a tremendous decision to make. Can personal sacrifice, severe working conditions, dullness, austerity, be impressed upon the midshipman's mind by soft and silken ways?



That composers have to live on a budget, and without the protection of Petrillo, is a thought which never occurs to us as we listen to the latest composition of Walter Piston, Aaron Copland, or Roy Harris. HUNTINGTON CAIRNS, who has been Secretary-Treasurer and General Counsel of the National Gallery of Art since 1943, reminds us of the princely patronage which supported Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, and Wagner. He tells us of the miserly sums now paid to ranking composers and asks what relief can be expected from Federal aid. His article will be published by the Harvard University Press in a collection entitled Music and Criticism: A Symposium.

COMPOSERS MUST EAT

by HUNTINGTON CAIRNS

I

OUR respect for science and art is proverbial. Nevertheless, the majority of men in those fields who devote themselves exclusively to creative work are unable to earn a living. In order to support themselves scientists and artists in general turn to teaching; composers may perform, but the only other occupation which appears open to painters and sculptors in their fields is the production of the "society portrait." For composers the vocation of teaching or performing seems to have no ill effect upon creative work. But the case of the painter and sculptor may be different. If they deflect their energy to the production of "society portraits," they may find in the end that their ability to do conscientious work has been deflected at the same time. When Sargent announced that he would accept no more commissions for portraits, Monet remarked, "It is too late, isn't it?"

It is true that the composer can also turn to pot-boiling. In fact, it has been argued that the composer should consider, in addition to the usual vocations of teaching, conducting, and the writing of musical criticism, the possibility that the production of potboilers might be a lucrative form of employment. It is thought that since composers such as Wagner may engage in practices of commercial dishonesty without detriment to their work, they may also indulge without harm in artistic dishonesty. This view would have more plausibility if it were not for the unhappy rule that the artist in any field who deliberately resorts to shoddy work to earn a livelihood soon loses an indispensable ingredient of creative activity — the faculty of self-criticism. The result is that his creative and commercial productions gradually approach each other in quality and finally merge at a level nearer the commercial than the creative.

With the rise of industrialism the composer has been confronted with problems which are novel in the history of music. Industrialism means, among other things, mechanical production. For the first time in the history of the world, music has become a commodity which is available to everyone at little or no cost. It is manufactured and distributed by the same mass-production methods that have been applied to more tangible commodities. Through the gramophone, radio, and moving picture it is brought to every person. Industrialism appears able to do everything with music except to create it; and since the machines which produce it never tire, the composer is faced not only with an insatiable demand but with the most numerous audience he has ever encountered.

Yet the composer, in the nature of things, cannot take full advantage of the industrial process. He belongs to an earlier form of economy from which there is no possibility of escape. He is in the stage of handicraft production, and there he must remain. He is the weaver at the hand loom, and his production obeys the law of "constant cost" although his product, once it has been created, is reproduced and distributed with all the resources of industrialism.

In the United States we are confronted with the apparent fact that not a single composer is able to subsist by his serious work. From the smaller orchestral and choral societies, recitalists, and chamber-music organizations he receives nothing. An orchestra with a budget of about \$600,000 will assign approximately one half of one per cent for royalties. Thus a composer whose work is played by a major symphony orchestra will receive between \$20 and \$50, provided the composition has not been previously published. If the composition has been pub-

lished, the fee must be divided with the publisher. If the performance is at a major opera house the composer receives \$100 or less.

A symphony which took three years to prepare was played by the New York Philharmonic and the performance was broadcast at the same time nationally by the Columbia Broadcasting System. The composer received a fee of \$75. But as he had spent \$250 to have the orchestral parts copied, and for other expenses, he thus suffered a net loss of \$175. At a peak period the Philharmonic spent a little more than \$900,000 a season. Of this amount \$3500, or less than two fifths of one per cent, was allotted for all the music supplied by composers.

A chief problem of industrialism has always been that of the unremunerative price. But the present scale of compensation for composers is not chargeable to industrialism. At no time in any society has the serious composer by his own unaided effort been able to count upon a livelihood from his compositions. That is the iron law of music. The composer who pursues a solitary course has always been forced to supplement the income derived from his compositions by the adoption of a subsidiary occupation or the acceptance of patronage. In the language of economics, there has never been an "effective demand" for the serious musical composition. That is to say, it has never been valued in terms that would make its creation an economically justifiable undertaking.

2

THE system of royal and private patronage of eminent musicians, even at the time of Palestrina, was far from satisfactory. It was often meagerly remunerative, and was too dependent upon the whim of the patron. Palestrina's career was not a happy one until he solved his problem by marrying a rich widow. At its best the system of private patronage, which was to persist until the latter part of the eighteenth century, is exhibited in the person of Prince Nicholas Esterházy, a fair performer himself and the patron of Haydn. Altogether Haydn was with the Esterházy family thirty years. From the Prince he received every encouragement, and in return he gave a loyalty which forbade him to accept attractive offers of employment elsewhere.

What the patronage of the Prince meant to Haydn he has expressed in words which show an acute realization of the advantages which can flow from the patronage system if intelligently administered: "As a conductor of an orchestra I could make experiments, observe what produced an effect and what weakened it, and was thus in a position to improve, alter, make additions or omissions, and be as bold as I pleased; I was cut off from the world, there was no one to confuse or torment me, and I was forced to become original." But with Mozart the system became intolerable.

Patronage in the long run inevitably associates with itself a social distinction between the patron and the person who is the object of the bounty. It was upon this rock that the patronage system which had flourished from the sixteenth century foundered in the latter part of the eighteenth. As the Concertmeister at Salzburg of the Archbishop Hieronymus, Mozart was permitted to live in the palace, a distinction not allowed singers and performers. His status, however, was actually that of a personal servant; and since the seating at meals, in accordance with eighteenth-century custom, was formally correct, his place was between the personal valets and the cooks. Inasmuch as Mozart's name for his patron was the *Erzliummel* (Archbooby) it appeared unlikely that his prospects would be advanced. Seizing upon an incident of no significance in itself, Mozart departed from the household of the Archbishop Hieronymus to earn his way as a free-lance artist.

The road which Mozart opened proved a hard one. He himself was always in want. Beethoven, while of the opinion that there were many Princes but only one Beethoven, continued to accept their patronage and even the benefits of a private subscription; Schubert was always poor; only the intervention of the mad Ludwig II of Bavaria made it possible for Wagner to have his Festspielhaus at Bayreuth. From the *Memoirs* of Berlioz we learn something of the daily hardships of the composer: "Not one among the many millionaires of Paris would ever entertain the idea of doing anything for good music. We do not possess a single good public concert-room, and it would never enter into the head of one of our Croesuses to build one. . . . To be a composer in Paris one must rely on oneself, and produce works of a serious character having no connection with the theatre. One must be content with mutilated, incomplete, uncertain, and consequently more or less imperfect performances, for want of rehearsals for which one cannot pay." But the final result of Mozart's revolt, if it did not secure a livelihood for the composer, at least gave him a free hand. The patron might continue to commission works, but he no longer dictated their contents.

How, then, is the composer to live? The acceptance of any form of patronage involves difficulties, not the least of which is that he who pays the piper calls the tune. If the composer can find the means to support himself he has reached the ideal solution. He is then a free agent to follow as he wishes the prompting of his own genius. But he can support himself only by adopting a subsidiary occupation. If that occupation is a congenial one which makes no excessive demands upon his energy, there would seem no harm in following that course. It is precisely the one adopted by scientists, writers, and the bulk of musicians today.

In a recent symposium of British writers on the

livelihood to be derived from the trade of letters, Samuel Taylor Coleridge's argument that a secondary occupation produced no ill effects was substantiated. There was general agreement that the creative writer should at all costs avoid state patronage. To this solution the general objection has been raised that our artistic productions would then be created by amateurs. That is to say, our paintings would be made by "Sunday painters," and our musical compositions created by composers who wrote more as an avocation than as a profession. But Coleridge speaking for literature, Roger Fry for painting, and Ernest Newman for music, none of whom can be charged with indifference to the accomplishments in his field, are unanimous in believing that it would not be a loss, but a distinct gain. The amateur, free from the compulsion which a life devoted wholly to artistic creation inevitably generates, is not tempted to overproduce or to present the public with second-rate work merely in order to keep his name before it.

As a means to self-help, composers can organize themselves into corporate bodies which would enforce the system of licensing compositions for reproduction on a royalty basis. We have had in the United States several abortive attempts at such organizations, and at present the idea is again being prosecuted. However helpful such organizations may be in securing some measure of just financial reward to the composer, it is unlikely that in themselves the organizations represent the complete answer to the problem. They never succeeded in securing a sufficient livelihood for the musicians of the Hellenistic period, and in modern times in Europe, where they have been firmly entrenched for several generations, they have been likewise unsuccessful. No musical composition of any sort can be publicly presented in most of the countries of Europe unless part of the box-office receipts are impounded as royalties. This system has served to increase the income of composers, but until the individual composer has accumulated a backlog of many compositions which are constantly being played, his royalty receipts will not be substantial.

3

IN MODERN society there remain two probable sources of patronage for the composer — the commercial world and the state. The individual patron will no doubt continue to exercise his beneficent influence as long as he possesses the means to do so; but since economists assure us that interest rates will approach zero and will remain there, and since the tax structure is designed to prevent the further accumulation of large fortunes, it is plain that the role of the individual patron belongs to the past.

Commerce and industry are already patronizing the arts and they will probably continue the prac-

tice as long as the tax system favors it. If such patronage ever becomes a direct charge on profits, it is unlikely that stockholders will permit it to continue. But commercial patronage raises a special problem. Will business firms demand that the art which is patronized assist in some way in the advertisement of the commodity which the firm markets? For a commercial firm to patronize artists as artists, and not as advertisers of their products, would show a degree of aesthetic enlightenment which is rare in the history of patronage. Even the great Florentine patrons could not refrain from directing the nature of the compositions which they commissioned.

It so happens, however, that we have witnessed precisely this form of illuminated patronage. Commercial firms have acquired collections of works of art and have commissioned musical compositions solely from the point of view of their artistic merit. The benefit to the firm comes from the advertisement which the firm receives as a patron of the arts when the pictures are publicly displayed and the music is publicly performed. If the firm employs the composer from the point of view of direct advertising, there is little or no hope for the composer of serious music. It will be the "singing commercial" that the firm quite properly will want. During World War II, for example, the first composer engaged by the United States Treasury to compose a song designed to assist the sale of bonds was a popular song writer.

Both commercial and state patronage, however, are defeated in the end by the same obstacle; the artist must establish his ability to the satisfaction of some authoritative jury. Neither business nor the state can afford to endow all who wish to follow an artistic career. There must be a selection of some kind. Inevitably the selection will be made by those regarded as most competent to judge — that is, by those who have already established their reputations in the field. But as a general rule it is the young and unestablished who support the innovations which appear in the life of art and without which it becomes stereotyped and sterile. What we may expect from official boards is typified by the French Academy — which, as has been remarked, is always half a generation behind the current practices. Molière, La Fontaine, Zola, Hugo, all were frowned upon by the Academy.

At the same time organizations of that type foster standards which ought to be maintained. But since official boards will be composed of elderly specialists, it cannot be expected that the encouragement they will give to art will be of the kind that will foster that anarchic element without which art ceases to grow. If there is any doubt upon that score, we need only look at the forms of art encouraged by governments in the production of their coins, currency, and postage stamps. Even worse is the fact that government boards soon pass

beyond a mere conservative attitude to the discouragement of types of art which are in conflict with government policy. In the end, as a glance at recent events abroad will show us, the artist, if he is to expect any help at all from the state, must become a political propagandist. At that point we pass from art to advertising.

An eminent philosopher once remarked that all problems are divided into two classes: soluble questions, which are trivial, and important questions, which are insoluble. Unfortunately it appears that the problem of the livelihood of the composer falls in the latter category. It is possible, even likely, that we may expect some form of enlightened patronage from both business and the state in the future. An example of the latter is the Arts Council of Great Britain, which assists through government subsidy musical, dramatic, and other organizations promoting the arts. But the Arts Council, as its late chairman Lord Keynes observed, is ultimately responsible to Parliament, which must be satisfied with what the Council is doing when it votes it money. "If we behave foolishly," Lord Keynes

said, "any member of Parliament will be able to question the Chancellor of the Exchequer and ask why."

Are we to expect that present and future parliaments will so grow in wisdom that they will vote money to finance the productions of a new Ibsen or a new Wagner? Only someone endowed with even more than the customary share of optimism would venture an affirmative reply to that question. Meanwhile we can expect from the state a helpful indirect patronage. Through its free educational system it can assure possible composers the necessary equipment for the practice of their profession; and through an enlargement of the system of free concerts, or concerts at which only a modest admission fee is charged, it can help to secure the audience which a composer needs.

Today, without the patronage of wealth and taste, we are driven back to Coleridge's words, which—modified for the present special case—should be engraved on the first blank sheets of music paper handed the young composer:—

Never pursue composition as a trade.

COME DAY, COME DARK

by LOUIS KENT

It's brief, living:

Like pollen crumbling
From pistil to petal;
Like a bee tumbling
Out of a bell;
Like an acorn dropping
Before a squirrel,
Gone in a stroke,
The squirrel whipping
Around the oak
And out of sight;
The bee slipping
Away by night.

But it's long dying,

And dark and hard:
Dark in the hood
For the fettered hawk
And his angry beak;
Hard for the ant
Guarding his crumb
Against foot or thumb;
Not understood,
Not by anyone,
Not by the weevil
Gorged on meal,
Not by the termite,
Starved on wood.

Call it good or evil,

It's sure as the wheel
Of the crow and the kite
And brings a night
Too deep for the owl.



In his thoughtful latest book, On Understanding Science, PRESIDENT JAMES BRYANT CONANT of Harvard University has pointed out the great fallacy of trying to separate scientific theory from the groping, fumbling, tentative efforts that lead to it. Now in this clear, challenging article he calls on men of science to assume a new responsibility for maintaining and improving the unique democracy in which we live. The substance of this paper formed his address as outgoing president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

THE SCIENTIST IN OUR UNIQUE SOCIETY

by JAMES BRYANT CONANT

IN the United States during the next few decades science may well play a determining role in the outcome of affairs. The same statement might be written today in London, Paris, or Moscow, making the appropriate national substitution for the words "the United States." Every industrialized nation is dependent on applied science for the continuing welfare of its economy and, alas, for the military security of its frontiers and cities. In my opinion, however, there is a special sense in which science is called upon to help with our national problems here in this country. Furthermore, it seems to me that a special group of sciences are involved. These are concerned with the study of man and, it may be noted, function differently in various nations, depending on the cultural pattern and the ideology. Physics and chemistry are the same on both sides of the alleged iron curtain; not so, social psychology or anthropology.

Some years ago I ventured to propose that the secular learned world might be conveniently trisected. Supporting myself as best I could by quoting Francis Bacon (and only slightly misrepresenting his point of view), I suggested that we should do well in this century to distinguish between (a) accumulative knowledge, (b) philosophy, and (c) poetry. The operational test to distinguish the first area from the other two is relatively simple and quite obvious. Whenever it can be said with some assurance that earlier writers or practitioners, if brought to life today, would recognize the superior position of their successors, then we can speak of accumulative knowledge. By such a test one distinguishes between Plato on the one hand and Archimedes on the other; or between Milton and Harvey, or between Kant and Newton.

Large portions of history and philology as well as all of archaeology fall under this definition of accumulative knowledge, as do the physical and

biological sciences and mathematics (including symbolic logic); likewise our increasing knowledge of man as an individual and as a social animal, and all of the practical arts from mining through agriculture to government, are included — provided, of course, there has been real progress. This whole vast field may be called science if you choose, and the German word *Wissenschaft* is often used in just this way.

This broad use of the word "science," however, is apt to be confusing. The word "science" has very definite connotations for the layman. These are today connected with only one branch of accumulative knowledge. For that reason I suggest that we define science historically by equating it with the extraordinary activity which arose in Italy in the sixteenth century and spread to the rest of Europe in the seventeenth, and which in our time has flourished and proliferated with so much vigor. Around 1600 there was a change in point of view among learned men which was so marked as to be revolutionary. It was so regarded by the leaders of thought of the seventeenth century, who often spoke of the "new philosophy," meaning experimental and observational science.

I place science, therefore, within the area of accumulative knowledge. According to my view, only in very recent times did science emerge from the other human activities which had been accumulating knowledge for thousands of years. The characteristic of the new philosophy of the seventeenth century was that it sought to deal with those ideas or concepts which arise from controlled experiment or observation and in turn lead to further experiment and observation. Science, thus defined, is to be regarded as a series of interconnected conceptual schemes which arose originally from experimentation or careful observation and were fruitful of new experiments.

The test of a new concept is not only the economy and simplicity with which it can accommodate known observations, but its fruitfulness. Science has a dynamic quality when viewed not as a practical undertaking but as a process of developing conceptual schemes. Science advances not by the accumulation of new facts (a process which may even conceivably retard scientific progress) but by the continuous development of new and fruitful concepts.

The definition of science I have chosen, I should like to emphasize, is entirely independent of the field of inquiry or of any application of the knowledge obtained. Parallel with the development of science in the last three centuries and a half there has been a rapid development of the practical arts. At first the two activities were largely independent in spite of the hopes of Francis Bacon and the new philosophers. Improvements in the art of working metals, of growing food, of making glass and ceramic materials, and even in increasing the destructive power of weapons, were little affected by the early scientific work. It is not until we get into the nineteenth century that we begin to see anything like the practical influence of scientific progress to which the first scientists so confidently looked forward. And it is only in the twentieth century that we have seen so close an interaction between advance in science and progress in the practical arts as to result in some popular misunderstanding about the relation of the two.

Science and the practical arts

It is as though we were dealing with a continuous spectrum. At one end we may place the changing conceptual schemes arising from experiment and giving rise to experiment (pure science, if you will); at the other end we place the improvements in the practical arts that have been going on for millennia. Not until about 1600 does the pure science end of the spectrum become visible. While this end increases in width and intensity for the next two hundred years, so likewise the opposite end continues to glow brightly. Then the intervening space narrows, and in our century the intermediate zone becomes full of glowing lines connecting the once totally disparate ends with each other.

The procedures of the scientist are now used daily to solve immediate problems which were once solely within the province of the skilled artisan. Though we can still recognize the two ends of the spectrum to which I referred, the intermediary zone now occupies the main position. For not only has pure science invaded the practical arts, but the practical arts have penetrated deeply into science. In many areas one cannot distinguish between the techniques of the scientist interested only in new conceptual schemes, and those of the experimenter interested only in an improved industrial machine or process.

If we turn our attention from the physical sciences to the biological we find a similar phenomenon. How difficult it is today to draw the line between pure and applied science in such fields as biochemistry, physiology, and even bacteriology. The application of new ideas and new tools developed by the physicist and chemist to the study of biological problems — the use of isotopes, for example — has been one of the most successful undertakings of the last three decades. Is this pure science or applied science? Who can say? Within each subdivision of the subject matter, one can recognize a whole spectrum of activities ranging from the search for a broad understanding of certain biological processes to immediate concern with a very specific case. Certainly the interplay between those pressing for solution of medical and agricultural problems and those concerned only with fundamental investigations is today very fruitful. There is no room for argument as to which is a superior activity. Neither the clinician nor the chemist can afford to look down his nose at the other fellow. They are too busy co-operating, the one with the other.

This was not always so. In the middle decades of the nineteenth century the cleavage between scientists and practitioners was much greater than in our time. This was so both in the physical and in the biological sciences. Clerk Maxwell's public comments on Alexander Graham Bell's telephone are a case in point. The physicist reviewing the inventor's work left no doubt in the audience's mind who was top dog in any hierarchy that mattered. Even Pasteur could be regarded as a promising young chemist gone astray.

The pendulum has now swung very far to the other side — too far, some scientists would say. Today investigations concerned with disease rather than with basic concepts in biology are apt to receive popular acclaim and, what is more important, large financial backing. Is there danger that in the present fusion of pure and applied science the tradition of the investigator interested *only* in the conceptual schemes will be so weakened as to disappear? I am inclined to think so. And if this happens in any country, the effectiveness of the application of the physical and biological sciences to practical problems will soon diminish greatly. History shows that only by a continuous development of pure science can the practical arts, including medicine, advance.

Special needs of our unique society

Up to this point I have indicated how significant is science for *any* modern industrialized nation. Now I should like to consider the special situation of the United States.

According to my view the society that has been developed in this country is unique. It is similar to other democracies in many respects, but because of our special history we have certain ideals that are a

product of our past. Our solidarity as a nation depends on our acceptance of these ideals and a concerted effort to move continuously toward the social goals implied. But this is no easy matter.

The complexities of modern society are great. For the future welfare of this society, we require the services of a group of able scientists whose numbers now are few. These men in turn need to have developed very rapidly new tools and new concepts, for at present the degree of empiricism in their endeavors is far too high. Unfortunately the group of sciences I have in mind, unlike physics or chemistry or the classical aspects of biology, have no long record of success behind them, viewed either as a dynamic development of conceptual schemes or as aids to practically-minded men. Nonetheless, I am convinced that this is the strategic time to stimulate and encourage these endeavors. Specifically, certain types of work in sociology, anthropology, and social psychology seem full of promise. The point of view of the younger men in these fields (and I emphasize the adjective "younger") indicates that the time is now at hand when rapid advances will be forthcoming, and from these advances will flow practical consequences of great value to this nation.

It would seem obvious that the best minds of the country should be devoted to a study of the many problems arising as a consequence of our endeavors to keep our society prosperous, strong, and democratic. It is my belief that methods have already been developed to a point where studies of society by competent scholars can provide basic information to assist all those practical men who struggle with the group of problems we list under the head of human relations. Both fundamental investigations as to the nature of man and society and immediate studies of specific problems are required. The cooperation between medical men and psychologists and psychiatrists should be strengthened. While I am emphasizing the sciences of psychology, anthropology, and sociology, I assume that the newer approaches to many of man's individual emotional problems will involve the physiological as well as the psychological approach. It is at this point that I believe certain of the younger sciences and the younger scientists may play a determining role in assuring a vigorous development of this unique society of free men.

My confidence in what may be accomplished flows from my assumption that advances in the science of man and society will go hand in hand with fruitful applications of the techniques and concepts now available. Relatively few people realize how much progress has been made in the last decade and what techniques are now at hand to assist in the solution of practical problems. But it is the future which is exciting, for I imagine that even the most enthusiastic psychologist or anthropologist would readily admit that at the present moment the conceptual schemes at their disposal are the equiv-

alent of what chemists and physicists had in the late eighteenth century. As a consequence, in every case of the practical application of the sciences concerned with human behavior the degree of empiricism is very high.

As in the medical sciences in recent years, many of the practitioners should be the very ones to advance the science. If a chemist may be bold enough to give advice to younger colleagues in a far-distant field, I would say the life of Pasteur affords a relevant analogy. As a scientist and as a practitioner he solved immediate problems and likewise increased our degree of understanding in those branches of biology he made his own. Do not be misled by the divorce of theory and practice which characterized the work of Newton, Clerk Maxwell, and even Darwin. There are times and places when even the purest science cannot make progress in the ivory tower. On the other hand, one may express the hope that the ultimate consumer, the general public and the practical men, will not press too strongly for immediate results. Projects concerned with applying the knowledge now at hand must not be so numerous or exacting as to prevent a sturdy effort to decrease the degree of empiricism in the methods now in use. In short, the long-range as well as the short-range programs require adequate support.

Value judgments in certain sciences

The statement is often made that science is neutral so far as value judgments are concerned. This is one of those three-quarter truths fully as dangerous as half truths. Let us consider the medical sciences today. Investigators and practitioners concerned with human disease almost unconsciously accept a set of values which limit their activity on the one hand and on the other serve as powerful spurs to their endeavors. This fact seems to be overlooked when the neutrality of science is proclaimed. Much more than the Hippocratic oath is involved. Only in a society where life is considered preferable to death and where health is glorified would funds flow freely for the study of disease. Only where the sanctity of each individual is so strongly felt that it is regarded as a paramount duty to save every life possible at whatever cost would physicians, surgeons, and medical scientists act as they do today. Our standard of medical care and our desire to raise it are based on a series of value judgments. Let me make it plain, I am not questioning the assumptions. I am merely pointing to the existence of these postulates basic to all work in the medical sciences. I do so because I believe that the situation is analogous in the case of those scientists who are investigating human behavior and human relations but that the analogy has not yet been fully realized.

The assumptions of the medical men and their allies are by now fairly well accepted in modern

industrialized nations, though in practice the value placed on human life certainly is subject to wide variations. The assumptions essential for the proper functioning of the psychologist, anthropologist, and sociologist in our unique society, however, are, I believe, as special as the history of this society itself. The equivalent of the Hippocratic oath which these men might well subscribe to would therefore be related closely to the type of society in which they propose to operate. The English and the American versions even might vary at several points but the essentials would be the same. Totalitarian nations, on the contrary, would use the techniques developed by these scientists for very different ends; and their use would condition the further advancement of the sciences themselves. Powerful tools are in the process of being forged by the scientists who study man as a social animal. These tools can be used to further or to destroy certain types of behavior and certain social patterns. Therefore, it is essential for the men themselves to clarify in their own minds their own standards of value.

A study of the writings of the last fifty years makes it evident that the myth of the neutrality of science has been used as a smoke screen for reactionaries and radicals alike. For example, within recent times some who have wished to see a tight class structure develop in the United States have analyzed society in so-called scientific terms. Likewise those who have wished for a socialistic state have been able to quote the results of modern investigators of society for their own ends. My objection to these procedures stems less from my lack of enthusiasm for the objectives than from the failure of the authors to be explicit as to their premises. Gunnar Myrdal has faced this question squarely and said, "There is no other device for excluding biases in social science than to face the valuations and to introduce them as explicitly stated, specific and sufficiently concretized value premises."

I am inclined to think that to forward their own work as scientists and practitioners those concerned with the sciences of man might well join together and issue a proclamation. Or if that is too much to hope for, recognizing the importance of rugged independence among learned men, at least as individuals each one might make his position clear. Of course, it is for the men in question to formulate their own Hippocratic oath. Nevertheless, to illustrate what I have in mind, I venture certain suggestions.

The postulates of our unique society

I believe a very large majority of the citizens of this country would be willing to subscribe to a common set of postulates as to what we desire to accomplish in the coming years. The goals of equality of opportunity, a minimum of class dis-

tingtion, a maximum degree of individual freedom, and a wide distribution of centers of initiative are inherent in the American tradition. Would not all of us be happy if we felt certain that a decade hence the United States would be appreciably nearer those historic goals? So it seems to me. Therefore, the set of social ideals corresponding to these goals might form the basis of agreement among the scientists in question. All concerned with medical science, however objective and neutral they may claim to be, are urged forward by a desire to improve the public health and a firm conviction they will do so. Likewise, the scientist concerned with human relations and the structure of society must have conviction as to the aim of the practitioners in his field and a belief in the possibility of accomplishing at least some of the objectives they have in mind.

I have drawn a parallel between the application of modern science to the ancient art of healing and the application of certain sciences (still young) to the likewise ancient art of counseling human beings as to how to live and work together. If there be any merit in my analogy, the reason why I spoke of basic differences in these sciences between totalitarian countries and our own needs no elaboration. Biochemists, physiologists, and pharmacologists would either be out of place or enlisted in strange services in a society which deemed it essential to eliminate by death all infants except the physically robust, all the sick and wounded, and all above the age of sixty. While admittedly no modern nation has these aims, they are the logical projection of the Nazi philosophy.

Without belaboring the difference between the study of man and society here or, let us say, in Rumania, I should like to explain in more detail why I think our unique society has special need at this moment for the scientists in question.

The problems ahead

The United States, unlike almost any other country, has not arisen from a state founded on military conquest. Therefore, we have nowhere in our tradition the notion of an aristocracy entitled to rule by right of birth. Run through the other democratic nations of the world and, if you recall their history, you will see how striking is our exceptional origin and growth. Neither political nor economic nor social privilege comes to one by right of birth according to our American ideals. On the contrary, the members of each new generation are supposed to start from scratch. Merit alone should win. Cynics may shrug their shoulders and say this is theory — the facts of modern American life are far different, and likely always to remain so.

We must admit that sneers of this sort expressed by men who pride themselves on being hard-boiled realists are sometimes heard. Those who express such ideas fail to realize that in an open society ideals are goals. Almost by definition they never

can be realized in practice. But we can recognize whether we are moving toward them or retreating. The ideal of equality sums up much of the uniqueness of American society to which I have referred already. This ideal, coupled with our adherence to the principles embodied in the Bill of Rights and our inherent belief in fair play and tolerance, makes a pattern which many of us have in mind when we use such phrases as the American creed. In spite of the vast discrepancy between those ideals and the facts of life, I am convinced that we are not a nation of hypocrites. But unless we can demonstrate by collective action that we are making progress toward the goals implicit in our ideological pattern, we shall have difficulty maintaining the solidarity of the country. For the morale of a nation, no less than that of any group of men or women, depends on agreement as to the ends for which all labor.

But it is no simple matter to move appreciably toward the goals in question — the historic goals of our unique society. Industrialization as well as size presents us with problems of terrifying complexity, not to mention the unfavorable posture of world affairs. Our economy is based on private ownership and the profit motive; we desire to keep this economy flexible, with as many competing units as modern industrialization permits, and with as much independence as possible for both management and labor. Yet there are few who advocate today the old doctrine of "hands off" private enterprise. The complexities of modern society have made the public a party to what once seemed a strictly private matter. The machinery of government is today meshed into our industrial life. The problem is to see how we can operate our private enterprises and our political institutions so that our society will be in fact competitive and thereby increasingly productive.

Grave problems of fundamental policy confront us as a nation at this moment; they will continue through the coming years. I have no illusion that basic national issues can be handled by any group of scientists the way problems of design of bridges and machines can be treated by engineers. Nor do I believe that in the near future many policy questions which must be resolved by governmental officials, business executives, or labor leaders can be handed over to scientists to find an answer which is "right." Most of the decisions must be made on the basis of experience coupled with the advice of competent analysts and those whom I have ventured to call social philosophers. The point of view of the scientists may be of assistance in these matters and the results of their investigations should be of increasing value. But the types of problems where one can hope for immediate assistance from the social psychologist, sociologist, and anthropologist are for the most part somewhat limited in their scope; they involve human rela-

tions and those tensions among individuals and groups which have been so much intensified by the conditions of modern life.

The need for reducing these tensions as part of the process of improving and humanizing industry is evident. What is less well understood is the applicability of the newer points of view to planning public education and providing that our secondary schools will serve the welfare of the community. In short, policy-makers in government, business, labor, and education must be increasingly aware of the assistance they can receive from those who study man and society as scientists.

Let me illustrate by a brief consideration of our public schools; they are a concrete manifestation of our belief in the idea of equality of opportunity. We believe they should be ladders by which youth with varied talents may reach satisfying employment, with everyone entitled to a fair chance. Every year some two or three million youth mature, leave school or college, and look for jobs. Unless each year this annual crop of youngsters can be fitted into our economy, we shall fail to keep our society prosperous and dynamic. Therefore, our educational system must be heavily involved in the whole question of guidance and of placement. The specific problems will vary from city to city, from state to state. Here is a case where we are beginning to have sound knowledge and can look forward with considerable assurance to further improvements in the methods. Here is a case where the welfare of the nation depends on our skill in solving a whole host of human problems.

I could go on and list similar instances concerned with education, group relations, social organization, and personal adjustment to show how in our society we have special need for a vastly improved science of man. The empiricism of the past may be a sufficient guide for the masters of a police state, but an open society with our ideals requires other instruments and a wider understanding of modern man. We should be wise to expect no miracles and not to harass ourselves or the scientists by shrill cries for speed. My crystal ball yields me no secrets as to the future of the world. Conceivably we may all be blown up by atomic bombs within the next few years, as some of my colleagues seem to think. Their reasons for this dire prediction, however, appear to me to be quite inadequate. I prefer the contrary assumption. I have faith that we shall be wise enough to escape a global war. I likewise believe that we shall move forward to still greater strength and prosperity as a democracy, and that the morale of the nation will continually improve as we demonstrate that our American ideals are no mere myths or legends. And in this all-important undertaking, I have confidence that the skill and wisdom of the scientists cooperating with practitioners will play an important part.



An Atlantic "First"

A STORY



A veteran, now in his twenty-fifth year, who is thinking and writing in terms of peace, JOSEPH HELLER is a junior at New York University, where he is majoring in English and producing short stories which in our judgment give very real promise. During the war he flew sixty missions as a bombardier with the 12th Air Force in Italy and France, but the urge to write was then in his mind, and now he is doing it.

CASTLE OF SNOW

by JOSEPH HELLER

MY Uncle David was a sober man, and my Aunt Sarah, an earthy, practical woman, lived uncomplainingly with him in what seemed to be a perfect and harmonious relationship. When he was reading or occupied with his thoughts, she was always busy with the housework. Occasionally he would find himself tedious, and she seemed able to anticipate these infrequent excursions. When he would look up from his book and remove his glasses, she was always at liberty from her chores and ready to provide the relief he desired.

"Reading," she would complain. "Always reading. How can you waste so much time with your books?"

"I'm not wasting time," my Uncle David would reply defensively. "There is knowledge here in these books, and knowledge is a very great thing."

"What's so great about it?" my Aunt would demand. "You can't leave it to the children. It's something you have to take with you when you go."

"It's the same with all great things," my Uncle would answer. "You must take them to the grave with you. You cannot leave great things behind."

"If you take all the books in your trunk," my Aunt would scoff, "there won't be room for you."

"It's not the books," my Uncle would try to explain. "The great things are what they create. Great things are here," he would say, tapping his forehead slowly. "And here," he would add, a little more loudly, and tap his finger over his heart.

The great tragedy in my Uncle's life was the failure of the revolution in Russia. He was born

in a small village not far from what is today Lenin-grad. He was an active socialist in his youth — so active that he had been forced to flee the authorities. He was good at figures, and when he came to this country he found employment as a book-keeper with a manufacturing firm, working there until the great depression threw it into bankruptcy.

He watched the revolution from this country, and he rejoiced when the Czarist government was overthrown. He had faith then that in Russia would soon be found the culmination of all that is beautiful in mankind. When the original aims of the revolution failed to materialize and were abandoned for ends that were more prosaic and more easily achieved, my Uncle's faith was questioned. He watched the betrayal of his hopes in the following years, and when the reality could no longer be ignored, he turned silent and went to his books for solace.

The first effects of the depression struck close, throwing many of our friends and neighbors into unemployment immediately. I was attending elementary school then, and I was just barely able to understand the implacable laws of economics and the harsh punishments of poverty.

One morning my Uncle David took me to the city for a winter coat. Autumn was turning bitter, and the coat I had worn in previous seasons had been diverted to the use of my younger cousin. It was a cold, gray afternoon when we returned, and as we walked up the street to the house, we came upon a pile of furniture stacked desolately in the street near the curb. We stopped to look and my Uncle answered my questions, explaining the trag-

edy to me in a low, unhappy voice. It was my first experience with eviction and I was horrified by such a drastic circumstance.

"But that's terrible!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," my Uncle agreed. "It is terrible." He placed his hand on my shoulder and we resumed walking. "It's terrible for someone to be put out on the street. And it's terrible and frightening to be unable to help."

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THE next week my Uncle lost his job. When I came home for lunch one day, he was sitting by the window reading. He glanced up briefly at me when I entered, and returned to his book without a word. My Aunt put a finger to her lips, motioning for silence, and when I sat down to eat, she told me that the firm had closed and he was without work.

There must have been some money saved, for he was unemployed for almost three months and we continued to live on the same standard. My Aunt Sarah was a thrifty manager and an excellent cook, and if she economized on the food, it passed without notice.

My Uncle went looking for work every day. He would be gone when I awoke in the morning and he would return late in the afternoon or sometimes in the evening long after we had eaten. He would enter wearily, seat himself at the table with a dejected sigh, and announce his failure. My Aunt would set some food before him, and he would eat in silence, staring despondently at some point on the kitchen wall. After eating, he would sit awhile. Then he would rise, go to the trunk for a book, settle in the living room, and read late into the night.

My Aunt showed great concern for him and she would sometimes entreat him to leave his book and come to bed. He always refused, and if she persisted, he would grow annoyed and move into the kitchen, where she would have to raise her voice to be heard and risk awakening the children. After a while she allowed him to stay up without protest, but she suffered terrible anxiety over his health.

Finally, after three months, he found work. It was a temporary job on a construction project that fortunately lasted for seven months. Several weeks after it ended, we were forced to sell some furniture. My cousin was moved into my room, and his bed was sold along with several chairs and lamps and a miscellaneous assortment of other household articles. My Uncle made arrangements for the sale, and everything that was to go was moved into the foyer.

The man came in the afternoon. He entered respectfully, and throughout the entire transaction regarded us with practiced solicitude. He examined each article thoroughly, making whispered calculations to himself, and then retired to a corner of the

kitchen with my Aunt to haggle over the price. They were there a long time, arguing stubbornly in low, muttering voices. When my Aunt returned, she wore a petulant expression. She announced obstinately that she was not going to sell.

"How much will he give you?" my Uncle asked. She told him and he smiled sadly. "Give them to him," he said. "These are bad times, Sarah. You will not get more any place else."

"I won't do it," my Aunt argued resolutely. "I'll get a job first. I'll go out tomorrow and get a job."

"Where?" my Uncle David asked. He smiled at her with sorrow and spoke in a soft, pitying voice. "Where can you find work?"

"I'll do what I used to do. It isn't so long ago that I used to work and I am still in good health. I'll work as a waitress or I'll serve drinks in a cabaret. I can still do it."

"No, Sarah," my Uncle said, shaking his head slowly.

"Why?" my Aunt insisted. "Why not?"

"You're not a young girl any more."

"But I can do it. I'm strong for a woman."

"They don't want you. When they hire girls they want a young girl with fire in her eyes and firm hips that will roll when she walks. That isn't you any more."

My Aunt was a pathetic figure as she groped for a reply. She was near tears and her naïve sorrow saddened us all. My Uncle put his hands on her shoulders and smiled into her eyes.

"But when you were younger!" he exclaimed. "Then it was a different story. You could walk into any place then and they would be glad to have you."

My Aunt was not mollified, but the furniture was sold, and in the weeks following, other articles moved from the house in small, stealthy groups. Clothing was mended and remended until wear was no longer possible, and all the schoolwork was completed in the afternoon so that a minimum of electricity would be used after darkness.

One day my Aunt Sarah went out and visited the neighborhood laundries, and she secured work mending shirts, turning frayed collars and cuffs and sewing rents in the fabrics. She would bring the work home with her, and when she was not busy with the housework, she would sit in the kitchen sewing. My Uncle would chide her with a broken, self-pitying humor, and she would respond to his teasing with indignant perseverance, but in all his heavy railery, he never once attempted to dissuade her.

Our misfortunes prolonged themselves in a way that was unintelligible to my young mind. It was like a string of rubber being stretched beyond its limits, growing thinner as the tension increases with no promise of respite, and I was aware that a point was being approached at which everything must

suddenly and disastrously snap. Relief must come or else a rupture occur that would hurl us all into a maelstrom of confusion, chaos, and tragedy. Then one day, without a word beforehand, my Uncle returned with a stranger, a man who had come to buy his books.

I remember the figure of my Uncle kneeling by the closet before the open trunk. He removed the books singly, each one with both hands, glanced at the title soberly, and passed it to the strange man, who appraised it in a moment and added it to the mounting pile behind him. My Aunt was stunned by this latest development, and she stood motionless, watching the proceeding with profound regret.

From my Uncle's actions it seemed that he had been determined to sell them all and had then wavered. Midway through the pile, he hesitated over one book and placed it on the floor behind him. Near the end he withheld another. When all the others had been sacrificed, he picked up the two books and considered each thoughtfully. Then, with reluctance, he handed one to the man and rose. It is interesting to note that in this, possibly the moment of his greatest tragedy, he chose the humor of Chaucer in preference to the comforting promise of the Bible.

He received a pitiful sum for them, four or six dollars, accepting it without complaint, and then gratuitously offered the trunk with the books. When the man had departed, my Uncle faced my Aunt and handed her the money. The poor woman was too confused to speak. She wanted to upbraid him, and yet she seemed to know that his sacrifice could not be avoided.

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THE next week he found a job. He came rushing into the house with wild exuberance, too excited to remain still or speak coherently, and we were transformed to a gleeful mob by the good news. When we were calm, we learned the details. He had been hired by a large bakery as loading supervisor and traffic manager. The pay was good, only ten dollars less than what he had been paid by the manufacturing firm, and, as he was quick to inform us, since prices had dropped, it was really much more. He was to begin work the next day, and we took the snow that had begun falling that afternoon as a good omen.

We left together the next morning and he walked with me as far as the subway. The snow was still falling and it was deep and dry on the ground. He kicked it up with his feet as he walked jauntily with the unleashed energy of a young boy, talking giddily and happily, unwilling and unable to suppress his enthusiasm. He inquired into my schoolwork and my ambitions for the future, and he prophesied a lawyer's or a doctor's office for me and talked about putting money away for a small home. We parted

by the station and I walked on to school, feeling at peace for the first time in almost a year.

The snow stopped falling sometime during my morning classes. At three o'clock we were dismissed. I walked home alone, because for some reason I wanted to hurry.

When I turned the corner, I noticed some people in front of the cigar store staring up the street with amusement. As I continued, I saw that all along the street people had stopped and were looking toward a group of young boys playing around a large pile of snow. I peered ahead, but I could discern nothing from the distance. Then, when I approached the snow pile, I stopped with astonishment, for seated in the snow among the boys, and completely at ease with them, was my Uncle David.

They were erecting a fort, packing the snow into blocks and passing them to another group who set them into a wall that was appearing around the pile. One of the larger boys there had assumed command and was directing activities with loud, belligerent orders, and my Uncle David was complying with cheerful abandon. He was laughing as he worked with the other boys, and his dark face seemed younger and more content than I could ever recall. He was wearing his suit, and I noticed his overcoat folded up on the sidewalk. He looked up suddenly and saw me.

"Bobby!" he greeted loudly, raising his arm to wave. "You are just in time. Put your books down and come play. The snow is good and clean."

I flushed with shame and a dreadful fear seized me. I stammered something unintelligible and ran to the house and up the steps. I tore into the house with a cry, startling my Aunt Sarah.

"Uncle David!" I cried. "Something's the matter with Uncle David!"

Her hand leaped to her face with alarm. "What? Where is he? Where is he?"

It was too much for me to explain, and I pointed frantically to the living-room window. She rushed across to it and threw it open. I followed her slowly, catching my breath, and waited behind her. When she turned, the fear had gone, and her face was set in a tight, angry expression. She went to a closet, put a coat on over her apron, and walked out, motioning me to follow. We walked downstairs and down the street to where they were playing in the snow. Some more spectators had gathered immediately about them, and my Aunt Sarah pushed through until we were standing right above my Uncle. He was busy with the snow and he did not see us.

"David," my Aunt said. "Come upstairs."

He saw us and his face broke into a welcoming smile. "Sarah!" he exclaimed with delight. "I was just thinking that maybe I should go upstairs and call you. Come, Sarah, come play in the snow."

"Come upstairs," my Aunt said firmly.

He looked at her with surprise. The boys, sensing

a conflict, had stopped playing and were drawing slowly away. All the noises in the world ceased suddenly as the whole universe focused eyes upon us.

My Uncle's hands played unconsciously with a snowball as he looked up at her. "Forget your housework for a while, Sarah, and come play. It will be like old times again. Do you remember when we used to play in the snow years ago?"

"David." Her voice was low and determined. "Come upstairs."

"Do you remember the time when we went into the country and found the old farmhouse? It was snowing then, and there were you and I and a girl named Sonya, and Peter Grusov. I built a castle for you from the snow. You were fifteen years old then. I built this fine castle for you and you helped me. Then we all went into the woods to look for rabbits, and when we came back it was late and the castle had frozen solid, and we all said it would last forever. It was too late to go back that night and we stayed in the old farmhouse, and when we went out the next morning, the sun was shining and it was warm, and the castle I built for you from the snow had melted and couldn't be recognized. Do you remember, Sarah? Try to remember."

"Come upstairs."

"And when we got back that day and you told your father, he chased me with a stick, and I hid in my cellar and he wanted to fight with my father. Try to remember, Sarah. Please try to remember."

"David. Come upstairs."

The calm on my Uncle's face disappeared, and he looked strained and anxious. "All right," he said. "I'll come upstairs. But first tell me if you remember. Think back and try. Do you remember?" He watched her with desperate hope. When she spoke, his face fell.

"Come upstairs," she said.

A great shadow came over him and his body went limp with disappointment. He rose listlessly, retrieved his coat, and walked after her to the house. She walked ahead. He did not try to catch up, but followed meekly behind, and I, puzzled and frightened, kept several yards in the rear.

When we were upstairs in the apartment, my Uncle dropped in a chair by the kitchen table. My Aunt hung her coat in the closet and returned to the kitchen. She stood across the table from him, her expression sternly demanding an explanation. My Uncle sheepishly avoided looking at her.

"What happened to the job?" she asked at last.

"They were striking. That's why I was hired. They wanted me to scab."

"You didn't take it?"

"They were picketing when I got there. They were walking in the cold with large signs in their hands and picketing."

My Aunt didn't speak. Her lips began to twitch with despair.

"I couldn't go in, Sarah. They were men like myself. I couldn't go in and take their jobs."

"I don't care about the job," my Aunt said, speaking rapidly, as though she feared her voice would choke at any moment.

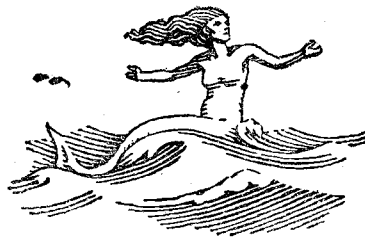
"Then what is it?"

"In the street," she blurted out. "Like an idiot. With the children in the snow like an idiot."

My Uncle shook his head as though he were in a stupor and ground his knuckles into his eyes. "I was coming home," he said, softly and sadly, "and I had only bad news for you. I passed the children playing in the snow and I remembered how I used to enjoy it when I was a boy. I wanted to play with them, so — I took off my coat and played with them."

My Aunt turned to the stove and peered into a simmering pot. Then she began to knead some dough that was laid out on a wooden chopping board, her unforgiving face disclosing her anger. My Uncle rose and moved into the living room, abject and silent.

He remained in the house the rest of the day, keeping carefully out of her way and glancing at her meekly from time to time. My Aunt Sarah worked ploddingly in the kitchen, never once meeting my Uncle's gaze. She was angry and hurt, and most certainly baffled, for she was unable to understand why a grown man should want to act like a child.





Britain's most distinguished dramatist, whose plays, whose letters, and whose postcards have delighted people the world over, GEORGE BERNARD SHAW saw his first Shakespeare production as a boy, seventy-five years ago. He was born in Dublin in July, 1856, and these are the dates which stand out in his record: 1876, when he captured London for life; 1884, when he became the leading spirit of the Fabian Society; 1898, when he was married; and 1925, when he received the Nobel Prize for Literature.

SULLIVAN, SHAKESPEAR, AND SHAW

by G. BERNARD SHAW

1

BARRY SULLIVAN, son of an Irish Catholic Waterloo soldier, was born in Birmingham, in 1821, and died in 1891.

He was a great actor. He kept the Shakespear and the tradition of great acting alive in these islands whilst in fashionable London Shakespear "spelt ruin" for theatre managers. For players, "cup and saucer" manners in the plays of Robertson and in adaptations from the French of Scribe's mechanically constructed "well made" pieces (I helped to kill them) had London all to themselves.

What was Sullivan like at the height of his power and glory? Why did his Hamlet, which he played every week (often twice) for forty years after his triumphant success in the part at the Haymarket in London in 1852, remain so imposing and satisfying, though he made no pretense of being a young student prince fresh from Wittenberg University? No doubt his splendid physical graces had something to do with it. His stage walk was by itself worth going to the theatre to see. When he killed the king by dashing up the whole depth of the stage and running him through again and again, he was a human thunderbolt. His attitude as he threw off Horatio and Marcellus with his "By heaven, gentlemen, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me," his superb and towering contempt for his guilty stepfather, and his gesture as he turned away from Rosencrantz and Guildenstern with his peculiar reading of "I know a hawk from a heron. Pshaw!" were unforgettable.

But these ageless feats were not enough to carry his Hamlet through over three thousand times. His secret, which was no secret, was simply that he presented himself as what Hamlet was: a being of a different and higher order from Laertes and the rest. He had majesty and power. As Richelieu, one of his greatest parts, his dignity as he invoked the power of the Church and drew the charmed circle of Rome

round the head of the heroine was literally supernatural. I cannot believe that any mortal actor ever surpassed it.

For boys like me he was irresistible. His Richard was a monster of truculence. When he stabbed King Henry with the words "For this, among the rest, was I ordained" he swung his eyes one way and his sword the other in a stage picture of villainy that from any lesser actor would have made the audience laugh. When he proclaimed that Richard was himself again, he struck the attitude of a fencer on guard. His stage fights with Macduff and Richmond were none the less exciting because we knew quite well that what we were witnessing was a pre-arranged battery of what is known behind the scenes as "sixes." As the Gamester, in which he had to die of poison in the last act, his groans were frightful and heart-rending. Every Crummles could, and did, attempt these "effects"; but nobody could get away with them like Sullivan, nor any rival keep up the illusion of his towering superiority.

He had classic taste and noble judgment for older critics too. In Hamlet's scene with Ophelia he never sentimentalized it to drag in vulgar sex appeal as Irving did. As to treating the closet scene as an example of the Oedipus complex, such notions did not exist for him. His natural force was so great that he had not to stoke himself up with drink as Kean, Robson, and even Dickens in America killed themselves prematurely by doing. Nor had he to husband his strength, as Salvini did, to give explosive contrasts to his outbursts. His ebullient energy, natural force, called for sedatives rather than for stimulants. Yet he lived to be seventy before his incessant activity killed him. And in his private life there was no scandal.

Beginning in his boyhood in Cork, he learned his business in the old stock companies in Cork, Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Glasgow, Liverpool, and Man-

chester (where he first headed the bill) and finally in London at £10 a week. He carried all before him there. The £10 a week ended as £80 a night.

For the rest of his victorious career he was a princely stroller, moving like Kean from city to city with his basket of costumes and swords, playing with local stock companies as he found them, in scenery with wings and flats, changed in full view of the audience on naked stages lighted by gas footlights and battens, to face which he had to paint his face with bismuth that damaged the skin almost as much as smallpox.

The substitution of gas for candles was to him an ultra-modern touch: all the rest of the stage equipment, its cellar with the three traps, one for graves, and two one-man traps for demons to pop up through, winches to raise and lower the skied cloths, and the pictorial act drop with its dangerously heavy roller that players had to be careful not to die under, and the final green curtain that showed the costumes so effectively when the wearers took their curtain calls, all the power for these contrivances being supplied by the muscles of the stage carpenters and scene-shifters, were as they had been for two hundred years past.

I once asked Bram Stoker, Irving's manager, why he did not introduce the then new hydraulic lifts and electric motors of the modern stages. He shrugged his shoulders and said he felt safer with eighty stage carpenters, who could not stop the performance (as happened at Drury Lane once) by short-circuiting the strange machinery. Sullivan was in the stone age of stage equipment compared to Irving, who at least had a modern switchboard.

2

THERE is no reason to doubt that Sullivan was among the greatest of the line of British Shakespearean star actors from Burbage and Betterton to Macready. That he was a provincial celebrity leaving no mark on London, and overlooked by theatrical historians or unknown to them, is not an artistic phenomenon but a purely economic one. He was expunged from Lewes's book on acting because when Lewes, a first-rate critic, was unwise enough to attempt a career as an actor in great parts, Sullivan, whom in his first edition he had described as "a very clever actor," contemptuously refused to act with him; and Lewes could not forgive the disparagement. That would not have mattered had Sullivan in the days of his greatness chosen London for his headquarters. Why he did not was because he could make a fortune in the provinces only to lose it in London. Irving headed his profession in London for more than twenty years, and finally had to return to the provinces penniless to live on his reputation and his knighthood. Since the palmy days of Kemble and Edmund Kean no big actor had held out so long as Irving in London management.

Charles Kean returned to the provinces after nine years of it, and Macready after seven. Sullivan tried it for some months, and then shook the dust of London from his feet save for a few appearances, not as a manager, at the enormous salary of £80 a night.

Barry Sullivan was no scholar: he was a great actor and nothing else, and not ashamed of it. He could never have said, as Macready, his boyhood's idol, did: "I have seen a life gone in an unworthy, unrequiting pursuit. Great energy, great power of mind, ambition and activity that with direction might have done anything, now made into a player." Barry Sullivan was proud of his profession and of his eminence in it. He knew nothing of our educated gentlemen stars who are everything except great actors. He was a boy when he went on the stage. He did nothing for contemporary literature, his repertory including nothing more modern than Lytton's *Richelieu*.

A friend of mine who called on him began unfortunately with the words "I have written a drama." Sullivan at once interrupted him with "Sir: I do not play drama: I am a tragedian." To him drama meant melodrama, its technical sense on the stage. His famous Richard was Shakespeare's Richard; but the text was the thing of shreds and patches put together by Cibber (which, by the way, is more effective on the stage than Shakespeare's arrangement). Bar Shakespeare, all the plays that Sullivan kept alive were obsolete. His professional mind was an eighteenth-century mind, and his traditions those of Garrick.

I never saw great acting until I saw him; and from him and from Salvini and Adelaide Ristori I learned my stage technique and what great acting can do. Though a later generation saw Chaliapin and Coquelin, so little of it was remembered in London when I began to write plays that I was at once set down as ignorant of stage technique and my plays denounced as no plays, when I had in fact gone back to Shakespeare and the sixteenth century (much as William Morris went back to the twelfth) and started from that date as a confirmed classic.

And now what does it all matter? Barry Sullivan has come and gone, like all the other great actors since it was said of an Elizabethan playgoer that

When he would have told how Richard died
And cried "A horse, a horse!" he Burbage cried.

The important truth is that the idols of adolescents, and to some extent of adults, are often founded on their admiration of great actors. It was certainly so in my own case. Whatever part Barry Sullivan played, a superman Hamlet or a villainous Richard or Macbeth, "he nothing common did, or mean": he was always great; and when I was a very impressionable boy he became my model of personal nobility.

As a playwright I have had countless letters from young women for whom St. Joan has set up a standard which uplifted them beyond vulgarity and meanness. The schoolboy who, having seen my play, told his headmaster that he could pray to St. Joan but not to Jesus Christ, justified the theatre as one of the most vital of public institutions. Without such uplift the playwright may be a pander or a buffoon, an actor only a mountebank or a common clown. It is this alone which can raise a theatre to the dignity and national value of a church.

Wherever "two or three are gathered together" to see great acting, both actor and playwright can

claim equality with lords temporal and spiritual. Wise rulers establish or subsidize national theatres. When Napoleon had to transfigure himself from a successful military adventurer into an emperor he wisely went to a great actor for lessons. Cromwell, who closed the theatres as the gates of hell, opened them to the ultra-theatrical Opera.

The only British-speaking successor to Barry Sullivan within my experience who could do for Shakespear what he did was a woman, American Irish, born Ada Crehan, but through a happy error in printing which she adopted gladly, famous as Ada Rehan.

NEW WORLDS FOR OLD

by R. P. LISTER

THE world that ended yesterday
Was very old and sad;
We did not wish for it to stay,
Yet it was all we had.

No other world we had at all,
And that was poor enough;
It was a lonely spinning ball
That vanished at a puff.

And when the curtains blew aside
And wide the window stood,
We thought of that old world that died
And knew that it was good.

Now bring, my men, the new world in,
That is so rich and rare,
And set it down and let it spin
Upon the table there;

But if there is no world, alack,
And we must all go mad,
Then let us have the old world back,
For it was all we had.

We threw that other world away,
The serving man replies;
For night was coming in the day
And blotting out the skies;

The stars all blew up with a bang,
The seas ran up the shore,
And so we let the world go hang —
And now we have no more.

Endowments

A graduate of Williams who taught for twelve years at Harvard before assuming the presidency of his old college, JAMES PHINNEY

BAXTER has been fighting to overcome the losses in faculty and in funds which every college, large or small, has sustained, thanks to inflation and the war. During his years in Washington, first with the OSS and then with the OSRD, President Baxter saw how able teachers were drawn into private industry and government research, many of them never to return. The financial burdens of a college president have seldom been more candidly presented.

INFLATION HITS THE COLLEGES

by JAMES PHINNEY BAXTER

1

THE 2.5 million students — freshmen, upper-classmen, postgraduates — who inundated our American college and university campuses last fall brought enrollments to an all-time high. For many reasons, including college men's wartime records as officer material, American higher education now enjoys a deserved prestige. The GI Bill of Rights has made an enormous contribution to expansion; there are perhaps 1.75 million veterans on campuses. They and other students deserve the best they can get, and educators welcome the opportunity to serve so many. But observers who refer to the development as "a boon to the small college" are overoptimistic. There is a boom, all right, but it is no unqualified boon. It is, indeed, a potential menace to the small college, and so to the national interest.

Any industry enjoying such a demand as our colleges do today would be wallowing in prosperity, especially with the price of the product well up. College tuition fees, for example, average a good 25 per cent more than before the war, despite reluctance to raise prices to students. Education, however, is not an industry, and college officials lie awake nights wondering how to make ends meet. Privately endowed institutions of higher education, caught in the price spiral, want to raise over a billion dollars for new plant and endowment. Harvard alone, for example, wants 90 million dollars, and with its great body of rich and loyal alumni and its appealing research program, of such practical value in war as well as in peace, it will probably achieve its goal without too much trouble. At any rate, having been a Harvard professor for twelve years, I heartily hope so.

Williams College, about which I worry first of all, hopes to cut back in three or four years from its present enrollment of 1100 to its pre-war norm of 800. But right now, and even after the cutback, it must have 2.5 million dollars in additional endowment. And Bowdoin wants 3 million, Beloit 3.4

million, Swarthmore 5 million — and so on up and down a long list of splendid institutions. That is why many college presidents are now chiefly itinerant mendicants. In one recent month, for example, I spent twenty-four days wholly or partly outside Williamstown, chasing dollars. As during the war, when so many college presidents ran their campuses with one hand while managing a Washington job with the other, there is always a good chance, when I enter a dining car, that I shall be able to sit down with a colleague from another college and worry in company.

How can college authorities be in such a morose state of mind when they are doing a bigger business than ever before? Well, when the delivery room nurse, having already announced to papa the arrival of a son, emerges to announce a twin and then a triplet, papa may assure himself that the unit cost per child is going down. But he will hardly regard the trend as money saving.

As for Alma Mater, she is truly generous to her children. Every college spends more on each student than it receives in tuition and fees, whether from the student, his parents, or the government. Every college student in the United States is on a scholarship in the sense that none pays the full cost of his education. At Williams none pays much more than half. Thus every added student is an added deficit. The GI Bill of Rights has meant not a \$500 per head subsidy to the colleges, but an increase in the number of students carried at half cost. In privately endowed colleges the difference between what the student pays and his cost to the institution can be made up only by gifts and income from the investment of prior gifts. The key to college financing lies in one figure: endowment income per student available to cover deficits. At Williams in 1939 that figure was \$455. Today it is down to \$400 and it may drop further. In some colleges it already has dropped to a wretched figure. Every college administrator knows that this is the heart of his prob-

lem. The chief burden on his mind, when he finds it hard to sleep, is that he has fewer dollars of free money per student just at a time when each dollar buys less.

2

ONE obvious factor producing this financial decay, with a threatened consequence of decay in educational standards, is increased enrollment. There is no more pie, but there are more hungry eaters at Alma Mater's table. Indeed, there is less pie. Interest and dividends yielded by invested college endowment funds have fallen as markedly as though there had been a capital levy. After all, at 5 per cent, which many colleges averaged on their investment portfolios in the 1920's, an 8-million-dollar endowment yielded \$400,000 a year, almost as much as 12 million dollars can today at the going rate of 3.5 per cent. Some colleges have managed to maintain yield by shifting from gilt-edge investments to common stock — a loss in security. Williams's current endowment is 1.25 million dollars greater than it was in 1941, but our income is lower.

On the other hand, from full professors to bullfrog specimens, necessary items cost more today than in 1939. We spent \$22,551 for coal in 1939-1940, \$44,131 in 1946-1947, with some additional heating needs. The \$21,580 added to our heating bill would have paid the salaries of two professors, two assistant professors, and two instructors. That many teachers went into the furnace so that the others could be warm enough to work. The frogs used by our biology teachers jumped from 72 cents to \$2.25 a dozen. Chemicals and glassware for laboratory use rose 60 per cent, common blackboard chalk went up 40 per cent. The cost of operating Berkshire, a Williams dormitory, is up from \$3100 to \$5891. Last year over-all maintenance cost \$159,370 more (97 per cent increase), secretaries \$26,378 more (124 per cent increase) than eight years ago.

Faculty housing is a bigger item of cost than ever before. When one third of our faculty joined the armed services or civilian war agencies, their rented houses were snapped up by local townsfolk or immigrants from an overcrowded neighboring industrial city. After the war, additional housing was needed for faculty returnees and newcomers. Several faculty handy men solved their problems by undertaking extensive repairs without the help of our overburdened maintenance staff. Physics Professor Ralph Winch and Dean Robert Brooks are building their own houses with their own hands. But such men have special talents and the college had to spend over \$200,000 given by alumni and friends for "Poker Flats," a little apartment building that can house twelve faculty families, and for several smaller houses. All this is quite apart from construction and reconversion for married GI's.

Moreover, the decline in the interest rate has

raised the cost of an adequate faculty pension system. We financed ours before the war by matching teacher contributions of 5 per cent of salary. This figure is now up to 7 per cent, with a longer pension list. In 1939 this cost us \$47,115, last year \$76,602 — an increase of 60 per cent.

Williams's budgetary breakdown illustrates the college situation in general: —

	1939	1947
Faculty salaries and pensions	\$453,782	\$620,711
Administration	99,966	184,229
Maintenance	167,961	323,877
Health	36,085	57,034
All other expenses	109,352	118,711

Well, what of it? Haven't college authorities any business sense, any imagination? The first thing likely to happen when there is a shortage of milk relative to the demand is that the price goes up. Why not boost the price of education until academic budgets balance? Colleges and universities have, in fact, raised fees or room rents or both. Williams recently boosted tuition fees 10 per cent. Soon we may have to boost them a little more. But to boost them enough to cover deficits would be no better than, in time of crisis in the milk market, to let the price soar, arguing that those who can't pay for milk should drink water.

Let us say that a college like ours covered half of its pre-war cost by income from tuition and other charges, and half by endowment income. What happens when costs double and endowment income and enrollment remain fixed? To balance the budget, tuition and other charges would have to be trebled. That would be intolerable.

A college like Williams, with twelve or fifteen applicants for every opening in the freshman class, might in a sense get away with a steep rise in fees. But to cover deficits by increasing fees in anything like the degree to which prices of other goods have risen would be to risk pricing ourselves out of the market for two types of boys by whom we set great store — boys from a distance and boys of limited means. (The needy boy who comes largely on a scholarship might for a time be saved by raising the scholarship grant in proportion, as Williams did when it raised tuition fees.) There are desirable boys who must consider out-of-pocket expenses and perhaps opportunities to earn money. (In a normal year the students at Williams earn over \$100,000 towards their expenses in the traditional ways of American college boys.) This figure takes no account of scholarship awards, of which the largest, those from the Tyng fund, cover all needs of a holder. If they have sense, high school graduates also consider the size of the fee paid by the non-employed, non-scholarship majority of students. For that majority tends to set the character of a college, and if the fees are too high, poor boys may be scared out of accepting scholarships. Indeed, to

set tuition fees strictly in *economic* terms would be soon to make a luxury out of what was for several generations of Americans a staple: decent higher education. That would be reaction indeed, entailing increasing narrowness and educational decay.

Another suggestion, equally dangerous, is made more often. That is to reduce the unit cost of college education by increasing the number of students and not increasing faculty in proportion. To do so would be analogous to "increasing" the milk supply in time of shortage by watering it. It would transform the small college into a large college with a consequent loss of its unique and invaluable contribution to our national life.

3

THE chief problem of small colleges today is to hold old teachers and to attract new ones. Graduate schools turned out only a few teachers during the war, and many college teachers quit the profession. Teaching is a pleasant and to a degree self-rewarding job — particularly at places like Williams, we think — but even Ph.D.'s must live in part by bread. College teachers, too, tend to have wives and children, and that requires money, more money than ever before. But while the cost of living has gone up about 56 per cent since 1940, the average rise in college teachers' salaries has been only about 18 per cent, one third of the over-all rise in pay in the United States. Everybody has heard, and properly so, about the financial troubles of grade and high school teachers. But many younger college teachers with good Ph.D.'s get less than many big-city high school teachers. To balance budgets many college teachers must give summer courses, accept outside additional work, complicate family life by relying on wives' earnings, or more simply and conclusively, quit the profession. Here is a pseudonymous case in point from the Williams campus: —

Young instructor John Doe wanted to return to us after serving well with the Office of Strategic Services. Although he still had no Ph.D., we offered him our maximum for his rank, \$3250. His wife, a former OSS employee whom he met overseas, went to work in a Williams administrative office at \$1800. Would they both continue to work and save money to enable Doe to get the additional graduate training needed to go up the academic ladder, or would they have a family? On our salary, they could not do both. A New York bank offered Doe a good salary, and teaching lost a splendid man.

If we were a successful industrial firm, our profits would help us to pay our men what they are worth. But education is not business. We succeed — but without profits. No wonder academic officials have sleepless nights. At any moment the wolf may descend on the fold. We are lucky at Williams. Our pre-war faculty included a large number of men who

enjoyed working together. *Esprit de corps* drew them back. Moreover, they have hopes that I am going to prove a good money-raiser for Williams, and personal hopes based thereon — a confidence which I find rather frightening. In any case, we still have a solid staff, including thirteen men who quit or declined other jobs paying a total of \$103,000 a year to come back at a total of \$72,750. Here is a typical case: —

Professor Richard Roe took leave to work as chief of a bureau in a war agency. After V-J Day, job offers rained on him — from several universities, a Cabinet department, a foreign government, a bank, two investment houses, and three industrial corporations — all with starting salaries of \$10,000 or more. We were offering Roe \$5500. He has a wife, three children, no private income. He wanted to come back to us, but we could hold him only by enabling him to make extra money as a part-time officer of a research foundation.

We have also been able to induce twenty good recent Williams graduates to try out as teachers as soon as they were discharged from the armed forces. And, I must confess, I have seduced a couple of men away from other small colleges. But it has been hard to hold the line. There is plenty of competition for the indispensable man on the teaching end of the log. Before the recent war, some university president would, every couple of years, attempt to raid our faculty. On one Black Friday last February, three of our teachers got university offers at salaries higher than Williams was paying them. Thirteen universities and several colleges, from Massachusetts to Oregon, have recently tried to raid us.

And I have had to stand off foundations, museums, and government agencies, all waving relatively fat salary checks. I have even had to go up against competitive offers from steel, chemical, investment, and banking houses. In one case a teacher who has three small children was offered three times what we were paying him. Of some thirty Williams teachers who had wartime leave, we have lost about one third to post-war competitors who offered more money. Many other colleges have suffered even more, especially those whose salary levels fall below the Williams average (\$5250 to \$7000 for full professors, \$3500 to \$5000 for associate and assistant professors, and \$2400 to \$3250 for instructors). I hope to raise these scales next July.

Early in 1947, I encountered George Stoddard, president of the University of Illinois, which, like all state universities with thousands of veterans enrolled, can happily look to a legislature for bigger appropriations out of taxes. "If you want a thousand good students from Illinois," he said, "take them and welcome. But if you want someone from my staff, even a junior instructor, you can go to blazes."

Indeed, the problem basically is not competition

among academic institutions. All are in the same boat. American higher education is in danger of losing its best teachers and of ceasing to attract desirable young men unless something is done about salaries. We have a long way to go just to restore the modest purchasing power our teachers enjoyed eight years ago. For the sake of our children and in the national interest, we should do better. To an increasing degree it is our college teachers who finance the institutions out of the sweat of their brows, closing the gap that inflation has opened between endowment income available per student and education cost per student. That cannot go on forever.

4

THE condition has already had its bad effects — first of all, in the undergraduate departments of large universities. Harvard's famous tutorial system has been curtailed. Teachers of popular subjects are often crushingly overwhelmed. In one Midwestern university, some students never see their teacher, who lectures to 1500 in one hall and to an overflow by means of a loud-speaker. In another, a student who wants to question the lecturer must write out his question, hand it to an usher, and wait for the postman to deliver the answer.

By the time that much water is added to the Socratic method of teaching by question and answer, it isn't worth much. True, the unit cost of such education is low indeed. But what is the unit value?

Williams this year had to deny reluctantly to several students the opportunity to do honors work, which involves special individual instruction. Under existing financial conditions it is difficult for us to go as far as we wish in applying wartime advances

in language teaching methods. Some other colleges have had to compromise even further. But they compromise reluctantly, determined to raise their standards again as soon as they can. The misfortune of colleges which are lost inside great universities is that, with rare exceptions, determination is generally lacking from the outset. And even where the determination is found, it must fight a rear-guard action.

We want neither to raise our price nor to water our product, but to follow the hard road of principle, maintaining quality and offering it at a price suitable to the average American student, with scholarships thrown in for capable students who need them. That means the third economic alternative, the investment of new capital so that more Grade A milk can be offered at the standard price. Hence the drives for endowments and the transformation of college presidents into traveling beggars.

If the institutions raise the money they want, half will go to improve facilities (new buildings, repairs, new equipment), and a good deal of the rest to raise teachers' salaries. Income from *new* endowment would be something over 20 million dollars a year. Even so, the proportion of national income spent for higher education in privately endowed institutions would remain small — about 382 million dollars, less than goes in one year for taxi fares and tips.

Our opportunities are greater than ever before. Through our great universities we can advance knowledge. Through our small colleges, we can spread it, educating men and women for life in a free society, teaching them not just how to earn a living, not just how to solve a specialized problem, but teaching them the supreme importance of freedom and justice. If we are to have peace with freedom and justice, educators must do a better job than ever before.





A graduate of Sandhurst who fought with Denikin, served with his regiment, the Gloucestershires, on the Northwest Frontier, and lumbered with elephants in Burma, COLONEL A. W. SMITH was sent on a mission to South Africa in 1943 and on the way touched at Zanzibar, a savory island where his parents had first lived as newlyweds. There the past came back to meet him. The author of novels and short stories which have appeared under the Atlantic imprint, Colonel Smith is happiest on his home acres in Ipswich, Massachusetts.

THE CLOVES OF ZANZIBAR

by A. W. SMITH

1

IT WAS through one of those ludicrous and occasionally happy accidents of war that I came to Zanzibar. I had missed the southbound flying boat. There was a steamer leaving which I just managed to catch. When they said rather apologetically that she was to call at Zanzibar they seemed surprised when I said it would suit me quite well.

Sixty years ago when my parents were first married they lived in Zanzibar, then a place of some importance. The Arabs said, "When you play on the flute at Zanzibar all Africa as far as the lakes dances." A dozen trumpets there today would disturb no one, except perhaps the spice merchants on Pearl Street wondering about the price of cloves for which the island is still famous.

Zanzibar's first Western exploitation was by another seafaring city whose greatness has also departed. Salem captains made friends with the Sultan a century and a half ago. Salem brigs used Zanzibar as a depot from which they traded up and down the East African coast. To this day certain gray cotton goods are known as Merikani, although years ago the trade went to Manchester and eventually to Japan.

By my parents' day others had displaced Salem in that jealously guarded preserve. Perhaps even the American Consul, originally appointed to foster federalist Salem's rights, had been withdrawn, a loss the limited white society could ill afford. Church of England missionaries were its most numerous group. Headed by a bishop whose see covered most of East and Central Africa, they formed an enclave of priests and a few ladies of birth and breeding who taught in the mission school. Both male and female missionaries were chiefly concerned with the rehabilitation of freed slaves. The process demanded education of the young, resettlement of the adult, the conversion of all, and a certain amount of mar-

rying off among themselves if that seemed to be advisable.

Clearly the supply of freed slaves to be rehabilitated depended upon efforts to suppress the slave trade which was an Arab monopoly. The missionaries were not popular with the Arabs, who naturally resented a simultaneous attack on their livelihood and their faith.

The Sultan of Zanzibar, a despot of the old school, had recently submitted to demands to close the public slave market. The site had been promptly bought by the Bishop for the erection of a cathedral. An enormous banyan tree was left standing to shade the door. Under it had stood the slave scales for those categories of slaves sold by the pound.

Though the public market was closed, slaving was still active and profitable, in spite of the best efforts of the missionaries and the Royal Navy. The Arabs ran their cargoes in fast-sailing dhows from the mainland to the islands of Zanzibar and Pemba in a night. Sometimes slaves were sold locally for the clove fields where many were driven to death, for a clove crop is urgent and must be harvested before the buds can open into full flower. Sometimes slaves were sold for shipment to the Persian Gulf. Either way, Zanzibar was the center of the trade.

My father first came there as a Naval officer in suppression of the trade. Ships' cutters were sent away in charge of young officers on long cruises to watch for the dhows. Occasionally there was a prize, but that was seldom, for dhows are very fast before the wind and Arabs are excellent seamen. Unless a cutter could come to windward, there was little hope of catching them. Prizes were sent to Zanzibar. The dhows were burned. The slaves were freed and handed over to the missionaries.

My grandfather had been a leading abolitionist, a friend of Wilberforce and Zachary Macaulay. Freeing slaves must have been in the blood. Also,

my father's war on the trade was a crusade which, for a young and adventurous Naval officer, was not without its rewards in independent command, freedom from the quarterdeck, and the matching of wits with superb Arab seamen who knew every inlet and mangrove-grown creek. The boarding of dhows with cutlass and pistol was never without some danger. The slaves themselves were always grateful and appreciative.

For us boys there were the red dhow flags hanging in the hall of our little house in England — very ordinary pieces of red cotton cloth on very ordinary pieces of wood, but romantic when you knew that each represented a prize taken by boarding at gun point. There was also the slave chain, a heavy iron length with neck rings at intervals. It hung looped above the flags except when it was being borrowed by missionary societies. It was a popular item with them — unusual and dramatic. My mother was always ready to lend it. Possibly she may have wished they would keep it.

My father liked the life so well in Zanzibar that he swallowed the killick — he left the Navy and took a shore job. He married my mother and returned to Zanzibar as British Consul. My mother liked nothing of the life there. One of my sisters was buried there and another brought home just in time. My mother did not think Zanzibar romantic, but she remembered good friends among the missionaries. She asked one of them — Miss Barclay — to become my godmother.

2

FOR a day and a night we wallowed in the swell, the tow yawing in our wash. The towrope slacked and dipped as the lighter took the plunge down the gray slopes of ocean. It tautened in a snap of silvery spray as she took up the strain again.

It was very hot. There was a sea without wind and the air was soft and sticky with salt, brushing like cobwebs across the face. Morning came and there was no swell, only an undulation of the polished surface of the sea lost in the gray haze of the horizon.

There was, too, a heavy fragrance, warm and cloying — of cloves with all their nostalgic reminders, licit and illicit . . . of toothache and English apple pie, of camouflage for a glass of thin railway sherry on the way to school, of the more unpleasant brands of chewing gum.

I was glad that I was going to Zanzibar. Hanging over the rail, I watched the island, incredibly green, lift out of the shimmering sea. The city — flat white cliffs of houses rising straight from the purple sea — was just what I had always expected. Only the all-pervading fragrance of cloves, heavy and cloying, made it all new and real.

In every Eastern port where a tourist could conceivably land, there is a polyglot race who style

themselves guides. For them there is only one reason for anyone coming ashore. They can get themselves ludicrously worked up at the thought of the possibility of other people's vices.

Athanase was one of these. If possible, he was older and more obscene than the general run. He was also more persistent. He might have been an Arab. He tried Arabic first. His English was beyond recognition. His French, however, had the same rudimentary quality as my own. We understood each other well enough in that language. When he remarked that he was from the French Islands of Comoro I could guess the rest. The people of Comoro are by local tradition disreputable. The men go to sea and the women whoring to the mainland. Eventually they all return to marry on the proceeds and to raise families who will repeat the pattern.

He got down to business at once in four languages, adding Swahili in the urgency of his salesmanship. He offered girls — fat girls, thin girls, Arab, African, girls who danced and girls who did not, but every one virgin and young.

By the time that I had got into the only taxi, Athanase was already seated by the driver and giving him what seemed to be quite unnecessary instructions as to the direction in which he was to proceed. There was only one — straight down the water front past the iced wedding cake of the Sultan's palace, where the street — as far as wheeled traffic was concerned — ended.

When I got out Athanase got out. When I reached to put the fare into the driver's outstretched hand, somehow, magically, Athanase intercepted it on the way. It was he who actually paid the driver. Clearly he intended to make himself indispensable.

I told him he was not wanted. His bright old eyes searched my face for a sign.

How then, he asked, could I possibly expect to occupy myself for the twelve hours or so the ship would be in port?

I would see the Cathedral.

At once the goatish look disappeared. He crossed his hands on the round little orange of his stomach. He lowered his gaze in pious devotion.

Ah, the Cathedral. . . . But that could not take long. And then? His wicked eyes brightened.

I would call on the Bishop.

Fresh hope kindled. The Bishop was away, he countered. He had gone on a visitation to the mainland. So. But let us first find the Cathedral.

In those climates stone walls grow green beards. The Cathedral square was like the bottom of a sea pool. In the middle was the great banyan tree I had expected to see. The whole lay in green shadow. Here and there flicks of sunlight dappled the uneven stones of the yard. There was no sound — no noise of wheeled traffic, as the streets of Zanzibar are too narrow — only the shuffle of bare feet and the click of my Western heels.

That, said Athanase, is where they sold the slaves. Young girls. . . .

He pointed across the green subaqueous shadows at a house on the other side of the close.

The bibikhana, he said. The women's quarters. Where the Bishop keeps his bibis.

The bibikhana? I was puzzled, for bibi may mean anything from a wife down. And with Athanase I could be pretty sure it would be down. But it was unlikely that an elderly missionary Bishop. . . .

And then suddenly, as if by arrangement, a little, habited old lady, a deaconess, as like as could be to my recollection of Miss Barclay on her rare visits to England, swam with small tripping steps out of the mission ladies' home and across to the vestry door. It was not Miss Barclay, of course. She had been dead many years. But it gave me quite a turn.

Athanase shuffled his feet. He had had enough of sight-seeing. *Alors*, he said in a businesslike fashion.

There did not seem much point in spending any longer on the scene of my father's triumphs. They seemed somehow very remote. And there was one other matter I had in mind. It was not morbidity. I knew it would please my mother if I could tell her I had seen the grave of that sister who had died a dozen years before I was born.

I said I wished to go to the cemetery to find the grave of my sister.

The old imp barked an incredulous laugh. *La fosse de votre soeur. . . .*

It did sound improbable, like something out of a macabre French grammar—the pen of my aunt. . . .

Ça bien, he said briskly. It sounded like a threat.

It was afternoon and hot. The narrow streets, clefts in the cliffs of houses, ran between high walls broken only by great carved doors studded with brass. The doors were always closed, the streets deserted and silent. Only sometimes there was a voice behind the gates or a high-pitched laugh or the sound of gates swung softly to at the clicking warning of my heels. It was like being the headmaster of some school where the boys were always avoiding the prying eye of authority.

Away from the street the long shadows of the trees lay over the golden-green turf. The colors of flowers had an unnatural brightness. Crimson acacias, deep red cannas like stiff soldiers, and scarlet pomegranate blossoms cast reflected blushes on the earth. A newly watered road smelled sweetly with the scent of earth after rain. Over all hung the penetrating fragrance of cloves.

The cemetery was a dismal spot of tangled bushes and dry bones of palms. Athanase sat on a wall, still incredulous. Hunting among the uncared-for graves, I found none that could be the one for which I searched, and in that dreadful place I was glad for my non-success.

Athanase came to life as I fought my way back through the tangled jungle. It was, he remarked,

most extraordinary. No one landing on the island had ever acted quite like this. He made it sound as if I were guilty of one of the more peculiar vices. What could my interests possibly be?

Perhaps I would have saved myself a lot of trouble if I had told him to begin with. With our backs to the harsh light of the evening sun, sitting on the broken wall by the rusty gate, I told him about my father.

But he knew him, of course. It was an easy guess that he was lying, but among friends we let that pass. Might it not, he asked, have been better to have gone to the cemetery at M'bweni where the mission school was? The name was somehow familiar and I knew he was right and that it was too late. It was time to return if we were to get back before darkness fell.

I mentioned Miss Barclay. Athanase dropped to his feet off the wall. He was not lying now. He knew Barclay Bibi well. Everyone in Zanzibar knew her. She had been there when he arrived many years ago. She had died, he said, to the universal sorrow not long ago — by which I knew he meant twenty years.

Barclay Bibi, he said. Oh, indeed yes, Barclay Bibi. . . .

3

WE HAD to walk fast to catch the last half hour of daylight. Sweat trickled from me. There was the bitter taste of dust on my tongue. A large car swept slowly by, raising the dust about us in a soft cloud. Athanase bent from the waist in a low bow. The Sultan, he remarked. Perhaps it was.

There was a smell of wood smoke and of hot food cooking in oil for the evening meal. Fires twinkled in the dusk. People were out taking the evening air. The lesser folk Athanase pushed unceremoniously aside. The greater were saluted with dignity. They walked with slow paces down the middle of the street in flowing robes of cream-colored silk only slightly lighter in shade than their skins.

They all knew Miss Barclay. There was no doubt about that. There was always the same exclamation of interest, the same grave inclination of the head in my direction. Athanase warmed to his work in this new reflected glory. All men of importance had to hear.

In the fruit market they were lighting naphtha flares for the evening's business. The yellow lights flickered smokily in the purple darkness. They glowed on banks of color — mangoes and pine-apples, fat red bananas and green custard apples, on pink flesh of watermelon, on oranges and limes.

Lights were popping up suddenly in the town. But the deep gullies were still dark. In one of these Athanase came to a sudden halt. His bony fingers gripped my wrist. He knew, he said, what white men like at the end of an arduous day. . . .

I must get back to my ship.

He sighed in the darkness. You misunderstand, he said sadly, reproachfully. Whiskey. Whiskey and soda in a long glass. Cold. With ice.

In a Syrian bar under dim electric lights men of uncertain origin drank what looked like mastic. Athanase led me to a small whitewashed room at the back, which had one table and one hard chair.

The Syrian brought a bottle. I shook my head. It had been opened — a bad sign in a part of the world where even a sealed bottle can be tampered with. And it had a familiar highly colored label — MacDougall's Mountain Dew O' the Heather, Genuine Scotch Whiskey Distilled from Pure Potato Spirit in Sidney, Australia. Even a Cairene bottle doctorer would be hard put to it to do worse than that.

I said I would go without.

Athanase grasped the situation. He exploded into Arabic. He backed the Syrian against the wall, wagging a bony finger under his flattened nose. At the end I heard Miss Barclay's name.

The Syrian was suddenly gone. And suddenly back. With a corkscrew and a bottle. He laid both on the table and stepped back to admire the effect.

It was Haig & Haig Gold Label, to my knowledge unobtainable in Africa for years. I examined the bottle for any of the telltale signs which would show it had been tampered with. The Syrian approved my caution. He motioned towards the corkscrew. I was to operate upon the cork myself.

Ice clinked in the pint-size tumbler. Soda frosted with cold popped as the old-fashioned glass ball stopper was depressed.

Modestly deadpan, Athanase pretended he did

not know he had worked a miracle. I gestured towards the bottle. Athanase shook his head. The Syrian was back in a moment with the other bottle.

So we drank a silent toast, I in Haig & Haig, Athanase in Mountain Dew. Whom he drank to I could not tell. Perhaps, like me, to Miss Barclay and all her friends.

It was November when I next saw my mother. We sat together over the small wartime fire, — the raw night blacked out with heavy red curtains. We talked and she slept a little.

Hands to the tiny blaze I let my mind range. Within forty-eight hours I would be flying back to Africa. My father on the mantelpiece, young and in uniform, brave in gold lace and medals. Yet you could get killed just as dead with a hammered lead bullet from an Arab's muzzle-loading gun as with anything that Hitler could produce. Africa and my job. . . .

"I am sure Miss Barclay knows." My mother was awake again. "And how gratified she must be to know that she is still some use. But your sister. . . . We buried her at M'bweni on the mainland, but perhaps I never told you. . . ."

She was looking into the fire and I wondered what she saw. Purple seas and skimming dhows, the translucent coolness of early dawn, a laughing child, my father slim, handsome, and very straight cantering his pony to the office. . . .

Suddenly she laughed, shaking a little as she always does when she is really amused.

"Oh what fun!" she cried. "How Miss Barclay must be enjoying it."

"I PERSONALLY" AWARDS

OVER the years the *Atlantic* has established the claim of publishing the work of more new writers than any other national magazine in the country. This is particularly true in the field of nonfiction: here, the *Atlantic* has brought into print a succession of autobiographical narratives, the true stories of men and women who have shared with the reader the truth, the humor — and the difficulties — of a singular experience.

Remember Mary Antin, the impassioned immigrant, who spoke for millions in her touching account of "The Promised Land"; Lucy Furman, who wrote so tellingly of the Kentucky mountaineers; Eleanor Risley, operating — on a shoestring — her apple orchard in the Ozarks; and far north, Hilda Rose on her Stump Farm. Bill Adams and Hugo Johanson sent us their salty stories of the sea.

There were Nora Wain in the House of Exile, Agnes Newton Keith in North Borneo, and Betty MacDonald on her incomparable Egg Farm. Every one of them broke into print in the *Atlantic*.

To encourage more of such stories we have set up three awards of \$1000 for the three best autobiographical narratives submitted before June 1, 1948. The stories must be drawn from experience and be veritable in detail. The awards are not intended for war material, and fiction will be disqualified. The length is for each writer to determine, but we suggest manuscripts of not less than 2000 words or more than 25,000 words. The narratives may be written by an amateur or by a professional writer. On page 1 the contestant should write "For the I Personally Award"; and postage, we hope, will be enclosed. — THE EDITORS

Houses

Home-building in the United States is still paralyzed by high prices, crippling regulations, and old-fashioned methods. While we tolerate rickety tenements, cheeseboxes, and jerry-built new construction, we stubbornly disdain the great possibilities of prefabrication. England has created almost 200,000 pre-fabs since the war, whereas our best post-war year produced only 37,000. Such is the finding of ANTHONY F. MERRILL, who during his recent residence in England visited the building sites of every type of new post-war house and interviewed many of the urban and rural housing authorities.

BRITAIN HAD TO BUILD

by ANTHONY F. MERRILL

THE final score on British housing at the end of the war was 200,000 destroyed, 250,000 seriously damaged, and 4 million others cracked, chipped, and scarred. In addition to this real damage, there was hidden destruction in the complete cessation, for six years, of a building industry that had once produced as many as 300,000 new homes annually.

In 1938, Britain's 12 million dwelling units — many of them in condemned slums — overcrowded her more than 12 million families. During the war her population rose normally, but the adults married at a more rapid rate, so that the family population soared, storing up a potential of housing difficulties for the day when the soldiers came home. In other words, Britain's housing problems were exactly like our own except that they were proportionately higher and were seriously aggravated by war damage.

Reconstruction realists left the long-range housing needs to the statisticians. With most of the building trade in uniform and with war dislocation the apparent pattern for years to come, it was evident that the brick house which is standard in Britain would not solve any immediate housing problem.

Prefabrication seemed the only answer, and once the authorities came to that conclusion they moved with remarkable intelligence and speed. By October, 1944, Parliament had passed legislation which implemented a program for the construction of 160,000 "temporary" prefabricated houses designed to bridge the gap between immediate need and the hoped-for restoration of the home-building industry. Time and the world economic crisis were to widen this gap, but that was not at the moment foreseen.

By "temporary" the British meant a useful life of at least ten years. Actually the finished prefabricated product looks good enough for twenty and undoubtedly will be in service that long. But British prefabrication is not now confined to the

temporary structures alone. Though the authorities still cling to thoughts of brick for the 5 million homes needed in the next decade or so, prefabricated elements have held the center of the stage in Britain's permanent housing program, one in which the useful life of a dwelling is assumed to be sixty years.

The original idea was to produce a bungalow-type house for \$2400, and in this endeavor the prototype "Portal house" (after Lord Portal, then Minister of Works) made its appearance. A steel-walled prefab, it never got beyond the sample stage, but it did serve to establish the pattern upon which all the British temporary units have been manufactured.

What actually arrived on the building sites was a progression of house types all based on the Portal idea of a single-story bungalow on about 650 square feet of concrete floor slab, as tightly packed a living unit as the best architects of England could devise. The houses contained two bedrooms, a living room, a large kitchen, a bath with separate toilet (British style), two storage walls, and an entrance hall large enough to permit easy access to all adjacent rooms and also provide space for the baby's pram.

Steel looked like an ideal material until the effects of Britain's coal shortage and Germany's limited steel production made themselves felt in the over-all steel supply picture. Then lumber, which had been expected to trickle through from Continental supply sources, was shut off by economic complications. It was apparent that the pressure behind prefabrication also necessitated the use of new materials.

Today in England four types of temporary prefabs, ranging in cost from about \$4000 to \$5500, have been mass-produced. By far the most successful, and most expensive, is the aluminum house. Complete with fittings, it is entirely factory-built in converted airplane plants and is carried to the site in four sections on specially designed trucks. There is no aluminum shortage, and a steady stream of these sections has been rolling along the English

highways since manufacture began. The houses assemble on the site in less than an hour, complete with utilities tied on, ready for occupancy.

Britons are willing to pay what they consider a high price for a bungalow because the design of these houses is so good that recently it was modified only slightly and redesignated "permanent." The government promptly ordered 15,000 of these permanent dwellings for use in rural areas, where housing for agricultural workers is particularly poor, and for mining areas, where they will serve as incentives for miners and also as housing for the builders who must be moved into these areas to build new homes for the miners. One of the great deterrents in Britain's plans for labor conscription is her inability to house the labor she may wish to conscript and send to any given area.

Next to aluminum, Britain seems to have had her greatest success with prefabricated concrete slabs, "no fines" concrete, and the asbestos materials. "No fines" concrete uses no sand, only large aggregate, and looks like expanded cinder block. The asbestos cement sheeting, corrugated and flat, which is very popular in modern Britain for siding and roofing is used in America principally for industrial installations.

The Airey house, designed by Sir Edwin Airey, is a two-story, three-bedroom house which licks the framing problem with prefabricated concrete posts. Small concrete slabs about 3 feet long and 30 inches wide are attached to these posts until a wall is built up. A crew of six men can erect one of these houses in two weeks. The Ministry of Health, which has charge of the permanent housing program, thinks so much of the Airey house that it has ordered 20,000 to be delivered within a year as part of its rural housing plan. Since almost all housing has ceased in England's crisis, the Airey house may well prove to be the whole plan.

Another prefabricated unit is the Willoway foamed concrete house. Though foamed concrete houses are just in the bare pioneer stage in America, there is nothing startlingly new about this material. The Willoway method distinguishes itself in that it casts lightweight concrete panels to such fine tolerances that a semiskilled crew of four men can assemble the shell of a whole house with nuts, bolts, and a wrench.

The net result is that backward Britain finds herself well ahead of the United States in the mass production of prefabricated dwellings and their components. Since the war the British have completed more than 123,000 temporary pre-fabs and have 6000 more under construction. In the permanent sector, where pre-fabs are classified as "non-traditional" by a people whose taste in houses has not altered since the death of Queen Victoria, Britain has completed 14,000 pre-fabs and has about 50,000 more under construction. This makes a total of nearly 200,000 either built or now build-

ing. Though we have perhaps a wider interest in prefabrication here, nothing accomplished so far in America even approaches the British results. Our best post-war year gave us only 37,000 genuine prefabricated houses.

There are two reasons for Britain's advanced position in this industry. She has no labor union problem and she has overcome public sentiment against mass production by manufacturing a dwelling far superior to the Victorian inheritance which houses most of her population inefficiently. The secret of her success lies almost exclusively in the prefabricated plumbing unit which is virtually standard in every British temporary house and in many of the permanent ones. It is a complete factory-built package of stove, sink, refrigerator, and wash boiler on one side of a partition, with hot-water heater, storage tank, heated clothes cupboard, bathtub, and washbowl on the other.

Before the war modern kitchens existed only for the wealthy in an England where only one house in two hundred boasted a refrigerator. Now every housewife who gets a pre-fab also gets a kitchen beyond her dreams, and as far as she is concerned, it makes the house for her. As far as the designers are concerned, it is the greatest cost-saver in the whole expense of building the new British house.

We make a similar unit in America, and a better one, but union difficulties constantly block its use. It seems to me that prefabrication has entirely shifted the emphasis of labor in the housing picture, reluctant though American labor may be to admit it. For the worker, prefabrication offers full-time, all-weather job security in place of the transient and seasonal variety which is alleged to necessitate the high wages demanded by the construction trades. More than that, prefabrication is obviously the modern low-cost method, and in periods of economic slump it may offer labor the only job opportunities in the construction field.

Perhaps the most important lesson in both British and American production-line home-building is the ability of the factory to fill the critical and growing gap in the supply of skilled workers. The labor unions themselves have failed in an ostensibly honest effort to recruit apprentices into the less socially acceptable sectors of the building trade, and they cannot meet the demand for the craftsmanship required by conventional building.

Meanwhile units are being mass-produced in England, trundled to the building site on trucks, and slipped into place with an efficiency that is heart-breaking to the frustrated American pre-fab enthusiast. There is no doubt that we can outstrip Britain in prefabrication whenever we choose, but until the consumer accepts the idea of a factory-built home and until labor sees in factory building a more steady non-seasonal form of security, the British will continue to forge ahead of their ingenious Yankee cousins in the low-cost home-building field.



The Atlantic Serial



*An Oxford graduate and a born linguist, GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD had worked in Central Europe, Spain, South America, and the United States before he began to write the short stories and novels which marked him as one of the best. In 1939 when he had finished *Rogue Male* (from which came the exciting film "Man Hunt"), Mr. Household took a course of training for special Intelligence duties. As a result he was ordered to Egypt a week before the outbreak of war, with the very first draft of the new army, and for six years thereafter he never saw England. He served on a somewhat mysterious mission to Rumania, then as a Security Officer in Greece, Syria, Palestine, and Iraq. In 1945 he at last returned home, and there, after a year of rest, began writing *Arabesque*, a novel drawn exclusively from his firsthand experience and inside knowledge of Levantine politics.*

ARABESQUE

by GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD

THE Hôtel St. Georges in Beirut, though run by Greeks and staffed by Lebanese, remained tenaciously French. None of the guests who strolled from bar to bathing beach and terrace to restaurant appeared to have indigestion or to dislike the rest. Neither enjoyment nor activity nor smartness had necessarily any reality in 1941, but the hotel created a civilized environment in which anyone who wished could indulge, without effort, a sense of well-being.

Floating in the transparent solvent of French culture were guests of many nations. Casual British officers from the various missions leaned against the bar. Cheerful Australians from the camps under the olive trees ventured doubtfully upon unfamiliar menus. Sliding their round bodies between the tables with the grace of fish were the Greco-Egyptians from Cairo and Alexandria, overwhelmingly obliging in the drinks they were enchanted to stand and the contracts they were prepared to undertake. Christian politicians of the Lebanon presented to each other champagne and compliments, while the princes of Syria and Trans-Jordan, in robes of chocolate and gold, scowled with eternal dignity over little cups of coffee.

In and out through this invasion of males flitted a number of discreetly unattached women: young wives of the French Empire whose husbands, Free French or dubious, had parked them conveniently

in Beirut; mistresses of Vichy staff officers who, enthusiastically as the office-cleaners and canteen proprietors, had embraced the Cross of Lorraine; unmarried daughters of the Lebanon, modeling their frocks on Hollywood and their conventions on provincial society of the nineties. There were the consorts of the Alexandrian businessmen, whose sad and ruminating eyes looked out from the mascara, patiently ignoring the discomfort of too many jewels and too tight a brassiere. All these flowery women spent their mornings in bed or on the beach, their afternoons at the crowded beauty parlors, their evenings at the Hôtel St. Georges.

Whatever she did, Armande Herne felt herself to be classed among them. Their eternal delicate presence forced her into an infuriating self-consciousness. She might as well be living, she thought, in a dance hall where a beauty competition was being judged. If you dressed with some spirit, you were immediately mistaken for a competitor; if you defied local convention and were deliberately dowdy, you snobbishly set yourself apart. The competitors' relative degrees of virtue were unimportant; they were all so obviously out to catch the judges' eyes.

This lack of privacy was exasperating; except in her room she had none. It was impossible to have a meal or a drink alone, and difficult to pay for them. It seemed to her that she must know all existing

faces of the British Army — the kindly, the callow, the drunken, the weather-beaten and horsy, the strong-jawed and imperial, the scholarly with clean-shaven upper lip, the would-be military with neat mustache, the ultra-military with cat's mustache. Their names eluded her, though she knew uncountable nicknames. A mumble on first acquaintance represented the surname, and never thereafter was it repeated.

Such a multitude of her own countrymen carried her out of the slothful life of waiting. A few of these officers she had met casually in London; others had known her husband or her mother. It was hard to explain why, like the women of the hotel, she was doing nothing, and what she was doing in Beirut at all. Romantic young officers, finding her account of herself quietly evasive, set her up as the heroine of a false and fantastic legend. From one to another they passed the word that Armande Herne had been a lovely and gallant agent of their army.

Evasiveness was her fault, and she knew it; but, after all, there was no need to tell so long and involved a story to the casual military. She was half French, and it was France that, in 1939, she had chosen to serve. She had come to Beirut as secretary to an aircraft manufacturer; when, after the fall of France, her employer reluctantly returned to Paris, she remained. She had a year's salary in her pocket, and no heart to give herself to useless work in the defeated, disorientated world of a French colony. She waited, hoping and believing that the army would revolt from Vichy and join the British. It did not. It fought the British; and, for the duration of the short campaign, interned all British subjects including — politely and regretfully — Armande Herne.

2

ON this Sunday morning the hotel desk had just rung her room to announce that a gentleman wished to see her. As the manager was normally at some pains to protect those of his clients who had no desire for unknown callers, she could guess that the credentials of this visitor were beyond dispute; the guarded voice of the reception clerk, quite unlike the tone in which he announced a friend, an admirer, or a man of business, left her in no doubt that the caller was some kind — and, oh God, how many kinds there seemed to be! — of civil or military policeman.

She spoke to the gentleman on the telephone. His voice attracted her. It was deep, decisive, and with an odd musical rhythm of its own. He introduced himself as Sergeant Prayle of Field Security and said that he wished to talk to her. Armande was reluctant to be seen answering all the usual questions in a discreet corner of the hotel lounge. She told Sergeant Prayle to come up to her room in five minutes.

She used those minutes to arrange her black hair in the Madonna parting which had always impressed such callers with the purity of her motives and morals. Her large gray eyes looked back at her sedately from the mirror; then lit and twinkled at the passing thought that she dressed for security men very much as for a poetry reading in her Kensington flat. Armande felt a fraud, but since at the moment she had no doubt of her beauty, conscience was amused rather than reproachful.

Sergeant Prayle's appearance belied his attractive voice. He was tall and well-made, but wearing flannel trousers that did not reach his ankles, and a sports coat that had never recovered from being packed into too small a space. His lips were thin; his witch's nose was long and one eye was slightly larger than the other. His complexion, too fair to tan, was peeling from overexposure to the sun.

"Do sit down," said Armande, offering him a comfortable chair near the window. "What is Field Security?"

"A racket," answered Sergeant Prayle with relish.

"What sort of racket?"

"Unfair to the workers. I share this suit of civilian clothes with three lance corporals and the sergeant major."

"But why not wear your uniform, then?"

"Avoids embarrassment. Too many brigadiers popping in and out of bedrooms."

"I understand you want to talk to me," Armande reminded him, primly ignoring his last remark.

"But I really cannot imagine what about."

"Softly, softly, catcha da monkey," he murmured, and then added, seeing her bewilderment: "That means I really don't know myself."

There was charm in his crooked smile, but Armande had long ceased to have pity for mysterious males who wanted to ask her questions.

"If you are some sort of policeman," she said sharply, "you ought to know. If you want all the details about me, they are in my dossier at the *Sûreté Générale*."

"I know they are," he answered. "That's why I only want to talk to you."

"But conversation with you is so difficult," said Armande, relenting. "It's all bits and pieces. Surely that isn't the best way to find out what you want?"

"Well, you know, afterwards, when one thinks about what the other person said, there's something that sticks in the loaf."

Armande relaxed, and curled herself more gracefully into her chair. Her small head resting on one hand, she watched him with her individual and unconscious intensity of gaze. She was, by this time, beginning to be a fair judge of security men, though her experience thus far had been wholly of the French. This sergeant, she thought, could surely not be typical of the British service? Where were the keen eye and the professional leading ques-

tion? Where indeed was anything at all save a puzzled soul with some originality of expression? He looked a little like a commercial traveler in misfit clothes. He hadn't the faintest idea how to come to the point. She felt discomfort and pity as if a blind man were groping to touch her; she wanted to make the interview as easy for him as possible.

"What was it you really wanted to know?" she asked.

"Nothing."

"But you must have come with some idea?"

"I did."

"What are you honestly thinking of now?" she asked invitingly.

"You know."

Casually, abominably he waved his hand in a gesture that included her room, her bed, herself, as if the disposal of the lot were a mere convenience.

Such coarseness produced, always, a cold anger in Armande. Her normal reaction was to shut up and be conscious of good breeding. She might lose a shade of color, but indifference, untouchability, were as obvious to the offender as to her. She was therefore horrified to feel herself blushing. She rose. "Tell your commanding officer," she said, "that I shall be very pleased to give him any information he wants."

When Sergeant Prayle had left, Armande settled her aching head on the pillows and lay still, staring at the ceiling. She was exhausted by Prayle and the military in general. These men all gave her a sense of being on the defensive, morally and sexually. Yet what on earth had she done? She stayed in Beirut when she should have left. That was all. The Vichy French had thought she was a British agent, and interned her. Prayle thought — God knew what he thought! This ridiculous Prayle did not think at all. He jumped from one intuition to another.

All right then, she was mysterious to these idiots. All right, she was alone and passably good-looking and what, she supposed, they would call fair game. It all boiled down to this damned hotel. One lived in this glass tank of a hotel like a fish for the goggle-eyed public.

It was certainly time to do something. But what? She had two offers from senior officers at GHQ who wanted personal private secretaries. When she pointed out that she knew no shorthand and was a two-finger typist, they didn't seem to think it mattered. Secretaries in Cairo were evidently very personal and private.

In his letters John was always asking her why she did not join one of the women's services. There seemed to be any amount of them at home. In the Middle East they did not exist. Englishwomen, in fact, were not supposed to be in the fortress at all. The wives and daughters who had managed to avoid evacuation were all passably efficient secre-

taries, or running indispensable canteens and funds.

Was there, she wondered, any sort of amateur Intelligence work that she could do? Everyone assumed that she was fitted for it, though their opinions as to who might employ her apparently varied. She remembered a hint thrown out by David Nachmias. He had made a casual remark to the effect that there were interesting jobs around if one looked for them, but he was not conversational without a purpose. Nachmias was a Jew, born and bred in Palestine. Upon his broad and muscular stern, a firm base for operations wherever he set it down, he sat peacefully in the hotel listening to his excitable wife. When she disappeared, always in a flurry of smart scarves and feminine business, he sat on listening, equally peacefully, to Moslem and Christian Arabs. His quiet manners, his quality of outward simplicity, appealed to Armande. What David Nachmias was doing in Beirut so soon after the occupation by the British she had no idea. It was pretty evident that the British approved of him. He was said to be one of the Arab experts of the Jewish Agency, and a mine of information on the politics and personalities of Syria.

3

THAT afternoon she went down to the terrace of the hotel, sure of finding Nachmias. The crowded tables along the balustrade formed a semicircle between the sea and a dance floor. A band played hopefully, but it was too soon after the hour of the beauty parlor for the women of Beirut to risk their complexions in the sticky heat. An Australian officer and a nurse, snatching a moment of civilization after months of disciplined discomfort, were laughing gaily and dancing stiffly, alone on the floor, completely indifferent to the flashy foreigners who watched.

David Nachmias had chosen a table as far as possible from the band. He was moodily drinking coffee, while his wife's plump hands fussed over the tea, the slices of lemon, the cakes and ice cream. It was hard to guess their nationality or religion. Madame, tightly corseted in body and soul, outwardly expansive, was French to eye and ear. Nachmias, with his short hawk nose, clipped mustache, and powerful head, looked like a bored and prosperous Spanish manufacturer.

Armande went over to them, and was almost immediately served by a rushed waiter with a gin fizz. Tea was inadequate to deal with her odd combination of lightheartedness and a headache. She approved of David Nachmias. He never appeared to give an order, and he never howled for the *maitre d'hôtel*. While you were engaged with Madame or looking at the sea or criticizing the Assyrian curls of Lebanese women, miniature gestures of thumb and forefinger played between Nachmias and the nearest waiter, and what you wanted appeared.

"How do you manage it?" she asked him.

She had never waited less than quarter of an hour for a drink when sitting with anyone else.

"I am a Turk," he said solidly. "I understand them."

"*Mais, chérl!*" screeched Madame. "He is mad, my husband! He is no more a Turk than I am."

"But everyone knows you were educated in France, my dear," replied David Nachmias with lazy irony — whether true or not, Madame took good care that it should be known. "Whereas I am a child of the Ottoman Empire."

Armande was affectionately amused by Mme. Nachmias's excellent imitation of a Parisian lady who had been dragged to the Middle East against her will and only longed to return to Europe; it might even have deceived her if she had not heard Madame deal with an offending chambermaid in a screaming flow of invective which left no doubt that Arabic was her mother tongue. Her husband's wide Palestinian culture did not appeal at all to his wife. It smelled too much of humble origins.

"David!" Madame protested. "One would think you passed your life in chewing melon seeds or smoking a narghile!"

"I like to do both," he murmured.

"He is impossible, Mme. Herne! Do not believe a word he says! Everyone knows that the Jewish Agency could not exist a moment without my husband. And to say that he would not mind being ruled by Arabs! That, David, when you saw what the Arabs did in Safad!"

She tore the white, spotted scarf from her head with a sweep of the arm that expressed tragic exasperation, and fanned herself impatiently.

"Dear Mme. Herne, it was horrible! I, I who am speaking to you, I was nearly violated!"

"But you were not," said David Nachmias peaceably, "for one recognized you in time. No, Mme. Herne, do not misunderstand me. As things are, we must trust the Arabs to the Jews, rather than the Jews to the Arabs. We are excitable, I admit, but we do not cut women and children into little pieces. I am a Jew and I live and work for a Jewish Palestine — but I permit myself to regret the days when my country was not full of Poles and Germans, and the Arabs were more friendly. Like a good civil servant in England, I do what I am told but I do not always approve of it."

4

MME. NACHMIAS, implying her opinion that the conversation had become impolitely deep for the presence of two fashionable women, began to prattle trivialities. A French officer invited Armande to dance; when she refused on the grounds of heat and headache, he showed a tendency to hang about the table in the hope of being invited to sit down. To Armande's annoyance, Nachmias welcomed him

and Madame sparkled with conversation, playing the witty Frenchwoman of uncertain age.

As soon as Madame and the officer had, inevitably, reached the dance floor, David Nachmias said, "I suppose that you will be going to Cairo soon?"

This was an obvious invitation to talk of her plans. Armande realized that she had watched unsuspectingly one of Madame's disappearing acts, by which, without any collusion between husband and wife, David Nachmias was left alone with the person to whom he wanted to speak.

"Yes, I may — though I don't know what use I shall be when I get there."

"You puzzle us all, you know."

"But there isn't any mystery about me."

"Not to you, perhaps," he said. "But to the — what shall I say? — uninformed, you are a mysterious character. If you are ambitious, if you want to be used, that is the quality to be used."

"I do want to be used."

"Even if distasteful? You are charmingly fastidious, Madame."

"Even if distasteful."

"Do you think you could fascinate a very distinguished old gentleman? No more. Just fascinate."

"Is he married?"

"No. He is wildly romantic, but most unwilling to permit any interference with his liberty. A wife would destroy too much of him. He is wise enough to know it."

The music stopped. Mme. Nachmias did not return to the table. She led her officer to the bar.

"Is he very old?"

"Verging on sixty, I think. I call him old from respect and affection. He is always young in heart. You will like him. Of course what I am going to tell you is in the strictest confidence."

Armande nodded, without protesting her discretion. She knew that if David Nachmias chose to add himself to the number of people who talked to her unwisely, he was already sure of her.

"In the Lebanon there are a few families," he began, "who are the hereditary leaders of the Christians. They were the protectors of their people against the Moslem. They still take their responsibilities seriously. The heads of these families are not rich, not politicians — just chieftains of clans, as you would say. None of them can put more than a hundred men into the field, but that is quite enough to deal — in their own mountains — with an old-fashioned party of Moslem raiders."

"Sheikh Wadih Ghoraib is one of these chieftains. He foresees trouble after the war — who does not? — and he has brought his armaments up to date. This little campaign against the Vichy French was a godsend to him. His clansmen are strong in the hills above the coast road, where the fighting was hardest. They were crawling about the battlefields after dark, collecting weapons."

"Wadiah has been buying, too. When fighting is over, soldiers must relax," said David Nachmias with patient understanding. "They have reached the limit of endurance. They become careless of their arms. So there are plenty in the market. I have known an Arab enter a tent of tired men and steal eight rifles from under their blankets without waking one of them.

"Sheikh Wadiah has not been content with rifles. He has acquired a number of Hotchkiss machine guns and Brens. They cannot be left with him, Mme. Herne. When an Arab has machine guns — even if he is a Christian and educated in Paris — his one idea is to use them.

"We cannot force Wadiah to give them up. He will just swear that he has no arms, that it's all a malicious rumor. But I think they might be obtained, quite unofficially — so long, that is, as he got his money back. To put it bluntly, he might sell them. Not to Moslem or French or Jew, but to the British, yes — if the right person approached him."

David Nachmias paused.

"But why am I the right person?" asked Armande.

"Because he will know of your reputation. Everyone does. Weren't you interned by the Vichy French as a British agent? He is strongly pro-British and chivalrous. He will consider your arrival in Beit Chabab a most delicate attention to him. No moral lectures. No violent methods. Just a charming, mysterious operator with a business offer. I know Sheikh Wadiah. If you cannot succeed, nobody can."

"I'll try, if you think I should be any use," said Armande doubtfully. "But buying and selling arms seems to be the most awful crime. All these military lower their voices when they talk about it — just as if arms trading were something supernatural. Won't Sheikh Wadiah think I am just being used to trap him?"

"He will, at first. But when you have his confidence you can assure him, if you like, that the money will be paid by a British officer in uniform and that British soldiers will collect the arms. That cannot be a crime."

David Nachmias spoke with a casual air of authority that was convincing. Armande saw that it was stupidity to ask him for his credentials. What would they be? And how in the world would she recognize them?

It was, when you came to think of it, obvious that a new civilian recruit for any form of Intelligence must be picked up very much as she had been — watched, tested in many little conversations, and then told the minimum it was essential to know for the job in hand. The relationship was, in essence, intuitive and aesthetic. Character spoke to character. Vague, certainly — but, after all, the way in which real confidence between two human beings,

and especially between a man and a woman, was offered, was accepted and grew.

Nevertheless it seemed an elementary precaution to ask whether rumor was fact and David Nachmias was indeed trusted by the British. She suspected that of her hotel acquaintances Sergeant Prayle was the most likely to give her an honest answer.

For two days Armande failed to find him haunting, as was his custom, the hotel desk and vestibule. She discovered him one morning when, leaning far out over her balcony to see what had happened to a pair of stockings hung out to dry and carried off by the wind, she caught sight of a corner of the service entrance. Sergeant Prayle was sitting on the steps, teaching the tiniest of the Lebanese page-boys how to make a catapult.

She went down, and walked around the lower terrace of the hotel. Screams of orders, of protest, and of conversation issued from the kitchens, together with a powerful but appetizing smell of onions melting in a casserole. Sergeant Prayle and the page-boy were discussing the treatment and use of elastic from the inside of an old golf ball. They spoke in soldier's Arabic and Sergeant Prayle's French, and appeared to understand one another perfectly.

The page-boy fled through the service entrance and was swallowed up by the chaos within. Sergeant Prayle remained seated on the greasy top step. With a wave of his hand he offered the remaining length of it to Armande. She compromised by leaning against the balustrade where her head was level with his.

"You'll get him sacked," said Armande.

"Poor little devil!" he answered with a note of real pity and indignation in his voice. Then, "Whom are you looking for, Mrs. Herne, me or the page-boy?"

"You."

"Any trouble?" he asked.

"I want some information. On a person — if you are allowed to give it to me."

"We'll stretch a point, anyway. Whom do you want to know about?"

"David Nachmias."

"Why?"

"Is he really working for you?"

"For us? Good Lord, no!" he exclaimed. "We don't deal in big bugs like him. But he has certainly worked for other departments. During the campaign he used to go in and out of Syria just as he liked, and bring home the bacon every time. He's trusted, and no secret about it. But — be careful, won't you?"

"It's just that he offered me some letters of introduction to Arabs," Armande prevaricated.

"Then you're in luck. They respect him. Let me know what you're up to."

"I will of course," Armande answered conventionally.

5

BEIT CHABAB was outside the range and interest of troops — a tribute to the peace of the mountains under French rule. On the top of the ridge, among scattered pines, tiny single-storied stone villas were set wherever a pocket of soil among the rocks lent itself to the creation of orchard and vineyard. The village itself straggled for half a mile along the side of the ridge, flanked by a few houses of great age, by shops of rough timber and corrugated iron, by Roman buttresses and foundations which continued to support whatever ramshackle buildings succeeded one another through the centuries.

In time of peace the inn had been the favorite summer resort of a few French families, attracted by its silence and its cheapness. Even in 1941 Armande's primitive room and three good meals cost her only some five shillings a day. Nothing was clean but the red tiles which covered the floors of rooms and terrace alike, and were proudly scrubbed every morning by a Lebanese Cinderella, twelve years old and already mature beneath her rags. Beds, wardrobes, and chests of drawers held deep pockets of black dust in their old-fashioned curves and moldings.

Armande's aversion was overcome by her sense of adventure. An occasional bug could not be allowed to interfere with the equanimity of a secret agent. If sleep was too soon ended, she stood at the great window of her room and watched the sunrise come raiding over the high passes from Damascus and scatter through the valleys to the luminous sea.

When insect life and her initial horror had somewhat abated, she was extremely comfortable. The only other visitors at the inn were a Rumanian cabaret girl and her mother who lived quietly and cautiously in the hope that no one would think it worth while to intern them. The innkeeper, Anton Ghoraib, a humble member of Sheikh Wadiah's clan, treated all three of his guests with generous hospitality. Armande doubted if he could possibly be making a profit, and determined to ask David Nachmias whether Anton would be reimbursed by Sheikh Wadiah (for whose honor she was being overfed) or whether she herself should give him a lordly and Oriental present.

Sheikh Wadiah Ghoraib paid a formal call at the inn the day after Armande's arrival, driven in the village car — an immense Renault which was used for weddings, funerals, and the more important movements of the chieftain. A rider followed the car, his mount, his tarbush and his Turkish breeches of neat gray cloth showing him to be a retainer of consequence. He was Fouad, Wadiah's majordomo. Two humbler retainers, with black scarves round their heads and dusty black cotton trousers, detached themselves from a near-by café and squatted against the wall of the inn as soon as Wadiah had entered. The car and its owner-driver,

the horse and its rider, the two poor relations, remained at the foot of the steps in dignified idleness, supporting by the mere fact of their presence the prestige of Sheikh Wadiah in Beit Chabab.

As Wadiah Ghoraib mounted the steps to the terrace, Armande had no doubt who he was; there could be no other person of such distinction in the neighborhood. He was decently dressed in black, like any comfortable French bourgeois, with a resplendent watch chain across his sleek waistcoat. His face was round and of a healthy red. His blue eyes twinkled between the waxed points of a fair and lusty handle-bar mustache. Except for the red tarbush which seldom left his head he might have been a prosperous East Anglian auctioneer. So must have looked his Crusader ancestors, she thought, when they retired from carving up Mohammedans and settled down beside the ex-enemy as landowners and boon companions.

Wadiah introduced himself in perfect French and, after Armande's conventional responses, launched himself upon a flowery address in which he expressed the loyalty of himself, of all his people, and indeed of all the Christian Lebanon to the great British Empire.

"When I heard from our friend, M. Nachmias, that you were coming," he added, "I wished to place at your disposal a house of your own with women to wait on you. But would that, I wonder, be convenient? You must forgive us, Madame, if in our mountains we have forgotten the finer points of European delicacy. So, till I hear your wishes, I have ordered my good Anton Ghoraib to look after you. If you do not care for Lebanese dishes he will give you French, and if you do not care for French he will give you English. Anton!" he called. "Were you not taught to make an English plum pudding?"

"Yes, Sheikh Wadiah," said Anton, appearing instantly upon his terrace.

"Then you will give Madame a plum pudding every day. And whiskey. You will give her all the whiskey she requires."

Armande did not like to seem boorish by limiting the quantity of plum puddings — that could be done later in private conversation with Anton — but she felt compelled to enter a mild protest against whiskey.

"I am half French, you know, Sheikh Wadiah," she said. "I drink a little wine, and that is all."

"Anton," Wadiah ordered, "you will obtain some of the Archimandrite's wine from Mlle. Pitescu. And, Anton, Mlle. Pitescu must move elsewhere."

"Oh, no!" Armande entreated. "She is such a lovely thing. I like to look at her."

"That, Madame, is truly Parisian! You have a delicacy of thought which one misses in our women of the Lebanon. I must admit that I also like to look at her — as an old man, with benevolent in-

terest, may observe the moon even in the presence of the midday sun."

"When a man is beyond doubt a man," replied Armande, plunging boldly into the Arabian Nights, "even a — a heavenly body forgets his age."

"Charming, Madame!" Sheikh Wadiah chuckled, giving a gallant twist to the ends of his mustache. "Charming! That does not belong to Europe at all. Do you not speak Arabic?"

"Not a word, I am afraid."

"You must learn. Arabic is the language for a witty woman."

Armande found herself liking Sheikh Wadiah, and felt a tinge of regret that their relationship was founded on insincerity. She had feared that her victim would be distasteful to her, and deliberate fascination that much the harder; it was now evident that the obstacle to duty would not be his manners or appearance but her own conscience.

"Will you teach me Arabic?" she asked.

"Willingly, Madame, if you stay here. But I do not think that in wartime you will remain long with us in Beit Chabab."

Such a response to the invitation of her eyes was unexpected. Wadiah had warned her that he was not a child, that he knew perfectly well she had come to his village for a definite object. His reference to wartime, however, was comforting; it suggested that he had picked up whatever rumors had been laid out for him, and that he did not question her bona fides.

Sheikh Wadiah then transferred his whole interest and attention from Mlle. Pitescu to Armande. This, she decided, was due to the romance of her reputation rather than her looks, for Floarea Pitescu had a warm classical beauty with which, on the basis of sheer appeal to the senses, there could not be any competition.

Floarea herself showed no jealousy; indeed she had welcomed Armande's influence. She frankly admitted that she was under the temporary and most discreet protection of the Archimandrite of Tarsus and Philadelphia, chief drone of the local Orthodox monastery, and that she had no desire to draw attention to herself by becoming involved with a prominent Lebanese.

"The Church," explained Floarea apologetically, "is in no way exigent. He is very mild, my Archimandrite."

"But — but too hairy," Armande protested.

She was shocked at herself for taking anything but a passive part in so intimate a discussion; yet the Archimandrite's hair and beard, ritually uncut, were of such an uninviting luxuriance that they compelled remark.

"My dear, he takes a lot more care of it than we can." Floarea shook back her auburn hair, which was badly in need of a wave and had returned to its original black at the roots. "I tell him that he must lend me his monk."

"He has a monk to do it?"

"I'm sure he has. He swears he does it all himself. But do you believe it? All those corkscrew curls down to his shoulders? He's a dear Archimandrite, all the same," said Floarea sentimentally.

"Will you be able to see him often when you leave Beit Chabab?" Armande asked.

"But he belongs here. And I — to the world," answered Floarea wonderingly. "It's most unlikely we shall ever meet again."

Her tone completely excluded the possibility of any suffering.

"I want to be a great dancer, and I shall," she went on, trying with her slow, lovely smile to thaw Armande's frozen expression. "I *can* love, my dear, but Mama says not yet."

"Your mother —" began Armande severely.

"She is not my mother really. I just call her Mama. Romanova is my teacher. But for the public we are mother and daughter, and in our hearts."

To Armande, Romanova was a rotten old woman — a retired dancer who gave herself all the airs of a former star of the Imperial Russian Ballet, but in fact was neither Russian nor had ever risen higher in her profession than the cabarets of Balkan capitals. She was plastered with layers of dirty powder, and she gave the impression of spending all her leisure in an unmade bed. All that could be said in Romanova's favor was that she trained Floarea industriously and with faith. For three hours a day she hammered on the evilly resonant piano in Anton Ghoraib's empty winter dining room and bullied her pupil, until the pair were mutually exasperated, the sweat shining on Floarea's clear skin and forming a pale mud in Romanova's wrinkles.

6

THE mountain air after the sticky heat of Beirut, the sense of useful adventure, the society of two such original characters as Sheikh Wadiah Ghoraib and Floarea Pitescu, snatched Armande in a week out of the miasma of depression.

Sheikh Wadiah was continually and delightfully gallant, but showed no signs of falling in love. Day after day Armande talked politics with him, or rode or lunched with him.

Wadiah's house was an old, untidy building on the main street, presenting, like the inn, a massive and windowless lower story to the road, within which were the stables and storehouses. On the first floor was a tiled entrance hall, thirty feet square. Wadiah would meet her at the foot of the steps, and usher her past the gesticulating retainers into the summer sitting room. There would be gathered some eight or ten of his rivals, friends, or relations with their wives and daughters. The men were intolerably polite; the women drearily arch, all pretty, all badly and heavily painted. They sat on furniture of the eighties, covered with red

plush and cushioned in imitation leopard skin. The chatter lasted half an hour: a desert of time wherein only coffee was served. Then Sheikh Wadiah would give his mustaches a purposeful twist and lead his party across the hall for lunch.

The table was always decorated with a vast cold fish at one end, and a variety of Oriental creams and salads at the other. When those had been eaten, the main dishes were all placed on the table simultaneously: chickens, pigeons, crisp *Koubbé* made of meat and pine cones, a whole suckling pig or lamb. The men and their wives sipped *araq*, their daughters water; but for Armande and himself and any guest who was interested Sheikh Wadiah produced a specially selected local wine. This he would set on the table with a small speech of introduction, deprecating its quality in comparison with the wines of France, but giving the history of the vineyard or shop or family where he had discovered it.

Under the influence of Sheikh Wadiah's beaming face and of the pleasures his table offered to eye and palate, society manners began to fall away. Men and women forgot to speak their stilted French and settled to the laughing, exaggerated Arabic. Questioning of Armande became outrageously personal but merry and sincere. She felt that she was liked.

Since she was a person of supposed importance, Wadiah's friends pestered her with small requests — a job for a nephew, a box of sporting cartridges, a minor army contract, even a witness of standing to swear in the Beirut courts that a smuggling Ghoraiib had been somewhere where he was not.

Apologetically she passed on the requests to Nachmias and was amazed to hear from the gratified supplicants that they had been granted with Western promptitude. The nephew got a job in the Customs. The Ghoraiib's case was dropped before it ever came to court. Beit Chabab was at her feet. She waited for her moment, not without impatience, knowing that sooner or later it would arrive.

Sheikh Wadiah was a frequent visitor at the inn, calling to keep an eye on Anton's activities and menus, or sitting for a while with Armande whenever he fetched her or brought her home. On these visits he never moved from the terrace, so that the inhabitants of Beit Chabab, whatever cheerful lies they might invent, should have no open evidence for scandal.

7

IN HER turn, Armande formally invited Sheikh Wadiah to lunch, and after long consultation with Anton planned a meal that was to be a marvel of delicacy in its marriage of French and Arab cooking. To her party, as ever on the terrace, she invited Wadiah and a picturesque bachelor cousin who was a captain of Levant irregulars, Floarea Pitescu, her Archimandrite, and the Romanova.

The September dusk in Beit Chabab was still warm as an exceptional English summer evening, and silent except for the murmur of voices in the street and the rushing of the stream through its gorge a thousand feet below. Wadiah was wearing native costume, and in most courtly mood; he looked as if he were riding on his way to argue the case of the Christians with the Caliph. The Archimandrite of Tarsus and Philadelphia was exquisitely Byzantine. His curls, lustrous as a Jewess's ringlets, fell from his brimless, chimney-pot hat to his shoulders, whence his great beard carried on the formidable cascade of hair, black even against the blackness of his robe. Over his champagne, his sandwiches, and Floarea he made little hieratical gestures with beautiful hands, dedicating the fleshly pleasures in the spirit of a poet rather than a priest.

Floarea herself was demurely dressed, but quite obviously wearing nothing of importance underneath. Whenever she passed in front of a lamp — which she did more often than was needful — the Archimandrite approved the revelation with a paternal smile, and the captain of Levant irregulars looked wildly and in desperation to the Romanova, who listened, with the professional patience of one who had passed her life as a receptacle for champagne and men's idiotic confidences, to a long and incoherent story about his horse.

Armande and Wadiah drifted to the edge of the terrace, and Armande leaned against the parapet, her face in shadow. Wadiah, who lounged only upon cushions intended for the purpose, stood bolt upright at her side. Solid and in the flower of his age, he grew upwards from the level tiles, tarbush and mustaches pointing to heaven.

"How can I serve you, Madame?" he asked gently. "I feel that you are here for a purpose and that you are ready to tell me. I too can be direct as a European if it is expected of me."

Armande looked down at four of Wadiah's dusty retainers, who were clustered at the foot of the steps drinking the coffee and *araq* she had sent to them.

"We are not very private," she murmured.

"They do not understand enough French. If we do not raise our voices, there is no better place to talk. Tell me — what do you want from me?"

"Your friendship."

"Answered like a princess of Damascus! You have it, and my devotion. What use can I be to you?"

"Will you serve my country?"

Sheikh Wadiah forgetfully raised his voice in reply and the retainers looked up at the ring of pride and command, familiar though in a foreign speech.

"Madame, I have fifty men who will obey me absolutely, and each of them will bring ten more. Say the word, and I will lead my Ghoraiibs against the Germans. They shall learn to drive and fight in tanks. By the Glory of God, but they shall learn"

"Men we do not need," Armande answered, and added tactfully, "not yet, at any rate."

"What then?"

"Arms."

The word crashed into the pool of romance and shattered its fair surface. Wadiah did not move, did not show his distaste for the forbidden and mercenary subject, but she felt his spirit walk away from her, lonely and disillusioned, into the companionable lanes of Beit Chabab.

"Arms? Madame, believe me, we have none that matter. Our few old rifles — what are they to the great British Empire?"

Armande turned to the light and to him, eyes and body materializing from the dusk in one appeal to listen and to restore their intimacy.

"I have not been there, but I have talked to so many who were in the desert," she said. "I know what they need. Remember that we are besieged, we are in a fortress, even you and I. And there are no arsenals. Every weapon has to be brought from England, round the Cape and up again to Suez. Every weapon costs the lives of seamen who bring it and soldiers who wait for it. Even — even a dozen machine guns make a difference, now, in the desert."

"So few?"

"So few — really."

The ring of passion in her voice almost persuaded her that her words were true.

"Then — but I thought there were thousands of tanks, that battles were fought in monsters I cannot imagine," he said. "For the fighting man, is war much as always?"

"As always, so they tell me. We are attacked on all sides, and they fight for us with what they can."

"If I had arms, if I had any arms," cried Wadiah enthusiastically, "I would do what you ask."

Armande was silent. In his voice too was a note of truth, although unduly masculine and rhetorical. But David Nachmias had been very sure; and to her, knowing Wadiah's vanities as she did, it seemed unlikely that he could not arm his men at need, and arm them well.

During this disapproving pause, Wadiah paid some attention to his mustache.

"Is it true you will give us independence after the war?" he asked at last.

"So far as I know, yes. But I thought you wanted to be a colony?"

"That was a compliment, Madame, and perfectly sincere. All the same, we know that you will keep your word, and give us independence."

"The promise might be a compliment, too," said Armande mischievously.

Sheikh Wadiah chuckled.

"Really, Madame! Sometimes you make me think I am dealing with an old Turk. You paint a beard upon your lovely chin, as a little boy defaces an advertisement."

"And with no more skill," said Armande, holding out her hand as if to show its inefficiency.

Sheikh Wadiah bent and kissed it. How perfectly, she thought, he managed every gesture! The touch of the mustache was firm and positive, utterly different from the conventional flick of the French officer, or a passing passion that spent itself upon her hand.

"You will keep your word, Madame," he repeated. "And for a generation we shall regret it. But independence is the way of the world, and must be taken. And then? Then we shall be robbed by our own politicians instead of by the French. We are mad to want independence; but since we do want it we need arms."

"All that may be true," said Armande boldly, "but you are like the French. You think too far ahead. The other wars may never happen. Help your fellow Christians. We will pay you for any arms you surrender now."

Her cheeks flushed with excitement. She felt no longer a prim young nuisance to an older man. Sheikh Wadiah rested his eyes on her with delight.

"Pay? Never!" he declaimed. "Madame, am I a Jew or a Moslem that I should haggle with arms? I am a Christian chief. What has been taken from Christians shall be returned to them. Let us ride to Jerusalem with my arms and lay them before General Wilson himself!"

"Shall we? Is it possible?" asked Armande, catching his enthusiasm.

"In these days? You think so?" Wadiah hesitated, and then sighed. "Ah, Madame, it was the Crusader in me who spoke. I forgot a lifetime's experience of public officials. We should spend a year in jail before the police admitted the purity of our motives. No, Madame! I will deliver what you require discreetly, but only into sure hands and against an official receipt. What do you suggest?"

"I think a British officer should take them over," answered Armande.

"You are right. In uniform and of the rank of major at least. With his own men and his own transport."

"I can do that."

8

SERGEANT PRAYLE knew that he was by nature as inquisitive as an old hen. At the fatness of human nature he would peck eagerly, watching this way and that for the motive under the action, scratching up emotion to discover truth. He had been transferred from the Yeomanry to Field Security because he spoke French. He spoke it fluently and grammatically, but as if its consonants and vowels were those of his own language. This almost unintelligible accent, above all when employed in idiomatic profanity, greatly endeared him to the French, who considered him less suspiciously bilingual than

his colleagues. His Field Security Section had taken him to France, and his own ability to extract anything out of the masses, from chickens to a horse and cart, had taken the section out again through Dunkirk and had advanced him to the rank of sergeant. Soon after his return he had been posted to the Middle East. His section spent an agitated winter up and down the Western Desert, and in the summer of 1941 were moved into the Lebanon to clean up after the campaign.

Sergeant Prayle was still hopelessly lost among the customs and political currents of the Middle East, and knew it; but he was stimulated by the freedom of his job.

In the Middle East, Field Security knew themselves to be few and to be trusted. Prayle's section were housed in a billet of their own choosing, which stood, fifty yards from the coast road, at the end of the blind alley behind a grocer's shop. It was a convenient pull-in for the detachments of Field Security who passed up and down the road from Mersa Matruh to the control posts on the Turkish frontier. Little brown convoys of motorcycles and a truck, piled high with the baggage of the NCO's and the section officer, would often park in the yard, and the men, ruddy and fresh from England or brown and disillusioned as the Arabs with whom they had long mixed, would stay a short night in the billet, full of carefully controlled excitement at their movement from one historic station to another. Sometimes a lone sergeant roared importantly down the alley, himself and his motorcycle crusted with coastal dust or mountain mud, and emerged from his wrappings into the bar as a fairly presentable young man; sometimes a shabby individual, dismounting from the nearest tramcar, carried his seedy suitcase through the yard, to be hailed by his nickname and asked whether he had yet forgotten his English.

The Sergeant was grossly overworked, and never more content in his life. He spent the mornings checking the arrivals of strangers at the Beirut hotels and on other assignments; his afternoons — since he was a competent shorthand writer in French and English — were devoted to Major Guy Furney, onetime don of Cambridge University.

"Your glass, sir, is empty," said Sergeant Prayle reproachfully. "Say when."

He poised a bottle over the specially generous spirit-measure which the section used for visiting officers.

Major Furney was spending the evening with the section. This very English Gestapo, with its picked men, had evolved a social code of its own for the bar. Officers were unhesitatingly allowed the conventional address of "sir" and were treated with deference just in so far as awkward subjects were avoided; rank, otherwise, did not exist, and mixing was so effortless that guests, whether majors or

privates, could conform easily to the standards which they found in force.

"When! When!" said the Major. "Thanks. Incidentally, how is the Armande?"

"Went to Jerusalem a month ago," Prayle replied. "Took her little suitcase and got a lift from a major general."

"Guy," interrupted Captain Wyne, the section officer, "your duty clerk is on the telephone, and says it's urgent. I'm awfully sorry."

"Oh, damn duty clerks!"

Furney dropped his neat and unmilitary pince-nez to the end of his nose, grimaced and went out to the section office.

On his return Furney's step was jaunty.

"Anybody know where Beit Chabab is?" he asked.

"At the back of beyond, off the Damascus road," Wyne answered.

"Have you got a detachment anywhere near?"

"No."

"Little Doings was there in September," Prayle remarked. "Holiday with an old wog."

"Little Doings being —?"

"Armande Herne."

"And the wog?"

"Wadiah Ghorab."

"Well, you'd better come along. Are we reasonably sober, Sergeant?"

"Duke of Wellington, sir."

"What stage is that?"

"Sober enough to beat the enemy."

"May I take him with me, Bill?" Furney asked. "Montagne is at my office in a rage — a flap rampant."

9

THEY found Major Montagne of the Free French waiting in Furney's office and watched suspiciously by his duty clerk. Prayle gave him a sinister nod as from one conspirator to another, for he rejoiced in Montagne. Those preposterous boots, the bush-shirt, the very short (and somewhat ragged) shorts, were so entirely right; if Montagne's gaunt figure had to be clothed in uniform, though built for the shabby tie and jacket of the agitator, then the uniform was just right.

Montagne detached from his lower lip a yellow scrap of paper, and helped himself to another cigarette from the box which Furney offered.

"Guy, I have come with a very serious complaint."

"Official?"

"Not yet."

"Thank God! Well, let's have it."

"I tell you, it is serious," said Montagne severely. "Was it not agreed that the French should collect all the arms in the Lebanon?"

"That was the arrangement," Furney admitted. "We don't like your methods, but it's your funeral."

"Bah! These Arabs only understand force. What I want to know is: why the devil are you collecting arms yourselves?"

"We are not," Furney replied positively. "Have our Australians been up to something?"

"Nothing! They are brave children, your Australians, and more honest than you." Montagne drew a sheet of typed paper from his wallet. "No, look here."

Montagne handed him the sheet. It read:—

This is to certify that Sheikh WADIAH GHORAIB of BEIT CHABAB has delivered to me for surrender to the proper authorities:—

12 Hotchkiss M/G	} French Army Marks
20 charged belts	
4 Thompson S.M.G.	
8 magazines	
15 Bren L.M.G.	
15 magazines	

Furney passed the receipt over to Prayle.

It was signed by a major with the usual illegible and fairly uncultured scrawl. The orderly room stamp was genuine. The paper, in size and texture, was a Stationery issue; the typewriter, an army Oliver. The descriptions of the arms did not seem to have quite the professional exactitude of the Ordnance at leisure, but then the whole transaction was unprofessional.

"Stage property," said Prayle.

"Why?"

Sergeant Prayle hated to take the sense out of his own remarks by explanations.

"Just a guess."

"How did you make Sheikh Wadiah give up this receipt?" Furney asked Montagne.

"He replaced it in his pocket a little carelessly."

"But who on earth and . . . how much was he paid?"

"He said that a detachment of British soldiers took the arms away in a truck and that the British Secret Service knew all about it," answered Montagne primly.

"How many times shall I have the honor to point out to you, *mon vieux*," asked Furney, exasperated, "that there is no such thing? There are various departments of Intelligence with various jobs to do, just as in your army."

"*Mon cher*," Montagne interrupted, "you are not now lecturing little bourgeois in your damned school. I have been up to see that old fraud, Wadiah. I assessed him at a hundred rifles and told him they must be delivered. I made no threats. He has heard how we collected arms in the south. He knows I would billet twenty men and horses on him and make him feed them until he coughed up his arms. Well, I should have accepted fifty rifles. And to think he had all that merchandise."

Furney laughed, seeing that further argument was hopeless. "But what did Sheikh Wadiah say?"

"Well, he gave me an excellent lunch, and after swearing all day that he had no arms at all, he told me at last to go and ask the British. I was not too polite about my allies. I told him that it was with France he had to deal, as always. And then he had the insolence to exchange some remarks with me. When I thought he was about to spit in my face, he produced this paper. There are times, you know, when Albion is really perfidious."

"There are times," Furney retorted, "when some damned idiot in Albion thinks he's being clever."

"Any bad characters been in Beit Chabab?" asked Prayle innocently.

"There are two harmless Rumanians. We know all about them."

Wadiah, then, had not mentioned Armande's visit. That fact was in itself suspicious. Prayle stored it away to be worried later.

"I simply cannot imagine who authorized this," said Furney. "The only people it could possibly be are some of those new commando lads who take their orders direct from Cairo. I promise you I will get on to Jerusalem in the morning and find out."

"My dear Guy," Montagne exclaimed with a sudden rush of emotion, "it is extraordinary how I trust you. You know, there is not another person in Beirut whom I trust. Well, you will not forget to let me know soon about Sheikh Wadiah?"

"And now, Sergeant Prayle," said Furney, after the Frenchman had left, "will you kindly have the blasted goodness to tell me what you meant by *stage property*."

"Just that," Prayle answered. "You know."

"I do not know. Explain."

"It smells."

"What of?"

"Little Doings winning the war with a nice, new brassiere and a tray of poppycock."

"If necessary," said Furney thoughtfully, "could you go to Jerusalem and interview Little Doings, as you call her? It's out of our territory, but I suppose no one would object."

10

SERGEANT PRAYLE entered the CO's office in Jerusalem and gave him a cracking regimental salute. It was always best to be on the safe side with unknown officers. Captain Fairfather looked up and grinned appreciatively, faint amusement in his eyes suggesting that he accepted this tribute from one amateur soldier to another at its full worth as evidence of good manners. He was middle-aged, bald, with a spare face, deeply lined. He would have given the impression of a lean regular officer if it had not been for an air of being continuously entertained at finding himself an officer at all.

"Pull up a chair, Sergeant," he said, "and tell me all about it. How did you get here?"

"A lift to Ras Naqura, sir, and then on with the Palestine Police."

"Ah! So you know some of our problems already."

Prayle smiled in silence, not knowing whether he was intended to take this remark in the sense he preferred.

"Well, now suppose we compare notes about this Armande Herne. A soldier's dream, Sergeant. I don't say for all of us, but — it's a long way from home, and we've been here a long time. And when you get an Englishwoman of undoubted charm — undoubted! Though perhaps a little self-conscious. What do you think?"

"Kensington, sir. She can't get over it."

"With long legs like that? You're unjust, Sergeant. She dances beautifully, too. She should with those legs."

Prayle did not reply. He resented conversation about Armande's legs.

"Her face," said Captain Fairfather, "is altogether too spiritual for me. Very hard to live up to. Hard for herself, too, perhaps. Yes, now perhaps I see why you —" He leaned forward, and his eyes, though they did not cease to twinkle amiably, lit with a hard interest. "Sergeant, if that young woman isn't straight, she's dangerous. She's just exactly what we all miss."

"Isn't she straight, sir?"

"I thought so. But I only have what Captain Wyne told me in his letter. Well, go easy on her. It's quite preposterous to think of her being mixed up in a sordid arms racket. I knew her husband slightly in London. A dull fish, but restful. Have my chaps made you comfortable?"

"Yes, sir."

Prayle suddenly felt that he would be safe in asking for advice. This was not a man to condemn Armande merely because she was potentially dangerous. "What do you think, sir, down here," he asked, "of David Nachmias?"

"He's a very good friend of mine. Down here? Well, down here we're all much too afraid to think.

If we lose the war in the Middle East, the Arabs will revolt, and if we win it, the Jews will revolt. What's the use of thinking?"

"Has Mrs. Herne seen him?"

"Not much. And, by the merest accident, I know he is not anxious to be with her. I asked the Nachmiases to a meal with Armande, and Madame accepted with delight. She knew Armande in Beirut, I gathered. And then David turned the invitation down on a flimsy excuse."

"What's your reading of it?"

"The merest conjecture. Armande has contracted an attack of Zionism. Now, Zionism with ignorance is a nuisance — embarrassing to a man like David Nachmias. He's a most able politician. He has no patience with patriotism without technique. He doesn't think in terms of America and Poland; he thinks in terms of Arabs. A dozen of his sort *could* make a Jewish Palestine."

"Whom does he really work for?" asked Prayle.

"The Jewish Agency first, foremost, and all the time. But their interests are often ours. And you mustn't think the Agency is some sort of sinister secret society. Jews — Zionist Jews, that is — all over the world elect their representatives, and the representatives elect an executive to administer the National Home. That executive is the Jewish Agency. Its constitution is democratic; its methods are — well, I've never decided who does the most harm, the Agency orators or the Palestine Government. Our people, you see, have no patience with hysteria. We show our distaste. We don't even like having them to lunch in case they make speeches at us. That's all wrong. Treat a Jew as if he were the Messiah (it's amazing how often he thinks in his own heart that he is) and he'll eat out of your hand. Where does Nachmias come into your problem?"

"Back door, sir, if at all. Shall I talk to him first?"

"God forbid!" Captain Fairfather exclaimed. "If it comes to interrogating Nachmias, we'll have to have it done on the highest level."

(To be continued)

Acent on Living

THIS MONTH

"Now *there* is really something," said the Coast Guard skipper, picking up his binoculars. "That's the way to go to sea, no doubt about it."

It was a bright summer morning, a decade ago, and the cutter was idling along, some fifty miles off Boston Harbor. Coming up from the south was a handsome black freighter — big, competent, and looking like a specimen of calendar art with her glossy hull and snowy upper works. She had two separate superstructures. "They're putting out quite a lot like that now," the skipper remarked. "That forward house is for passengers — twelve of them." The freighter, he judged, was Norwegian, not more than two or three years old.

He handed me the glasses. I could see Chinese ideographs on the bow and, as she neared, in small letters, the name *Tai Yin*. I could see, too, the sparkling windows of a miniature promenade deck, the glint of polished brass here and there, a yacht-like standard of paint and perfection. She was bound for Boston and we watched her out of sight.

I do not read the ship news columns. It struck my interest, consequently, to find myself, on a winter evening in the following year, looking at a heading "Arrived Yesterday" and underneath it: "*Tai Yin* (Nor.), Far East Ports via New York." It was fairly late and a bad night, a Boston February, but I wanted to go aboard the *Tai Yin* and show her to my wife.

All we had to do in those innocent times to drive out on the Army Base pier at ten P.M. was to tell the watchman at the gate that we were looking for the *Tai Yin*. "Out at the end of the pier," he said. "Just keep going, can't miss it." It was high water, and we parked the car when the towering black hull came up in our headlights.

At the head of the gangway was the watch, a young seaman in a parka, heavy mittens, the stout-

est kind of cold weather boots and trousers. I asked him if we could go through the ship. He had no English but he was wonderfully polite and escorted us inside out of the weather; he left us, reappearing shortly with a steward and the First Officer. I remember the steward especially: he was wearing a starched wing collar, a bow tie, a shepherd's plaid vest, and a white jacket. They both made us feel that they had been hoping for just such nameless sight-seers.

The First Officer was a terrier-like little man with a big voice and an immense flashlight. Courteous, hospitable, he was proud of the *Tai Yin*; it was impossible to keep a ship clean in port, he said, as we stepped out on deck, but I noticed, when he turned his big light up and down the scuppers, that they were painted white and that not so much as a burnt match

was there to litter them. After we had gone up a ladder to the enclosed promenade deck, the First Officer did not hesitate to throw his beam on the deck itself and I could see that he was expecting comment. The pale buff of the wood was distinctive and I tried a long shot. "Teak," I said to my wife. "What a beautiful deck." The First Officer was delighted. Yes, it was teak but — as he hastened to apologize — the deck was in terrible condition, always the case when a ship lay in port. My own guess was that the deck had been scoured daily ever since it was laid.

The quarters for the *Tai Yin*'s passengers consisted of eight or ten two-berth cabins, all outside and with large oblong ports, plenty of light and ventilation, and for that matter, an amazing amount of room. The furnishings, showers, baths, were about like those of a first-class hotel only they were cleaner. The *décor* was in the modern Scandinavian manner with light, honey-colored woods and simple designs. From the main lounge, a handsome



room which fourteen knots would aerate comfortably even in the tropics, occupying roughly the forward half of an upper deck, one looked out over the bow.

Rates for passengers, the First Officer told us, worked out to a little less than \$5 a day — a matter of some \$500 if one stayed with the *Tai Yin* on her shuttle to Hong Kong and return. At a 10 per cent higher rate, the ship offered a tiny suite. As I recall these values, I can hardly believe what could have been ours for the taking — so pleasant an adventure, in such fine company, at so modest a cost.

The Captain would be disappointed if we failed to look in on him, the First Officer said. So, we all sat down with the Captain, and the steward produced Danish beer. The Captain was a six-footer, and he must have weighed well over 225 — a blockhouse of a figure, with huge hands, a barrel chest, gentle manners. Like the others, he was pleased to see any visitor who admired the *Tai Yin*. Yes, the

passengers always seemed to enjoy the ship, he said, and as soon as the *Tai Yin* got below Norfolk on the way out, he rigged a canvas swimming pool on the bow. He kept the pool rigged except when he encountered a typhoon. The ship was in a typhoon after leaving Shanghai some weeks back.

The Japanese were bombing Shanghai at about that time, and my wife asked the Captain if he had any trouble there. He construed her interest as the master of a fine ship would, and not as one concerned with entanglements between the diplomats and generals who live ashore. "No, I never have any trouble getting in and out at Shanghai," the Captain replied. "There is always plenty of water in the river at Shanghai."

The *Tai* boats stopped coming to Boston when the war broke out. I never heard again of Captain Axelson and the *M.S. Tai Yin*. I hope they are still afloat and that some day I shall go to sea with them.

C. W. M.

TRAVEL

Until recently a correspondent associated with the Paris office of the National Broadcasting Company, WILLIAM BIRD is now living in Morocco.

MOROCCO

by WILLIAM BIRD

MOROCCO is a land better suited to the lethargic insouciance of a Huck Finn than to the energy and enterprise of a Tom Sawyer. People with impatient natures had better avoid it. The pace of life is set by the donkey and the camel, not by the motorcar or the airplane. After a few days here I began forgetting to wind my watch at night, and as I write this I am not quite sure whether it is Wednesday or Thursday, nor does it seem to matter.

Getting to Morocco from America is not easy these days. For those whose time is limited, the plane trip (Pan American or TWA), changing at Lisbon to a Portuguese plane for Tangier, is the only satisfactory solution. It costs \$375 each way, with a 10 per cent reduction if you buy a round-trip ticket. There are no passenger liners running to

Moroccan ports from the United States. Freighters will sometimes consent to take a few passengers — it depends on the whim of the captain. The Elwell Line has two or three ships a month for Lisbon, Tangier, and Casablanca. If they agree to take you, the fare is \$300. The trip takes about 18 days.

The French have a twice monthly service from Marseilles and occasional sailings from Bordeaux, but these are often booked solid for months in advance. An alternative is to reach Algeciras or Gibraltar by train or motor, and thence take the daily ferry to Tangier or Ceuta. (Although the Pyrenean frontier is closed to Frenchmen, it is open to Americans.)

Tangier is, so far as I know, the only place in the world where exchange, whether of gold or currencies, is entirely free. Two moneys, the Spanish peseta and the French Moroccan franc, are legal tender, but the moneys of every other country in the world are readily exchanged at rates which vary from day to day with the supply and demand. A dollar today buys 40 pesetas in Tangier, against 16 in Spain. It buys 340 Moroccan francs, although in French Morocco (as in France) it will buy only 214. One who wishes to visit French Morocco will do well to touch at Tangier first to change his money. Each traveler is entitled to take 10,000 francs from



Tangier to the French zone, and also to transfer 50,000 francs by the intermediary of a bank.

Tangier, moreover, is well worth a look. It is an inextricable tangle of races and civilizations, the latest models of American automobiles honking their way through seething masses of Moors, Berbers, and Arabs. Moslem women, white-shrouded, their black eyes peering through slits in pink veils, hurry ceaselessly to and fro on mysterious but obviously urgent errands. The town awakes at dawn with the shouting of muezzins from the minarets, calling the sons of the Prophet to their devotions, and with the clatter of numberless market donkeys, each carrying a burden bulkier than himself. All day and every day (most particularly on Sundays) the city is filled with strident noise and clashing color, and far into the night may be heard the wails and moans of singers and stringed instruments in the Moorish cafés of the Old Town.

Tangier is an all-year resort, never hot in summer and never cold (though often rainy) in winter. But the tourist will not linger long here. French Morocco, a country nearly as large as France, though with only a sixth of the population, will absorb most of his time. It is a land of endless variety and inexhaustible charm. Its climate is enviable — “a cold country where the sun is hot” was Marshal Lyautey’s description of it. Even in midsummer you will want woolen clothing, and a topcoat at night; and even in midwinter the noonday sun can be so hot that you will be glad to adopt the custom of the siesta. Except in July and August, however, it is seldom uncomfortably warm.

The French wisely left the old Moroccan native towns intact, building a modern city alongside each. You stroll through the new cities of Fez, Rabat, Casablanca, Marrakech, with the feeling that you are in a French provincial town; suddenly you pass through a gate and find yourself in the Baghdad of Haroun-al-Raschid. Nothing in these native Moroccan cities has changed for centuries. Cobblers, coppersmiths, jewelers, grocers, perfumers, spice merchants, drapers — all ply their ancient trades at the very stands built by their ancestors of the Middle Ages.

Nowhere in the Near or Middle East, so far as I am aware, is anything so “Oriental” to be found as the old cities of Fez or Marrakech. Yet Fez and Marrakech are widely different. Fez is aristocratic, sedate, medieval. Its ancient *medersas* — Koranic universities — are frequented by scholars from the entire Moslem world, while its souks, in a tangle of narrow alleys covered with lattices to keep out the

blistering noonday sun, are beyond question one of the wonders of the modern world. In Marrakech, the capital of the South, the incomparable attraction is the Djemaâ-el-Fna, a market place dozens of acres broad, where camel trains arrive each morning from the Atlas, bringing fruits and grains. The Berber peasants camp here all day amid scenes of indescribable noise and confusion. Snake charmers, acrobats, dancers, musicians, entertain them, while native storytellers find eager listeners for their modern versions of the Arabian Nights.

If you have brought your own car, you may have great difficulty these days getting fuel, except at the black-market price of a dollar a gallon or more. More dependable are the railway and the motorbus, which, though not rapid (I told you not to be in a hurry!) will take you to most of the places worth seeing. From Tangier to Fez takes a little over eight hours, for a distance of less than 300 miles. Fez is worth a long visit, both for its own sake and because it is a convenient center for excursions to the holy city of Moulay Idriss, where no *roumis* or non-Mohammedans are allowed to reside, to the Roman ruins of Volubilis, or to the hot sulphur springs of Moulay Yacoub.

One may then make a leisurely progress to Casablanca, with stops at Meknès, the ancient Berber capital, and Rabat, seat of the Sultan and of the French protectorate. From “Casa” (which touristically is perhaps the least interesting of the Moroccan cities) there is a reasonably fast train to Marrakech (four hours). And here we are on the edge of the desert, and almost in the shadow of the Great Atlas range.

Except in the hottest months, a visit to the Anti-Atlas (beyond the range) is recommended. This area was subdued only a few years before the war, and has seen comparatively few tourists. It is a land of wild beauty and unspoiled native life. Detailed information about transportation and lodgings (which often will be in government-operated hostels) can be obtained from the *Syndicat d’Initiative* in Marrakech.

On the material side, I have found Morocco by far the cheapest country I have visited since the war. My wife and I had a comfortable room and bath in Tangier for \$1.50 a day, and throughout French Morocco prices were a shade lower. We could have found adequate accommodations for as little as \$1.00 a day, or we could have enjoyed something approximating luxury for about \$3.00.

But everywhere, there is a shortage of rooms, and the unexpected guest does not easily find one. The



day composed of breasts and limbs
swinging thighs and hers and hims
spattered canvas stand and balk
or quiet with affection walk

Lest this cheerful communiqué suggest that American aid is superfluous, let me add that the statistician's Italy — now, as always, a poorer country than France — is no bounteous opera land. It is the highly advantageous exchange rate which creates the impression that there is an abundance of everything, and at a reasonable price. For the man with dollars, there is.



Last summer the exchange rate in banks was around 500 lire to the dollar (somewhat more than the official rate), and from 630 to 660 on what we call the "black" and Italians more realistically the "free" or "parallel" market — the basis used for calculations in this piece, since it is, to quote an Italian banker, "quasi-official." In effect the Italian government, with a characteristic mixture of nonchalance and good sense, does nothing to prevent the visitor from securing the most favorable rate.

Any amount of American currency may be taken into Italy or transferred to you from your bank via American Express. Bills of \$20 and less command the highest rate, but travelers' checks too can be cashed on the "parallel" market at better than the bank rate. Even the customs officer at the frontier, when I groaned that the enormous duty on my cigarettes was *un disastro*, offered to convert the sum into dollars at the quasi-official rate. Officialdom, too, appreciates that the quasi-official point of view is good for the tourist trade. And so it has been. Italy last summer was crowded with English and French getting the most out of their restricted travel allowance, with prosperous Swiss, wealthy Egyptians, and Americans of all income groups. Tourist expenditures have in turn fortified the lira, one of the few currencies whose dollar value has risen during the past eighteen months.

In addition to being cheap and easy, life for the tourist is a cheerful affair. I never encountered any of the sourness or apathy which I found prevalent in France, or the lassitude apparent in England. The Italians are giving full scope to their talent for creating a gala atmosphere. The throng in any *piazza* gives one the sensation of having strayed into a festive crowd scene in a Puccini opera. Every holiday is a minor carnival.

What also makes Italy one of the most heartening places in Europe is the remarkable resilience of the Italians, whose eagerness to make the country a going concern — they have no wish to be a great power — has achieved impressive results. Railway lines and bridges, which suffered devastating bombardment, seemed to be everywhere in commission. Despite the shortage of materials, I saw building in progress wherever I went, and not infrequently whole blocks of new houses completed. A pioneer in the electrical field, Italy has already produced an enormous number of radios, phonographs, and household appliances. The shops in the large cities and resorts are well stocked with every type of

clothing, at prices which to Americans are lower than those at home — men's pure silk ties at \$2.00, for example, and women's fine quality suede gloves at \$2.50 to \$3.50. A made-to-measure afternoon dress of heavy silk taffeta at Gori's in Rome on the fashionable Via Condotti cost \$65; Cifonella, one of the most noted tailors in Europe, charged one third more for a man's suit — prices which must be set against those of the most exclusive establishments in America. The tourist will find first-rate buys in Venetian glass and lace, Florentine ceramics and embroidered lingerie, silk fabrics, art books, and most types of leather goods. Of necessities, the only expensive items are soap, razor blades, and American cigarettes. The latter are for sale on every street corner at 65 cents a pack.

It is high time to explode the dreary cliché that tourists "live off the black market." In Italy, for all practical purposes, *there is no other market*. The butcher, baker, or grocer will sell any amount of any commodity without ration coupons, and it is no under-the-counter transaction. A ration card brings the price down, but the basic ration is so derisory that all but the poorest Italians make most of their purchases off the "free" market.

There is no taxi problem in Italy. You can always find a cab which, appearances to the contrary, will get you where you want to go with no more assistance than a good push. Seventy-five cents will carry you from one end of Rome or Milan to the other; the normal rate averages about 25 cents (except at night, when the rate is doubled). The legal tariff is forty times the pre-war rate shown on the meter. Anyone who can afford it will reap high dividends out of taking over a car. Tourists get a monthly allowance of 75 gallons of gas and 6 kilos of oil at the special price of \$48. Additional gasoline can be purchased on the "free" market for about \$1.20 per gallon.

The tourist who is careless, as I was, cannot afford to be nonchalant about travel arrangements. I found that if one's movements were planned at least a week in advance, it was usually possible to get a train, plane, or bus reservation via one of the travel agencies. It was highly advisable to make a hotel reservation at the same time. When taking off at short notice, the best procedure was to ask the hall porter of the local hotel *de luxe* to wangle a train reservation through his special station agent, a distinctly less than quasi-legal operator, whose costly services are available only to the porters of palace hotels. The economic but foolhardy alterna-



TRAVEL

MUSICIAN, journalist, and novelist, JOSEPH WECHSBERG is traveling in Europe, whence he sent us this account of present-day Switzerland.

TOURIST IN SWITZERLAND

by JOSEPH WECHSBERG

IF you happen to arrive at the Swiss border in the morning, don't miss the thrill of your first breakfast in a Swiss dining room. Good strong coffee, which is strictly a "parallel market" treat in Italy, Switzerland's neighbor number one. Crisp, white rolls, all but a sad memory to the people in France, neighbor number two, where the bread now tastes like one part maize, one part cement, and one part about-time-we-had-another-government. Butter and eggs and jam and milk — most people in Austria and Germany, neighbors number three and four, will swallow hard and ask what those things taste like. All this served on china, silver, and gleaming white linen, in the grand manner of a country which has given birth not only to Pestalozzi and Gottfried Keller but also to César Ritz.

Almost immediately after crossing the border there is striking evidence of opulence and prosperity in the heart of an impoverished continent. The heaps of rubble and half-ruined houses are replaced, as on a magical revolving stage, by picturesque chalets which seem to be slightly overgrown music boxes. You wouldn't be surprised if you could fold back their roofs and listen to the melody of "The Blue Danube" (musical compositions are one of the many things the Swiss have to import). The desolate fields of Austria, the neglected roads of Germany, have vanished and you see well-paved highways reminding you of American roads without a middle lane, and neatly cultivated fields and gardens, with every little space being used.

On the sunny slopes of the Valais Alps, grain is grown at an altitude of 6500 feet above sea level. Somewhere you've heard — correctly — that Switzerland is really a poor country because it can feed only three fifths of its people and depends on imports for the rest of its foodstuffs. Of its 15,950 square miles, only three quarters are productive, and one third of the arable land is used for stockbreeding. This makes for interesting photographs

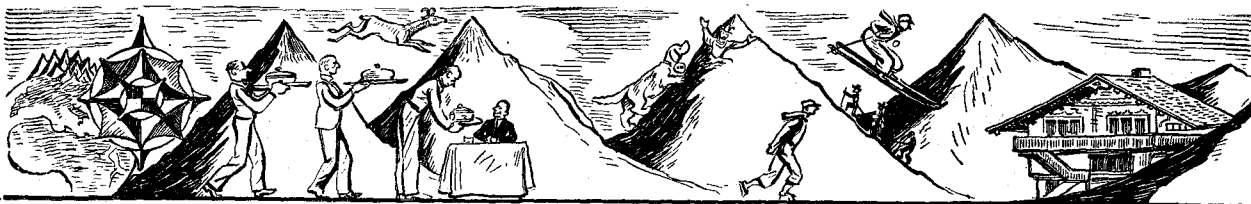
and beautiful cowbell sounds every morning and evening, when the cattle are being driven to and from the pastures, but also for the less publicized fact that during the war the rich Swiss had to ration bread to half a pound per day per person.

All morning long, pillows and sheets are stacked up in the windows of the houses for airing; no Swiss housewife would omit this ritual, which is said, not quite logically, to guarantee good sleep at night. Most Swiss probably sleep well anyway because they can take their rest with a clean conscience. Very few people get murdered, robbed, raped, or beaten up in Switzerland; and since not many citizens are prosperous, the Swiss don't have to resort to the despicable tricks of inhabitants of poorer nations, who must steal, swindle, bribe, or murder their way through life. There is no illiteracy in Switzerland, and everybody reads a great deal. They have more newspapers in proportion to population than any other country, and publish over 3000 new books a year, which is not bad for $4\frac{1}{2}$ million people. (At the same rate of publishing, American publishers would have to bring out some 95,000 new volumes a year, which would be awful.)

Everybody is well or at least comfortably dressed, and even in the poorer districts you won't meet people with worn-down heels. There are hardly any slums or beggars. The city of Zurich, population 351,444, has over 400 millionaires, although, with taxes what they are, it is almost as difficult to become a millionaire in Switzerland as in America.

Visitors from countries with lower living standards claim that the Swiss have become rich in two world wars by doing business with both sides. To this the Swiss answer that they have adapted the principle of permanent neutrality, "out of profound conviction," renouncing any kind of power-politics. The profound convictions have paid off handsomely. In 1943, when the rest of the world was getting poorer by the second, the Swiss National Bank had gold reserves of over four billion Swiss francs — enough to cover the total circulation of bank notes.

It is said that the biggest building in a Swiss village is the school. This may be true; but the biggest building in a Swiss city is a bank. In Berne, the big banks stand near the palaces of the governing bodies, perhaps not quite accidentally. Swiss banks are veritable citadels of capitalism, arrogance, and stone, and in their subterranean vaults there are hidden billions of undeclared savings from practically every European country where the citi-



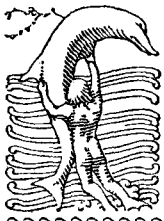
There are three classes, but no one travels first class except railroad officials who don't pay, and

You can phone to every Swiss city by simply dialing a prefix. No inland call is more expensive than 70 rappen (18 cents). If you call up the operator and ask her to, she will wake you the next morning. This may be necessary, as the Swiss have an unfortunate habit of getting up early. All over Switzerland people wash and brush their teeth at seven. Bank presidents, professors, and directors are at their offices at eight. In Paris or London you will be fortunate to find such people by ten o'clock. Hard work and long hours have been one of the few secrets of how the Swiss have raised their country to so high a level of prosperity.

by WINONA McCLINTIC

Two by two the Badgers go
From the pass in the whirling snow,
Till snug and sound
Each Badger found
At Badger Inn below.





Books and Men



*When W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM was asked to select and edit the ten best novels in world literature, he thought at once of Balzac, Dickens, Tolstoy, and Dostoevsky; then the choice became difficult. Finally he chose three novels from France, two from Russia, one from America, and four from England, and for each book he wrote an introduction. His appraisal of Flaubert's *Madame Bovary* we printed in November, his essay on Fielding and *Tom Jones* in December; in January he discussed Balzac and *Le Père Goriot*, and in February the Brontës and *Wuthering Heights*. The set of the Ten Best Novels will be published by the John C. Winston Company.*

THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV

by W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

I

FYODOR DOSTOEVSKY was born in 1821. His father, a surgeon at the Hospital of St. Mary in Moscow, belonged to the white-collar class of poor professional men. He was a stern man. He deprived himself not only of luxury but even of comfort in order to give his children a good education and from their earliest years taught them that they must accustom themselves to hardship and misfortune to prepare themselves for the duties and obligations of life. They were never allowed to go out alone, they were given no pocket money, they had no friends.

When Dostoevsky was seventeen his mother died and his father took his two elder sons, Michael and Fyodor, to St. Petersburg to put them to school at the Military Engineering Academy. Michael, the elder, was rejected on account of his poor physique and Fyodor was thus parted from his only comrade. He was lonely and unhappy. His father either would not or could not send him money and he was unable to buy such necessities of life as books and boots or even pay the regular charges of the institution. His father, having settled his elder sons and parked three other children with an aunt in Moscow, gave up his practice and retired with his two youngest daughters to a small property some hundred miles from Moscow. He took to drink. He had been severe with his children, he was brutal with his serfs, and one day they murdered him.

At the Academy Fyodor worked well, though

without enthusiasm, and having completed his term, was appointed to the Engineering Department of the Ministry of War. What with his share of his father's estate and his salary he had now five thousand rubles a year. He rented an apartment, conceived an expensive passion for billiards, flung money away right and left, and resigned his commission because he found service in the Engineering Department "as dull as potatoes." Soon he was deeply in debt. He remained in debt till the last years of his life. He was an incorrigible spendthrift.

While still at the Academy Dostoevsky had begun a novel and now, having decided to earn his living as a writer, he finished it. It was called *Poor Folk*. He knew no one in the literary world, but an acquaintance, Grigorovich by name, knew a man, Nekrasov, who was proposing to start a review, and offered to show him the story. That day Dostoevsky came home late. He had spent the evening reading *Poor Folk* to a friend and discussing it with him. At four in the morning he walked home.

He felt he could not go to bed and sat at the open window, looking at the night. He was startled by a ring. "It was Grigorovich and Nekrasov! Rushing into the room in transports and almost in tears they embraced me again and again." They had begun to read the book, taking it in turns to read aloud, and when they had finished decided, late though it was, to seek Dostoevsky out.

"Never mind if he is asleep," they said to one

another, "let us wake him. This thing transcends sleep." Nekrasov took the manuscript next day to Belinsky, the most important critic of the time, and he was as enthusiastic as had been the other two. The novel was published and Dostoevsky found himself famous.

On the strength of his success he signed contracts to write a novel and a number of stories. With the advances he received he proceeded to lead so dissipated a life that his friends remonstrated with him. He quarreled with them, even with Belinsky, who had done so much for him, because he was not convinced of "the purity of his admiration," for he had persuaded himself that he was a genius and the greatest of Russian writers.

His debts increased and he was obliged to work with haste. He had long suffered from an obscure nervous disorder, and now, falling ill, feared he was going mad or falling into a consumption. The stories written in these circumstances were failures and the novel proved unreadable. The people who had so extravagantly praised him now attacked him and the opinion was general that he was written out.

But his literary career was suddenly interrupted. He had joined a group of young men, imbued with the socialistic notions then current in Western Europe, who were bent upon certain measures of reform, especially with the emancipation of the serfs and the abolition of censorship; they were harmless enough and seem to have done little more than meet once a week to discuss their ideas; but the police had the group under surveillance and one day they were arrested and taken to the Fortress of Peter-Paul. They were tried and condemned to be shot. One winter morning they were taken to the place of execution, but as the soldiers prepared to carry out the sentence, a messenger arrived to say that the penalty was commuted to penal servitude in Siberia. Dostoevsky was sentenced to four years' imprisonment at Omsk after which he was to serve as a common soldier.

2

IN PRISON Dostoevsky's loneliness, amid hundreds of companions, drove him back on himself: "through this spiritual isolation," he writes, "I gained an opportunity of reviewing my past life, of dissecting it down to the pettiest detail, of probing my heretofore existence, and of judging myself strictly and inexorably." The New Testament was the only book he was allowed to possess and he read it incessantly. Its influence on him was profound. From then on he preached and (as far as his willful nature permitted) practiced humility and the necessity of suppressing the human desires of normal men. "Before all things humble yourself," he wrote, "consider what your past life has been, consider what you may be able to effect in the future, consider how great a mass of meanness and pettiness

and turpitude lies lurking at the bottom of your soul." Prison cowed his overweening, imperious spirit. He left it a revolutionary no longer but a firm upholder of the authority of the crown and the established order. He left it also an epileptic.

When his term of imprisonment came to an end he was sent to complete his sentence as a private in a small garrison town in Siberia. It was a hard life, but he accepted its pains as part of the punishment he merited for his crime, for he had come to the conclusion that his mild activities for reform were sinful; and he wrote to his brother: "I do not complain; this is my cross and I have deserved it." In 1856 through the intercession of an old schoolfellow, he was raised from the ranks and his life became more tolerable. He made friends and he fell in love.

The object of his affections was a certain Maria Dmitrievna Isaeva, wife of a political deportee who was dying of drink and consumption and mother of a young son; she is described as a rather pretty blonde of middle height, very thin, passionate and *exaltée*. Little seems to be known of her, except that she was of a nature as suspicious, as jealous, and as self-tormenting as was Dostoevsky himself. He became her lover. But after some time Isaev, her husband, was moved from the village in which Dostoevsky was stationed to another frontier post some four hundred miles away and there died. Dostoevsky wrote and proposed marriage. The widow hesitated, partly because she had fallen in love with a "high-minded and sympathetic" young teacher called Vergunov and had become his mistress.

Dostoevsky, deeply in love, was frantic with jealousy, but with his passion for lacerating himself and perhaps his novelist's passion for seeing himself as a character of fiction, did a characteristic thing. Declaring Vergunov to be dearer to him than a brother, he besought one of his friends to send him money so as to make it possible for Maria Isaeva to marry her lover. He was able, however, to play the part of a man with a breaking heart sacrificing himself to the happiness of his well-beloved without serious consequences, for the widow had an eye to the main chance. Vergunov, though "high-minded and sympathetic," was penniless, whereas Dostoevsky was now an officer, his pardon could not be long delayed, and there was no reason why he should not again write successful books.

Dostoevsky and Maria Isaeva were married in 1857. They had no money and Dostoevsky had borrowed till he could borrow no more. He turned again to literature; but as an ex-convict he had to get permission to publish and this was not easy. Nor was married life. In fact it was very unsatisfactory, which Dostoevsky ascribed to his wife's strangely suspicious, painfully fanciful nature. It escaped his notice that he was himself as impatient, irritable, neurotic, and unsure of himself as he had been in the first flush of success. He began various

pieces of fiction, put them aside, began others and in the end produced little and that little of no importance. In 1859, as the result of his appeals and by the influence of friends, he succeeded in getting back to St. Petersburg.

He settled down in the capital with his wife and stepson and together with his brother Michael started a literary journal. It was called *Time* and for it he wrote *The House of the Dead* and *The Insulted and Injured*. It was a success and for the next two years his circumstances were easy. In 1862, leaving the magazine in charge of Michael, he visited Western Europe. He was not pleased with it. He found Paris "a most boring town" and its people money-grubbing and small-minded. He was shocked by the misery of the London poor and the hypocritical respectability of the well-to-do. He went to Italy, but he was interested neither in art nor in architecture and he spent a week in Florence reading the four volumes of Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*. He returned to Russia without seeing Rome or Venice. His wife had contracted tuberculosis and was now a chronic invalid.

3

SOME months before he went abroad Dostoevsky, being then forty, had made the acquaintance of a young woman who brought a short story for publication in his journal. Her name was Polina Suslova. She was twenty, a virgin and handsome, but to show that her views were advanced she bobbed her hair and wore dark glasses. After Dostoevsky's return to St. Petersburg they became lovers. Then, owing to an unfortunate article by one of his contributors, the magazine was suppressed and he decided to go abroad again. The reason he gave was to get treatment for his epilepsy, which had for some time been growing worse, but this was only an excuse; he wanted to go to Wiesbaden to gamble, for he had invented a system to break the bank, and he had made a date with Polina Suslova in Paris. He borrowed money from the Fund for Needy Authors and set out. At Wiesbaden he lost much of his money and tore himself from the tables only because his passion for Polina Suslova was stronger than his passion for gambling.

They had arranged to go to Rome together, but while waiting for him the emancipated young lady had had a short affair with a Spanish medical student; she was upset when he walked out on her, a proceeding women are not apt to accept with equanimity, and refused to resume her relations with Dostoevsky. He accepted the situation and proposed that they should go to Italy "as brother and sister," and to this, being presumably at a loose end, she consented. The arrangement, complicated by the fact that they were so short of money they had on occasion to pawn their bits and pieces, was not a success and after some weeks of "lacerations" they

parted. Dostoevsky went back to Russia. He found his wife dying. Six months later she died. He wrote as follows to a friend:—

"My wife, the being who adored me, and whom I loved beyond measure, expired at Moscow, whither she had removed a year before her death of consumption. I followed her thither and never once throughout that winter left her bedside. . . ."

Dostoevsky somewhat exaggerated his devotion, for during that winter he went twice to St. Petersburg in connection with a new magazine he had started with his brother. It was no longer liberal in tendency, as *Time* had been, and it failed. Michael died after a short illness, leaving twenty-five thousand rubles of debts, and Dostoevsky found himself obliged to support his widow and children, his mistress and her child. He borrowed ten thousand rubles from a rich aunt, but by 1865 had to declare himself bankrupt. He owed sixteen thousand rubles on note of hand and five thousand on the security of his word alone. His creditors were troublesome and to escape from them he again borrowed money from the Fund for Needy Authors and got an advance on a novel which he contracted to deliver by a certain date.

Thus provided he went to Wiesbaden to try his luck once more at the tables and to meet Polina Suslova. He offered her marriage, but such love as she had had for him was now turned to dislike. One may surmise that she had become his mistress because he was a well-known author and as the editor of a magazine might be of use to her. But the magazine was dead. His appearance had always been insignificant and now he was forty-five, bald, and epileptic. It is understandable that his sexual pretensions exasperated her beyond endurance; for nothing makes a woman more cruel than the desire of a man to whom she is not physically attracted; and she left him to go back to Paris. He lost all his money at the tables and was obliged to pawn his watch. He had to sit quietly in his room in order not to get up an appetite which he had not the means to satisfy. He began another book, under the lash, he says, of necessity and against time. He was penniless, ill and wretched. The book he was writing under these conditions was *Crime and Punishment*. Desperately in need of cash he applied to everyone he knew, even to Turgenev, with whom he had quarreled and whom he both hated and despised; but he took Turgenev's money and with it returned to Russia.

But while still at work on *Crime and Punishment* he remembered that he had contracted to deliver a book by a certain date. By the iniquitous agreement he had signed, if he did not do so the publisher had the right to issue everything he wrote for the following nine years without paying him a penny. Some bright person suggested that he should employ a stenographer; this he did and in twenty-six days finished a novel called *The Gambler*. The stenog-

rapher was twenty, but homely. She was efficient, practical, patient, devoted, and admiring; and early in the year 1867 he married her. His relations, fearing that he would not thenceforward help them as much as before, were displeased and treated his young wife so badly that she persuaded him to leave Russia once more. He was again heavily in debt.

This time he stayed away four years. At first Anna Grigorievna Snitkina, for such was his wife's name, found life difficult with the celebrated author. His epilepsy grew worse. He was irritable, thoughtless, and vain. He renewed his correspondence with Polina Suslova which did not conduce to poor Anna's peace of mind, but being a young woman of uncommon good sense she kept her exasperation to herself. They went to Baden-Baden and there he again began to gamble. He lost all he had and as usual wrote to everyone likely to help for money and more money, and whenever it arrived slunk off to the tables to lose it. They pawned whatever they had of value, they moved into cheaper and cheaper lodgings, and sometimes had hardly enough to eat. Anna Grigorievna was pregnant.

His first child was born at Geneva and Dostoevsky was enchanted. But he continued to gamble. He was bitterly repentant because his weakness lost the money which would have provided his wife and child with the necessities they so badly needed. After three months the child died, and he was prostrated with grief. Anna Grigorievna was again pregnant, but he felt he could never love another child as passionately as the little girl he had lost.

Crime and Punishment had been a great success and he was already at work on another book. It was called *The Idiot*. His publisher sent him one hundred rubles a month, but this did not prevent him from being in continual straits and he was continually asking for further advances. *The Idiot* failed to please and he started on yet another short novel, *The Eternal Husband*, and then on a long one called in English *The Possessed*. Meanwhile Anna was pining to go home. But they had no money and Dostoevsky's publisher had already advanced more than the book could be expected to earn. In desperation Dostoevsky appealed to him again. The first two numbers had already appeared in a magazine and faced with the fear of getting no further installments he sent money for the fares. The Dostoevskys returned to St. Petersburg.

This was in 1871; Dostoevsky was fifty and had ten more years to live.

He was become a passionate Slavophile and looked to Russia to save the world. *The Possessed* was received with favor and its attack on the young radicals of the day brought its author friends in reactionary circles. They thought he could be made use of in the government's struggle against reform and offered him the well-paid editorship of a paper called *The Citizen* which was officially supported. He held it for a year and then resigned owing to

a disagreement with his employer over a proposal which, reactionary though he now too was, proved more than he could swallow. But by this time the good and practical Anna had started a publishing business of her own and brought out editions of her husband's works so profitably that for the rest of his life he was released from want.

His remaining years can be passed over very briefly. Under the title of *The Journal of an Author* he wrote a number of occasional essays. They were immensely successful and he came to look upon himself as a teacher and a prophet. This is a role which few writers have been disinclined to play. He wrote a novel called *A Raw Youth* and finally *The Brothers Karamazov*. His fame had increased and when he died, rather suddenly, in 1881, he was esteemed by many the greatest writer of his time. His funeral is said to have been the occasion for "one of the most remarkable demonstrations of public feeling ever witnessed in the Russian capital."

4

I HAVE tried to relate the main facts of Dostoevsky's life without comment. The impression one receives is of a singularly unamiable character. Vanity is an occupational disease of artists, whether writers, painters, musicians, or actors, but Dostoevsky's was outrageous. It seems never to have occurred to him that anyone could have enough of hearing him talk about himself and his works. He was utterly lacking in self-control, but it may be that this should be ascribed to the epilepsy from which he so severely suffered, in which case he cannot be held responsible for it. Neither prudence nor common decency served to restrain him when he was in the grip of passion. But his weakness is nowhere more manifest than in his mania for gambling. It reduced him time after time to destitution.

The reader will remember that to fulfill a contract he wrote a short novel called *The Gambler*. It is not a good one, but it is interesting in that the heroine, Polina Alexandrovna, was apparently suggested by Polina Suslova, and offers an early sketch of a type, the woman whose love is commingled with hatred, which he drew with greater elaboration in later books. It has the added interest that in it Dostoevsky very acutely describes the feelings he knew so well which seize the unfortunate victim of the gambler's passion; and after you have read it you understand how it came about that notwithstanding the humiliations it caused him, the misery to him and those he loved, the dishonorable proceedings it occasioned, the constant need to apply to friends, already wearied of providing him with money — notwithstanding everything he could not resist the temptation. He was an exhibitionist, as to a greater or a less extent are all those who, whatever art they practice, have the creative instinct.

His sentimentality was mawkish and his humani-

tarianism bootless. He had small acquaintance with the "people" to whom, as opposed to the intelligentsia, he looked for the regeneration of Russia and he had little sympathy with their hard and bitter lot. He violently attacked the radicals who sought to alleviate it. Ernest Simmons in his book on Dostoevsky remarks that the remedy he offered to the frightful misery of the poor "was to idealize their sufferings and make out of it a way of life. Instead of practical reforms, he offered them religious and mystical consolation."

Dostoevsky was vain, suspicious, quarrelsome, cringing, selfish, boastful, lacking in self-control, inconsiderate, narrow, and intolerant. But that is not the whole story. While in prison he had learned that men may commit crimes of murder, lust, or theft, and yet have qualities of courage, generosity, and of loving-kindness towards their fellows. He had learned that no man is all of a piece, but a hotchpotch of nobility and baseness, of vice and virtue. Dostoevsky was the least censorious of men. He was charitable and his charity was practical. He never refused money to a beggar or a friend. When himself destitute he managed to scrape up something to send to his sister-in-law, his brother's mistress, his worthless stepson, and the drunken good-for-nothing, his younger brother Andrew. They sponged on him as he sponged on others, and far from resenting it he seems only to have been sorry that he could not do more for them than he did.

He loved, admired, and respected his wife Anna; he looked upon her as in every way superior to himself, and it is touching to learn that during the four years of his absence abroad he was tormented by the fear that, alone with him, she would grow bored. He had a loving heart and he craved to be loved. He could hardly bring himself to believe that he had at last found someone who, notwithstanding his defects, of which he was only too conscious, loved him devotedly. Anna gave him the happiest years of his life.

Such was the man. But that was only the man. There is a dichotomy between the man and the writer and I can think of no one in which it has been greater than it was in Dostoevsky. This dichotomy probably exists in all creative artists, but it is more conspicuous in authors than in others because their medium is words and the contradiction between their behavior and their communication is more shocking.

There was in Dostoevsky more than the vain, irritable, weak egotist his biographers depict. There was the man who could create Alyosha, perhaps the most charming, sweet, gentle creature in all fiction. There was the man who could create the saintlike Father Zossima. Alyosha was designed to be the central figure of *The Brothers Karamazov* as is plainly enough shown by the first sentence of the book: "Alexey [Alyosha] Fyodorovitch Karamazov was the third son of Fyodor Pavlovitch Karamazov, a

landowner well known in the district in his own day, and still remembered among us owing to his gloomy and tragic death, which happened thirteen years ago, and which I shall describe in its proper place." Dostoevsky was too practiced a novelist without intention to have begun his book with a definite statement that marks Alyosha out.

But in the book as we have it Alyosha plays a subordinate role compared with that of his brothers Dmitri and Ivan. He passes in and out of the story and seems to have little influence on the persons who play their part in it. His own activity is concerned with a group of schoolboys whose doings, beyond showing Alyosha's charm and loving-kindness, have nothing to do with the development of the theme. The explanation is that *The Brothers Karamazov*, which runs in Mrs. Garnett's translation to 838 pages, is but a fragment of the novel Dostoevsky proposed to write. He intended in further volumes to continue the development of Alyosha, taking him through a number of vicissitudes, in which it is supposed he was to undergo the great experience of sin and finally through suffering achieve salvation.

But death prevented Dostoevsky from carrying out his intention and *The Brothers Karamazov* remains a fragment. It is, notwithstanding, one of the greatest novels ever written. It is a very rich book. Dostoevsky had been pondering over it a long time and he took more pains over it than his financial difficulties had allowed him to take on any novel since his first; he put into it all his agonizing doubts, his eagerness to believe what his reason rejected and his anxious quest for the meaning of life.

I can only tell the reader what not to expect, for he has no right to demand of an author what he has either not the power nor the intention to give him. This is not a realistic book. Dostoevsky's power of observation was small and he did not seek verisimilitude. The behavior of the characters is not to be judged by the ordinary standards of common life. Their actions are wildly improbable and the motives of them madly inconsequential. They are not persons you recognize as you recognize the creatures of Jane Austen's or Flaubert's invention; they are personifications of passions, pride, lust, sensuality, hate. They are not copied from life and elaborated by the author's skill into persons more significant than life presents; but emanations of the author's tortured, warped, morbid sensibility. But though not lifelike, they palpitate with life.

5

The Brothers Karamazov suffers from the prolixity which Dostoevsky knew was a fault in many of his other books, but of which he could not cure himself. Even in a translation one can hardly fail to be conscious of the sloppiness of the writing. Dostoevsky was a great novelist, but a poor artist. His sense of humor was elementary and Madame Hohlakov, who

provides the comic relief, is merely tiresome. The three younger women Lise, Katerina Ivanovna, and Grushenka are poorly individualized; all three are hysterical, spiteful, and malevolent. They want to dominate and torture the man they love and at the same time to submit themselves to him and suffer at his hands. Their conduct is unaccountable.

For all his sensuality there is no evidence that Dostoevsky knew much about women; he seems to have divided them summarily into two classes: the meek self-sacrificing woman who is browbeaten, ill-treated, and imposed upon; and the proud, domineering woman who is passionate, cruel, and vindictive. It is likely that here he had in mind Polina Suslova whom he loved because the suffering she caused him, the indignities she heaped upon him, were the filip he needed to satisfy his masochism.

The men are drawn with a firmer hand. Old Karamazov, the besotted buffoon, is beautifully presented; his bastard son, Smerdyakov, is a masterpiece of the sinister; of Alyosha I have already briefly spoken. The old ruffian had two other sons. Dmitri is the sort of man whom the tolerant are apt to describe as his own worst enemy; he is a vulgar, drunken, boastful bully, recklessly extravagant and in no way particular how he gets the money to spend so foolishly; his idea of debauchery is pathetically schoolboyish and the description of the binge he goes on with Grushenka is naïve to the point of absurdity. His prattle about his honor is merely disgusting. He is in a way the central character of the book and that to my mind is a defect, for he is so worthless a creature that you do not care what becomes of him. He is supposed to be attractive to women, as such men often are, but Dostoevsky has not shown what his attractiveness consists of.

There is one point in Dmitri's behavior that is curious. He takes money, money that he has stolen, to give to Grushenka so that she may marry the man who first seduced her. It recalls the episode when Dostoevsky tried to borrow money so that Maria Isaeva could marry the "high-minded and sympathetic" teacher who was her lover. He gave Dmitri, notwithstanding his ruthless egotism, the masochistic trait he found in himself.

So far I have carped and the reader may well ask why, if I make these objections, I claim that it is one of the world's greatest novels. Well, in the first place it is of absorbing interest. Dostoevsky was a very good novelist and he had a great gift for dramatizing a situation. It may be worth while to point out a method he was fond of in order to achieve the effect he wanted and rivet the reader's attention. He will bring the chief persons in his story together to discuss some action so outrageous that it is incomprehensible, and then will lead you to an understanding of it with all the skill of Gaboriau unraveling a mystery of crime.

These long conversations have a thrilling interest and he heightens the thrill by an ingenious device; his characters are agitated quite out of proportion to the words they utter; he describes them as trembling with excitement, green in the face or fearfully pallid, so that a significance the reader cannot account for is given to the most ordinary remarks; and presently he is so wrought up by these extravagant gestures that his own nerves are set on edge and he is prepared to receive a real shock when something happens which otherwise would have left him unmoved.

But this is merely a matter of technique; the greatness of *The Brothers Karamazov* depends on the greatness of its theme. Many critics have said this was the quest of God; I for my part would have said it was the problem of evil. And this brings me to Ivan, old Karamazov's second son, who is the most interesting, though perhaps the least sympathetic, character in the book. It may be, as has been suggested, that he is the mouthpiece of Dostoevsky's fundamental convictions.

It is in the sections called "Pro and Contra" and "The Russian Monk," which Dostoevsky considered the culminating points of his novel, that its theme is discussed. Of the two sections "Pro and Contra" is the more powerful. In it Ivan takes up the problem of evil which to the human intelligence seems incompatible with the existence of a God who is all-powerful and all-good. As an example he gives the unmerited suffering of little children. That men should suffer for their sins seems reasonable enough, but that innocent children should suffer revolts the heart as well as the head.

Ivan is not interested in whether God created man or man God; he is willing to believe that God exists, but he cannot accept the cruelty of the world He created. Ivan insists that there is no reason for the innocent to suffer for the sins of the guilty; and if they do, and they do, God is evil or does not exist.

I will say no more: "Pro and Contra" is there for the reader to read. Dostoevsky never wrote with greater power. But when he had written it he was frightened of what he had done. The argument was cogent, but the conclusion repugnant to his own belief that the world for all its evil and suffering is beautiful because it is the creation of God. "If one loves all living things in the world, this love will justify suffering and all will share each other's guilt. Suffering for the sin of others will then become the moral duty of every true Christian." That is what Dostoevsky wanted to believe. And having written "Pro and Contra" he hastened to write a refutation. No one was better aware than he that he had not succeeded. The section is tedious and the refutation unconvincing.

The problem of evil still awaits solution and Ivan Karamazov's indictment has not yet been answered.

(The next novel to be discussed by Mr. Maugham will be Stendhal's *The Red and the Black*.)



Books and Men



In the old days there used to be the King's English and the other kind.

But now we live in a specialized world, a world in which one set of people talk Diplomat's English, another Psychiatrist's English, and a third the English of Broadway. Even poets have begun to write for each other in a language of their own. But the most abstruse of all these languages is Statutory English, with which lawyers and judges regulate human behavior. WILLIAM SEAGLE, lawyer and editor, knows the peculiarities of his clan. His Men of Law, From Hammurabi to Holmes was published last fall by Macmillan.

CAN LAWYERS TALK ENGLISH?

by WILLIAM SEAGLE

1

STATUTORY ENGLISH represents sudden and unpredictable attacks on the integrity of common speech. It consists of new and hitherto unrecognized meanings attributed by judicial or legislative fiat to some word or phrase employed in some legislative act in complete disregard of its literal meaning. This form of English is embodied in a separate dictionary in forty-five huge volumes published by the West Publishing Company, the mammoth lawbook house.

The layman supposes that a law adopted by a legislature after due deliberation has a plain and obvious meaning. But laws come to be applied many years after their enactment, when circumstances and sentiments may have changed or when competing or special interests have arisen, and then all sorts of ambiguities begin to be discovered in them by adroit lawyers and judges. The statute also has to be fitted into the history and tradition of the legal system as a whole, and to be reconciled with other statutes, conventional legal principles and concepts, and the personal, political, and social prejudices of the judges.

Every statute, no matter how simple, must be construed. A judge called upon to perform this function usually does so instinctively. He then proceeds to rationalize his conclusion in terms of general and abstract rules of construction formulated in Latin maxims and phrases. These constitute the pseudo science of statutory construction, which makes judges the ultimate legislators.

In construing the language of a statute, the supreme rule supposed to be followed is that its literal meaning governs. But there is also the rule that the literal meaning may be disregarded if it would defeat the purpose of the legislature. It is this rule that is the chief fount of statutory English. Since the judges are extremely loath to admit that they are disregarding the language of a statute,

they tend to insist that its words mean what no dictionary says they mean.

Statutory English may be traced back to the provision of the Roman law of the Twelve Tables which gave a cause of action for cutting down "trees." In order to allow a cause of action for cutting down "vines," the Roman jurists construed trees to include vines, and thereafter a vine was a tree in Roman law. A triumph of statutory English was also achieved early in the history of American law when the phrase "beyond the seas" in the transplanted English statute of limitations was interpreted to mean "outside of the State."

In the present lexicon of the Federal courts the term "sugar cane" has been held to cover "beet sugar," and the term "common table salt" has been made to do for "rock salt." A "sale" is frequently held to be the same as barter or exchange, or even a gift. The Supreme Court of Vermont has declared that a "transient" is "merely a person away from home" although he may not have left his home town, and also that a "hospital" is a "house." So is a filling station. Watches and jewelry have been held to be "wearing apparel" when widows have tried to keep the sheriff from levying on these objects. Similarly the courts are badly split on the question whether a piano is a piece of "household furniture." Some corporation lawyers have actually had the temerity to argue that pianos are musical instruments.

An adult may be a "child" for statutory purposes. A wife living in adultery at the time of her husband's death is legally held not to be a widow. On the other hand, a divorced husband has been judicially pronounced a widower by the Supreme Court of Ohio, which has declared that "in its broadest terms, a 'widower' may be defined to be a married man who has lost his wife, either by death or judicial decree. The separation in one case,

from the legal point of view, is no more absolute than the other."

A particularly powerful factor in generating statutory English has been the so-called general construction laws, which attempt to foresee problems of construction that will commonly arise in interpreting terms employed in statutes. Almost invariably the general construction laws define these common terms in senses that depart radically from dictionary meanings or familiar rules of grammar and syntax. Thus the term "state" is defined as including the Territories and the District of Columbia; the term "population" as the population at the last official census; the term "written" as including printing, engraving, lithographing, except when a handwritten signature is expressly required by law; the term "oath" as including an "affirmation" — a particularly extreme definition, since witnesses who affirm have conscientious scruples against taking an oath.

Some provisions of the general construction laws are quaint or particularistic. Thus the general construction laws of Iowa, Kansas, and Tennessee provide: "The Roman numerals and Arabic figures are to be taken as a part of the English language." The legislature of Kansas, in defining the term "residence" in its general construction law, has even been careful enough to provide: "When a person eats at one place and sleeps at another, the place where such person sleeps shall be deemed his residence." The general construction law of the State of New York, which is particularly rich in provisions rarely found anywhere else, decrees: "The term men includes boys," and "The term women includes girls."

2

MODERN statutory definitions are of two types. They are either entirely in harmony with everyday usage and the ordinary dictionary meaning, in which case they are wholly superfluous, or they represent such wild departures from popular understanding that it can only be devoutly hoped that they will never find their way into the dictionary.

As a matter of fact, definitions of the first type often will not even save the judge the trouble of taking down the dictionary, for they are simply exercises in tautology. Thus a Texas law provides that a candidate is "one who has announced he is a candidate," and another Texas law provides that a person in disguise is one who has disguised himself. A Kansas law defines a "new car dealer" as "one who sells new cars," and another Kansas law defines a "barber shop" as a "place, shop or establishment wherein the practice of barbering is engaged in or carried on."

The statutory definitions of the second type are enough to make Webster turn in his grave. The same terms are defined in different ways in different statutes, and often for no good reason that can be

discovered. This is particularly true of the term "United States," which is rarely what it is politically and geographically. The term "continental United States" may or may not include Alaska. For the purposes of one Illinois pension law the term "policeman" includes "policewoman" (not to mention police surgeon), but for the purposes of another pension law "policeman" excludes "policewoman."

Quite commonly, various species of the animal kingdom are reduced by statutory definitions to a dead level of uniformity. Thus "horse" is made to do for all animals of the equine species, and "dog" for all animals of the canine species. The same form of insult is not infrequently offered to the species of man. Thus in Federal law the term "Indian" also covers Eskimos.

Defining the term "intoxicating liquor" is another favorite sport of legislators, and in Arizona "spiritous liquor" includes "fruits preserved in ardent spirits." In the bright legislative lexicon, "blind" sometimes extends to persons of defective vision, and a "serious injury" is one that prevents a person from earning a livelihood for however brief a period.

The terms "apartment" and "apartment house" reveal wide statutory variations. In Illinois, by virtue of statutory definition, there are no one-room apartments. The single word "street" seems almost everywhere to have attracted the defining powers of legislators. The New York Public Service Commission law, for instance, defines the word "street" as including "streets, avenues, waters, rivers, bridges, viaducts, parkways, highways, and public places." Again, the Illinois legislature, which seems to be particularly inventive, has defined the term "street railroad" so as to include "every railroad being mainly upon, along, above or below any street." Thus in Chicago the elevated and the subway are street railroads.

The courts of the country have not balked at sanctioning these philological upheavals. "One of the prerogatives of a legislator," the Supreme Court of Oregon has declared, "is to make words obey him and accept any meaning which he chooses to impart to them." The Supreme Court of Mississippi has declared: "The Legislature has the power to define for itself. It may upset the dictionary and give to any word a meaning of its own."

In Nebraska a popcorn manufacturer was convicted of selling a "misbranded" article, consisting of a package of popcorn, in violation of the State Pure Food Law, because it contained a tin butterfly as a prize. He pleaded that the package was plainly labeled "popcorn," and that no attempt was made to conceal the fact that it contained the prize. But his conviction was upheld by the State Supreme Court because the statute defined as "misbranded" any package of food "if there be contained in the package any gifts, premiums or prizes."

In Montana a "wholesaler" of beer is one who may sell a single bottle of beer, provided it is not consumed on the premises. The beer retailers, who were required to pay much higher license fees, sued to restrain the wholesalers from selling single bottles of beer in competition with them. But the court denied the injunction because the licensing law defined a "wholesaler" so as to include sales "in original packages" to be taken off the premises, and then defined "package" as any "container or containers or receptacles used for holding beer." The court held that a single bottle of beer rather than the case was a "container or receptacle."

No less remarkable decisions have been rendered in other parts of the country in deference to statutory definitions. The Supreme Court of California has held that the *Monrovia Evening Post* could not qualify for official advertising as a newspaper of "general circulation" in the city because the statute defined a newspaper of general circulation in a particular place as one "printed and published there," and the *Monrovia Evening Post* was printed in Pasadena.

The Supreme Court of the United States in the past decade has been responsible for the slavish submission to statutory English on the part of the lower courts. But a few years ago there was fought in the Supreme Court a battle which may well go down in legislative history as the Thermopylae of statutory English. By a five to four decision, the Court refused to hold that within the meaning of the child labor provisions of the Fair Labor Standards Act the Western Union was a "producer" of telegrams or that it "shipped" goods in interstate commerce when it transmitted a telegram. The Court acutely pointed out that "the statute while defining 'produced' to mean 'handled' or 'worked on' has not defined 'handled' or 'worked on.'" The day was saved perhaps by the fact that Congress had been careless enough not to define "ship." In his dissenting opinion Justice Murphy provided a clue to the popularity of statutory definitions when he protested: "To sacrifice social gains for the sake of grammatical perfection is not in keeping with the high traditions of the interpretive process."

3

IN recent decades the multiplication of statutory definitions has been due primarily to the tremendous strides made by social legislation. Workmen's compensation laws, labor laws, old-age pension laws, and social security legislation in general, represent radical and sudden departures from traditional legal conceptions, and distinct breaks with the legal past. The statutory definition which continues to apply old terms to new conceptions is only another example of the legal method of putting new wine into old bottles.

Take, for instance, the social security laws. They

provide assistance for aged people who are "in need" or "indigent," or who have no "income." With the aid of statutory definitions applicants for pensions have been held to be "in need" although they had children who were supporting them, and an appellate court in Missouri has even held that an applicant had no "income" under the State's old-age pension law although he was regularly receiving \$50 a month from one of his children.

An even better example is to be found in the social legislation involving the relationship between employer and employee. The emotional element of this relationship has been preserved by statutory definition in a variety of situations in which it no longer really has any meaning. The term "employee" has become the most kaleidoscopic in the whole realm of statutory English. An individual may not be an "employee," but an independent contractor, in an accident suit. He may nevertheless be an employee for the purposes of unemployment insurance or minimum wage legislation. Again, he may not be an employee for such purposes but may be an employee for the purposes of a labor relations act. Furloughed employees are still employees under the Railway Labor Act for the purpose of voting in collective bargaining elections.

The conception of the employer-employee relationship has become so complex that some legislatures have practically given up and have indulged in pseudo definitions, which define "employee" as "one who works for an employer in an employment." In the statutory lexicon, an employee is now generally one who renders service to another in any capacity for remuneration. Vendor and vendee, lessor and lessee, bailor and bailee, principal and agent relationships, have been defined as employer-employee relationships.

Legislative drafting circles attempt to justify statutory definitions on the ground that they represent economy of expression, but this economy is usually obtained at the cost of confusion of meaning and thought.

If the rule frequently announced by the courts that the literal meaning of a statute may be disregarded if the result would be to produce an absurdity, or would defeat the purpose of the statute, were also followed in interpreting statutes that contain definitions of terms, the special definitions would cease to have any utility, and statutory English would soon vanish. Actually, in few of the cases in which the courts have declared that they must yield to the statutory definition has it been true that the definition itself absolutely compelled the result. The decisions have really been due to the desires of the courts to attain the particular "social gain" represented by the statute. But a resolution to honor the good old American language does not necessarily mean the sacrifice of social gains. It means only the securing of social gains through honest methods.



Atlantic Monthly and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

AWARDS

FOR ATLANTIC "FIRSTS"

In these years many men and women are having their first try at writing fiction. Some of them have returned to college from the services; some of them are in business; some are venturing forth as free-lances. The *Atlantic* feels that special encouragement should be held out to all writers of promise who have not yet established themselves. Throughout 1948 we will, therefore, reserve space in each issue for *Atlantic* "Firsts" — stories by new writers.

Atlantic "Firsts" will be paid for at our top fee. And at six-month intervals the *Atlantic* editors, with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, will make two awards, the first of \$1500, the second of \$750, to the authors of those "Firsts" which we have published and which in the opinion of the *Atlantic* editors are the most promising. It should be understood that these stories will be judged as stories, and that MGM, like the *Atlantic*, is primarily interested in discovering and advancing the work of new writers. Neither one-act plays nor scenarios will be eligible for these awards. But if there are film possibilities in the prize winners, MGM will have the option to buy any of them at \$5000 each.

Candidates for *Atlantic* "Firsts" may run between 2000 and 20,000 words. The prize winners will be selected from the "Firsts" published in each six-month calendar period, January to June, and July to December, and the judgment of the editors will be final. The words "*Atlantic First*" must appear on the first page of each manuscript submitted.

(The *Atlantic* "Firsts" contest will be continued through 1948.)

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY
EDWARD
WEEKS

IN THIS world of ours where things are in the saddle and ride mankind, so many of us are slaves. There are women who are enslaved to money or clothes or society, and men who are enslaved to their business, to their law practice or doctoring, to their passion for ticker tapes and bonds and shares. I too am a slave to paper, but of a different kind. This has developed some peculiar habits in the Weeks family.

As an undergraduate editor twenty-five years ago I first found myself possessed by a love of the printed word, and an ever increasing respect for manuscripts. I religiously kept all my own young themes, — I have them still, — and this habit of acquisition has grown on me with the years. A neat man but never quite so orderly as I intend to be, I collect papers of all sorts. I collect letters from our authors and find it hard to destroy the more affectionate ones from my family. I collect old golf scores and Christmas cards; I must have thirty pounds of lectures written in longhand, committed to memory but not destroyed; I cut out editorials and news articles which have hit me as farsighted; I bring home Commencement programs and menus of the banquets I have enjoyed, and the programs of "First Nights"; and clippings about a certain editor and his magazine — clippings which have long since overflowed the wooden file given me by a harassed housewife one Christmas.

As I have said, I am a neat man. But the problem of where to put all this paper is something which overwhelms my sense of order. Each night before going to bed I collect the papers from my pockets and place them on the mantel in my bedroom. Some of these return to the office with me the following morning. Most do not. Gradually the pyramid grows, and when it threatens to spill on the floor, I put a book on top of it.

This is a danger signal which my mentor is quick to recognize. "Margaret," she says, "is dusting the

room today, and I won't have those damn papers on the mantel for another minute." Habit has made me resigned to this, but as I thumb through the pyramid, being careful not to let it slither on the floor, which would give the mentor a laugh, I say to myself, "Never have I had a desk big enough for what I need! Never have I had the place for papers a literary man needs!" I stuff the papers away in one of the drawers in my closet, — the one which still has some room in it.

The trouble is paper breeds so rapidly. With the help of John Dewey and Charles A. Beard I compiled a list of the Most Influential Books published over the last century. The list was taken up by the press. There were editorials and syndicated articles, clippings from the four corners. They still come in from the clipping bureau, and where to keep them!

The war against paper

Another trouble is that my mentor keeps raiding my piles. She long ago began to run her life by lists, and my envelopes give her just the memorandum space she needs. So she will snake one of the envelopes out of my pile and on the back of it will write these cabalistic symbols: —

Mrs. Clark telephone
Doorbell no ring
Mrs. Brown & Mr. Weiner
Box of clothes
Sheets and parachute
Dentist
Pierce canapes Gin
Linoleum plastic fur coat
Permanent

This list is supposed to do its duty propped up against the mirror of her dressing table, and if, as sometimes happens, I reclaim the envelope for my own and walk it back to the office, there are mutual recriminations.

Every now and then there is an outburst in our war against paper. The virus of house-cleaning suddenly enters the mind, and the time for action is now. The mentor upbraids me for the manuscripts I have left in, my little library, for the mass of clippings and correspondence not put away. I retaliate by jerking open her desk drawer and pointing to the unanswered invitations, the unopened appeals, — and the bills.

For a change I led the assault, on a rainy Saturday not long ago. "Here we are," I said, "supposed to be responsible people, and look at that drawer — invitations not answered, donations not sent, bills

not paid. Have you finished the Christmas letters? And how about the Hemplewhites' wedding?" I continued, opening the fat expensive envelope. "Do you know which one of their daughters this is? If we're going, for the Lord's sake let's write the acceptance and send a little present. Ash trays." At this point with silent fury my mentor took over.

That was on Saturday. Wednesday evening came a telephone call. Mrs. Hemplewhite. "Ted," she said, "could it be that you and Fritzzy were planning to come to Dorothy's wedding?" "Yes," I replied, and my voice was eager, for here I knew we had done our duty. "We are looking forward to it with pleasure." "But Ted," she said, "the wedding was two years ago. Dorothy will love the ash trays. But I thought you knew that she just had her second baby!"

It is hard to blush over the telephone, but I did. Then I came back to the mentor. "How did you dream it out? Whatever made you keep that envelope for two years?" "Well," she said primly, "I thought it was the best-looking wedding invitation we had ever received. I was keeping it as a model when our time came."

Caesar and Cleopatra

In 1920 on his graduation from Yale, **Thornton Wilder** was given a fellowship to the American Academy in Rome. He was already a writer marked for promise by the seniors who had preceded him at New Haven, — MacLeish, Farrar, and Stephen Vincent Benét. And Rome was Wilder's "other country." He had his classics and he had read deeply of the Latin world.

Those two impressionable years he spent in Rome brought recognition and a feeling of timeless beauty to a mind which was already remarkable for its capacity to draw life from the printed page. In *The Cabala*, a novel of short-story strands, Mr. Wilder developed his first theme in an imaginative treatment which he was to use again and with mature skill in *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* and *The Woman of Andros*. Raking the embers of the past, he finds live coals which as he breathes upon them kindle a new narrative. So in *The Cabala* you see the pathetic story of Keats's death in that unforgettable room at the foot of the Spanish Steps transmitted to our time and retold as if Wilder himself had been a witness of it.

Rome, especially the magnificent vista of Caesar's Rome, has never lost its attraction for Mr. Wilder, and I suspect that the genesis of his new novel, *The Ides of March* (Harper, \$2.75), could be traced to his service in Italy as a major in the Air Force Intelligence during the war. There the evidence of the Duce and the constant reminder of Wilder's friendship with Lauro de Bosis, the Roman poet who resisted Mussolini and who met his death when his airplane plunged into the Tyrrhenian Sea, must have added fresh incentive to a mind early fasci-

nated by the grandeur, the power, and the corruption of the Eternal City. *The Ides of March* is the mature, eloquent story of Rome at its zenith; it is the finest prose Mr. Wilder has yet given us, and incomparably the richest reading experience I have enjoyed this winter.

The story is centered in Rome in the autumn of 45 B.C., the last year of Caesar's power. It is told as if by an early Gibbon who had access to the colloquial documents of this turning point in the Empire. Caesar's letters and the private papers of his enemies; captured and copied by his secret agents; the love notes of Cleopatra and of Lady Clodia Pulcher; the poems of Catullus and the scurrilous jingles scrawled on the walls and pavements; Cicero's commentary and the commonplace Book of Cornelius Nepos, — these are some of the sources, quoted and linked together by an imaginary historian with the dramatic gifts of Mr. Wilder.

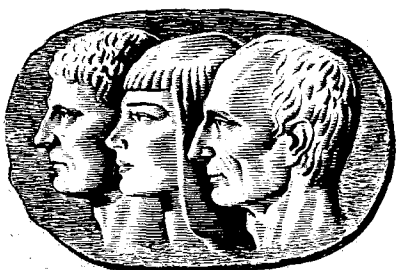
Wilder the dramatist

The poetry of Catullus is genuine; the rest, with one exception, is a skillful fabrication. The dramatist, as he acknowledges in his foreword, has taken his liberty with history: in order to give full force to the fateful months leading up to the assassination, Mr. Wilder has brought together, in the capital, people some of whom had actually been separated by death. Cleopatra he has installed in Caesar's villa across the Tiber (as indeed she was at that time), and there Caesar's rambunctious junior, Mark Antony, makes his first passes. Cleopatra has the Emperor enthralled on all points save religion, and in her rivalry with Caesar's wife Pompeia, the soft Roman kitten comes off a poor second best. Predominant among the Roman matrons is Lady Julia, Caesar's aunt and the widow of the great Marius, and in sharp contrast to her the cruel, brilliant lascivious Clodia whose profanation of the Mysteries is followed by the collapse of belief and the chaos which precipitates the assassination.

Caesar, of course, is the diamond of the book: we see his different facets in the report of his Greek doctor, Sosthenes, in the denunciation of Catullus, in the ironic comments of Cicero, and most endearingly in Caesar's Journal-Letter to his best friend, the maimed Lucius Mamilius Turrinus (for whom Ned Sheldon served as the prototype).

This self-revelation to Lucius brings out the wisdom and nobility of Caesar; we see his unhealed grief for his daughter Julia; we see his clemency towards those who seek to kill him; we see his contempt for the auguries, and his searching for religion; we see his firmness as an administrator, his veneration for poetry, his will power over his epilepsy, his infatuation for Cleopatra, and his touching devotion to Lucius.

Doubtless there is an oversimplification in this as there is in the portrait of Catullus. In any such



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From My Journal

By ANDRÉ MAUROIS. From the unique vantage point of his understanding of both peoples, Maurois offers a vivid contrast, his observations of America and France in the first year of peace. Translated by Joan Charles. \$2.75

summing up, the primary colors stand out; and above all, Mr. Wilder insists that we should feel the nobility of his Caesar. One may question whether the real Caesar was as noble as this. But the novelist is right in his overemphasis, for it is this very aspiration of his hero which accentuates our pity at his fall. Mr. Wilder has brought to his character the warmth which was totally lacking in the Caesar of schoolbooks and Shakespeare, and in his hero's destruction there is the true catharsis.

Two lovers and a poet

Oxford is fortunate in having among its dons two men who can write as well as they teach: C. S. Lewis, author of *The Screwtape Letters* and of novels blending fantasy with religion, and Lord David Cecil, who edited the *Oxford Book of Christian Verse* and is still better known for his accomplishment in biography. *The Stricken Deer*, his biography of Cowper, and his delightful short book *The Young Melbourne* gave proof of his charming style and distinguished him as the ablest of critic-biographers since Strachey. *The Young Melbourne* was to have been followed by a larger study of the mature statesman but the family papers went underground at the time of the Blitz, and in that hectic interim when teaching at college and Army camps came first and there was little time for writing, Lord David turned his thoughts to the courtship of Dorothy Osborne and William Temple, certainly the most procrastinated and attractive love affair in English literature. This story with its threads of affection and tenacity is one which he has retold with skill and appropriateness in his new book, *Two Quiet Lives* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$3.00).

Dorothy Osborne and William Temple (they were eighteen and twenty when they first met in 1648) were both the children of Cavaliers and in each case their families were made to suffer for their loyalty to King Charles. Dorothy was no raving beauty, but she was comely and possessed a mind as delightful as Jane Austen's; and although her father was in trouble (his income was to be cut from £4000 a year to £400) she was sought after.

She met young Temple on the Isle of Wight, where Charles the First was at that time lying imprisoned under the harsh guardianship of the Governor. Dorothy was traveling with her younger brother Robin, and the youngster was so infuriated at the ill treatment of the King that he wrote an insult to the Roundheads on the windowpane of the Inn. When the Governor discovered it, the boy was caught and accused, and at this point Dorothy came quietly forward to say that she had written it. Young Temple was a spectator to all this, and it was he who became a prisoner for life.

He was the more romantic figure, "lean and shapely, with beautiful curling hair falling on his shoulders, and a vivid, dark-eyed positive face agleam with intelligence," and since both families

opposed the match, and the lovers saw each other only once in their first year, it would have been small wonder had his fancy strayed. Their love affair was to drag along through eight years, and what held him more than their brief meetings in London, from which he was continually driven off by his father, Sir John Temple, was her letters. "In Dorothy Osborne," writes the biographer, "the society, of which she was a child, put forth its last fine flower. To something of her father's gallant nobility of temper, she joined a delicate Herrick-like sensibility."

Her letters are the very tentacles of affection, and whether she is defining the qualities which she did not want in a husband (for she was being courted by others all this while), or describing her solitary walks in the spring, or defending Temple against the attacks of her brother Henry, she shows herself wholly feminine and yet independently strong. Listen:—

"I forgot all my disguise, and we talked ourselves weary; he renounced me and I defied him, but both in as civil language as it would permit and parted with great anger with the usual ceremony of a leg and a courtesy, that you would have died with laughing to have seen us.

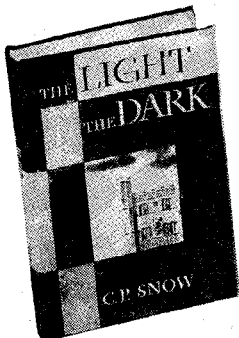
"The next day I, not being at dinner, saw him not till night; then he came into my chamber, where I supped but he did not. . . . Then he sat half an hour and said not one word, nor I to him. At last, in a pitiful tone, 'Sister,' says he, 'I have heard you say that when anything troubles you, of all things you apprehend going to bed, because there it increases upon you, and you lie at the mercy of all your sad thought, which the silence and darkness of the night adds a horror to; I am at that pass now. I vow to God I would not endure another night like the last to gain a crown.' I, who resolved to take no notice what ailed him, said 'twas a knowledge I had raised from my spleen only, and so fell into a discourse of melancholy and the causes, and from that (I know not how) into religion; and we talked so long of it, and so devoutly, that it laid all our anger. We grew to a calm and peace with all the world. Two hermits conversing in a cell they equally inhabit, ner'er expressed more humble, charitable kindness, one towards another, than we. He asked my pardon and I his, and he has promised me never to speak of it to me whilst he lives, but leave the event to God Almighty."

The story gathers interest as the letters unfold and as we come to see in their clear light the people of the political interim, sensitive, uncertain, wistful creatures, a startling contrast to the flamboyant energy of the Elizabethans and the flamboyant recklessness of the Restoration.

In his picture of the lovers Lord David is biographer pure. In his story of Thomas Gray, the other *Quiet Life*, he has more scope as a critic. His is an elegant and eighteenth-century consideration

New Macmillan Books

THE LIGHT AND THE DARK

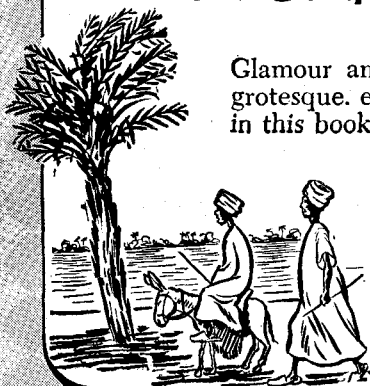


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of Gray's poetry, and there can be no quarrel with Lord David's contention that Gray represents in his faults and his virtues the perfect example of the academic aesthete. "He simply could not have stood the strain of an active life: it would have entailed his acting perpetually against the whole bias of his nature. The consequence could only have been collapse. The life he did choose, on the other hand, was in accordance with this bias. And, when all is said and done, he got more pleasure than pain out of it. Moreover the pain was moderated by the exercise of . . . his fortitude, his irony, his unegotistic good sense. Though he could not overcome his weaknesses, he recognized them as such, and made no attempt to excuse them."

Lord David's study is meticulous, perceptive; and if at times one feels a sense of obligation in the reading, the fault is that of the subject, for Thomas Gray in his quiet, orderly, fastidious way was pretty much of a gray person.

WHITEHEAD FOR THE MANY

by LUCIEN PRICE

SINCE *The Wit and Wisdom of Whitehead* was published, Alfred North Whitehead has died. This does not alter the value of the book, but it does deeply affect the tone in which one speaks of that philosopher and his work. For he advanced the frontiers of humanity and added stature to the dignity of man. More nearly than anyone else he grasped and harmonized in his thought the bewildering welter of new discoveries in this revolutionary epoch, and gradually his achievement will be diffused among the masses of mankind, even as myriads of us today live by the precepts of sages whose very names we have never so much as heard.

An anthology should send its reader to the originals. This "Wit-and-Wisdom" title which Mr. A. H. Johnson has chosen (the book is published by the Beacon Press, \$2.50) is a traditional one, going back at least as far as George Eliot. Philosophers' wit is likely to be Olympian lightning. Their comics are cosmic, an intense inner laughter of the mind, a play of slightly ironic intellect over the higher idiosyncrasies of the human species. The laughter of Nietzsche, for example, is highly sardonic.

Whitehead was a gracious being. The lowly great no less than the famous great have in common the charm of their simplicity, but was ever being more gracious than Alfred Whitehead? He put others so completely at their ease and so at their best that unless watched he himself would listen more than a thirsty suppliant wished he did. In conversation his wit kept flashing out, and in his published works it sparkles at moments the least expected, relieving the sustained effort of the reader with a brief

breather, even while it illumines the landscape of ideas. This volume of Mr. Johnson's is obviously a labor of love, and, as might be expected, is inspired also by veneration. The thirty-page portrait sketch which opens the book gives a fair idea of the benign philosopher's personality, properly tinged with the humor which accompanied his days. Affectionate laughter at and with a venerated figure is a sign of the soul's health. Here is no pompous ponderosity. The figure is warm, human, lovable.

Anthologies are meant to be read by snatched bites, picked up and laid down at odd moments. The reader will find this especially true of the present volume. Its excerpts are so charged with voltage that a very little goes a long way. In fact, having tried the opposite method, of seeing how much of it I could read and still keep reflecting on what the pages mean, I found my saturation-point to be like the little boy's who said, "I can still chew, but I can't swallow any more."

On the other hand, as a means of ingress to Whitehead's work, this book is admirable. It does provide hints of his enormous range, richness, and variety; and most of the excerpts are such as can be understood by the laity, of whom I am one. Even if the reader never progressed beyond this anthology but did pack its aphorisms firmly under his hatband, he would find them infinitely fructifying, if not indeed revolutionary depth-bombs to his traditional habits of thinking.

There are two professions especially which could profit by prolonged and habitual contemplation of these pages and of the originals to which they lead, that of teaching and that of preaching. Whitehead had a high regard for both, and especially for certain kinds of preachers. He once spoke of a party of liberal clergymen who came to see him because he could not, just then; go to see them, and how impressed he was by the freedom and largeness of their ideas. He thought they were, on the whole, superior to the average college faculty, one reason being that their profession obliges them to keep more closely in touch with the needs of common life.

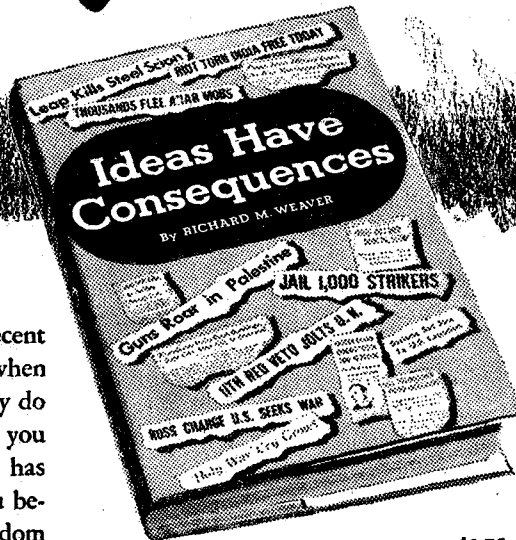
If I might make another suggestion it would be to the doctors. They would find these pages peculiarly congenial, first of all, because their own professional thinking is of necessity so open-mindedly flexible, and beyond that, because here they would sense a combination in high degree of what they themselves are, the man of science as humanist, which is what Whitehead was. He considered what he called "the good American doctor" to be one of the most advanced types of humanity which has so far appeared on this planet.

My final suggestion would be to follow this anthology by reading the volume of his *Essays in Science and Philosophy*, which was published last summer. That is a front hall to the mansion of his mind, and to it, this admirable, brief anthology is a vestibule.

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Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO

MY FIRST three books form a trilogy covering three crucial phases of our time: the German defeat, the occupation of Germany, the veteran's return.

A good many of us still don't know the answers to questions that aroused passionate speculation back in the war years. Many of those missing answers are compactly set forth, often in the enemy's own words, in **Milton Shulman's *Defeat in the West*** (Dutton, \$4.50). A former Canadian Intelligence officer, he has pieced the story together from captured plans, orders, minutes of staff meetings, transcripts of telephone conversations, letters and diaries, and cross-examination of the senior German commanders. Some of the ground has already been covered, but the familiar gains point from being integrated in the total picture of defeat as seen through German eyes. The accuracy of the picture is vouched for by Major General Sir Ian Jacob, wartime military aide to the British Cabinet.

The Germans: before defeat and after

Why, Major Shulman inquires, did Germany's leaders "make blunder after blunder until victory became impossible"? His thesis is that, although Hitler was responsible for Germany's most fatal mistakes, the Wehrmacht cannot again whitewash itself as it did after the First World War with the myth of "the stab in the back." It was the Wehrmacht's own fetish of discipline which enabled Hitler to reduce his generals to impotence, and which robbed junior officers and enlisted men of initiative. "Too much Hitler, too much discipline," were the prime factors in Germany's defeat. The third was "too much ignorance" at every level of command, the result of faulty intelligence and lack of liaison. (Even generals were not allowed to know the operational plans of adjacent commands.)

The Wehrmacht's record in this war leaves little scope for consoling myths. Here are but a few of the debit items:—

The High Command opposed the attacks on Poland, France, and Norway, believing that the Wehrmacht was not yet sufficiently strong. Von Rundstedt considered that the plans for invading England were "nonsense"—Intelligence credited Britain with thirty-nine divisions two months after Dunkirk. (It then had three!) The General Staff was at one with Hitler in not taking Rommel's ad-

vances seriously; they denied him proper backing even at El Alamein. Rommel himself is said to have been fatally incompetent in administration. The generals were firmly convinced the Anglo-American invasion would be aimed at the Calais area. After the first serious reverses, morale throughout the Wehrmacht collapsed with phenomenal rapidity. Major Shulman's text would have gained perspective from a few paragraphs emphasizing that this chronicle of defeat necessarily obscures the high price of victory. Nonetheless, *Defeat in the West* is a well-organized, informative, and engrossing post-mortem, written from what is perhaps the most fascinating vantage point.

Alan Marcus's first novel, ***Straw to Make Brick*** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$3.00), is a sobering sequel to Major Shulman's story. The familiar components of the German problem are exemplified in the Bavarian township of Erlbach. "The 200 per cent National Socialists went on being 200 per cent National Socialists; the defeatists became more gloomy; the priests continued their laments; speculators came out into the open; and the few anti-Nazis emerged from hiding places and found life still hazardous." To the conscientious major in charge of the AMG unit, it was "A salvage job—only human salvage." But his corporal, Mark Gordon, was an "ex-humanitarian" where Germans were concerned (and for sufficient reasons); his mission was "to make things as difficult as possible for them." Most of the other Americans had more mundane interests: Fräuleins or countesses, schnapps or vintage wines, black-market cameras or antiques, frightening "krauts" into the gutter or playing Caesar—depending upon rank.

Major Christopher's search for straw to make new bricks was balked by red tape, unsatisfactory rules for denazification, and the hatred and deceit of the Germans; by a spiteful colleague and a dictatorial superior; above all by the sheer immensity of the problem. And Mark Gordon, who denied the existence of a German problem, found himself cruelly enmeshed in it: he, a Jew, fell deeply in love with a German girl.

Alan Marcus has brought the topical problem into living focus and distilled from it a sharper sense of urgency than any nonfiction report. His writing, if not as yet distinguished, is clean, taut, and imaginative. His characters, if not particularly original, are strongly projected without recourse to heroic enlargement. His story moves at a rapid clip, accumulating emotional tension without contrived crises. Each incident amplifies the personal conflicts, discloses new facets of the political dilemma, interweaving and exposing both without glibness, in all their heartbreaking complexity. His vision cuts no corners, and because of this his story takes some unexpected turns. The climax is a deliberate anticlimax—a hiatus between a departure and an arrival—into which the essence

of all that came before is vividly compressed. Nothing is solved — for no solution is possible — yet much is illuminated.

New York, New York:

And what happens when the boys come home is told in **Merle Miller's *That Winter*** (Sloane, \$3.00) — the story of three veterans' first post-war winter in New York. Its publisher claims it will be remembered in years to come for its portrait of "a generation that refuses to be lost," and it has been favorably compared with the early work of Hemingway and Dos Passos. I've rechecked first impressions with a second reading and cannot join in the hosannas. The book has plenty of story interest, sincerity, and drive. It captures the nervousness of New York's moral climate and has its moments of emotional intensity. But these considerable qualities are counterbalanced by serious faults. *That Winter* is shot through with smart-alecky dialogue. Too many of the characters are nationally advertised types: the novelist who betrayed his talent for cash and became a heel in the process; the tough, likable trollop; the cynical, successful editor. And the plot is a prefabricated structure.

Of the three veterans, the rich boy drinks his way out. The Jew runs afoul of prejudice and returns to the bosom and business of his family. The hero sells himself to the "news magazine," works there long enough to give you the low-down — which is amusing but lacks the diamond edge of authentic satire — then pulls out of town to write a novel. Meanwhile oceans of alcohol have been consumed and a number of sound but quite commonplace ideas batted this way and that. But for a flashback — excellently done — to wartime experience, there is little reaching for the inner sources of frustration. Everything is superficially solved — the Jew goes home, the writer gets down to writing — and little is illuminated.

I'm judging the book in relation to the claims that it's an important novel: there's no question about its being well above the average. Its weaknesses stem from one source: only part of it has been "created." The rest is imaginative reporting, a "write-up" of ready-made materials (the stock types mentioned, the standard patter) within a prefabricated framework.

Since the second of this month's New York novels — which has been extravagantly ballyhooed — is prefabricated from start to finish, I'd like to clarify what I mean by that term.

The prefabricated novel, much in evidence of late, is not to be confused with the egregiously popular. It isn't shackled by the conventions of "escape" literature. It claims to have something "significant" to say — about anti-Semitism, for example — or purports to be a satire or sensational

exposé of this or that respected institution. The better specimens are entertaining, briskly if glibly written, sometimes animated by commendable intentions. They have vitality and strong topical appeal. But they are manufactured, not created. They are fancy journalism, not literature. I take time out to press the distinction because the prefabricated novel is competing for attention, not with popular fiction, but with the genuine article, which has a hard enough time finding the audience it merits. Aided and abetted by pretentious *réclame*, the prefabricated novel captures the three dollars one might have spent on a more rewarding book and a more deserving writer. Here's a partial anatomy of this de luxe synthetic product.

The author of the prefabricated novel starts out not with an inner vision but with a glossy print of the finished structure. He works, so to speak, not with brick but with ready-made walls, floors, and ceilings: stock types and situations or actual people, smart middle-brow ideas, the brand of clever patter cultivated by exhibitionists who strain to talk like characters in a sophisticated novel. The type is then individualized by identification of his favorite bar and haberdasher, or the real person thinly disguised by caricature and superlative. Anything that looks dull gets an extra coating of sex.

The prefabricated novel is at first glance seductive. But it signifies little or nothing. Where it is "true to life," the truth is journalistic. What Virginia Woolf called "the thing that lies beneath the semblance of the thing" is never grasped. No meaning is disclosed. No deep emotion generated. No comment beyond the superficial is expressed. The "satire" is glib burlesque which never challenges the basic values at stake and sometimes gives every appearance of admiring them.

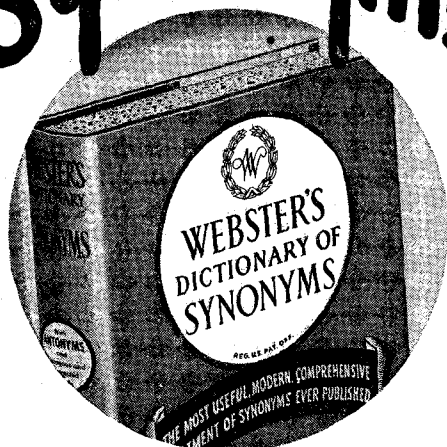
Virtually all of what I have just said is faithfully exemplified in ***The Great Ones*** (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.00) by **Ralph Ingersoll**.

Some extracts from the publishers' build-up are worth quoting: "This is the Love Story Of Two Very Important People. . . . Ralph Ingersoll . . . converts the facts and circumstances of people's lives into a searchlight blazing on their naked human souls. Only once before have we come across such a novel . . . *Main Street*. *The Great Ones* is a dead-pan, mordant dissection of another kind of American society, and provokes some value-questioning of its own."

Ralph Ingersoll has written the middle class to millions saga of Letia Long and Sturges Strong, together with the case history of a magazine empire, *Facts, Inc.* Sturges's progress from Yale to Park Avenue is bound up with that of *Facts*, *The Knowing Weekly*, to which is later added *Fantasy*, a Picture Magazine. Letia starts out as an actress, pulls down two million dollars' worth of alimony,

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then becomes in short order a celebrated *couturière*, "the most widely known painter in America," and a best-selling author to boot. One is not surprised to hear it said that she had "The Touch." At this point, she is in her late twenties and still full of repressed ambition. She marries Sturges ("the mating of two eagles"—Advt.), becomes a war correspondent for *Facts, Inc.*, and finally enters politics. Mr. Henry Luce, Ingersoll's former employer, and Mrs. Luce, who are both graciously mentioned by name in this novel, are sparrows by comparison with Ingersoll's soaring eagles.

Since "value-questioning" is at stake, let us question the values involved in Letia's first great love affair. It takes place as follows: A writer on the *New Yorker*, who has just met her, says, "The next question is can you or can't you be made?" Letia replies, "I don't think so." But she takes a fancy to his tweed jacket, and, "He was just a guy—but suddenly she was just a girl." She murmurs, "You can make me, I think you're swell." And so to bed. All this is preposterously juvenile and no naked souls are discernible.

The Great Ones is not a novel but a dossier—ream upon ream of factual reporting with just enough imaginative transposition to place it on the fiction list and elude the laws of libel. Letia and Sturges are described with accumulation of detail, but not infused with a single particle of the life which Dreiser poured into Frank Cowperwood, also the embodiment of "vaulting ambition," also a fictional titan elaborately documented from actuality. Ironically, the comparison with *Main Street* is justified only by Mr. Ingersoll's most surprising failure. He gives you the impression, as Lewis sometimes does, that he is mesmerized by the values whose futility he is out to expose. His final remark that Letia, after a brief interlude of love, "will never revert to being a woman again" comes as an agreeable surprise. You had guessed she was a monster around page 50, but you had an awful feeling Mr. Ingersoll had not.

The Gilded Hearse by Charles O. Gorham (Creative Age, \$2.75) contains yet another exposé, this time of a best-seller factory, whose motto is: "Books are merchandise, like soap or toothpaste or fountain pens." It's a turbulent account of twenty-four hours in the life of a publisher's Bright Young Press Agent, Richard Eliot, who is ambitious, unscrupulous, confused, and—like his colleagues—mortally insecure. Again we have prefabricated ingredients, but the conflict between Eliot and his wife is well handled, and the final tailspin ably executed.

The South and the psyche

My next three novels, whatever their failings, are genuine fiction, works of pure creation. Two are by young Southern writers. All three draw heavily on Freudian lore.

When Johnny Somers arrived to teach high school students history in Pineboro, Alabama, he was himself "a child in his heart and mind and flesh." His lonely struggle to achieve man's estate is anatomized by Robert Gibbons in *The Patchwork Time* (Knopf, \$3.00).

Gibbons's sensitivity to the speech and texture of life in a small Southern town has won impressive praise from Erskine Caldwell and Eudora Welty, and his people — raffish, cruel, brutal, and cunning; sometimes likable and sometimes tragic — are authentic, if strongly colored. Blackie Boone, amoral, resourceful, understanding, is an attractive and mature creation. And Crow Johnson, the rural Machiavelli, lecherous, arrogant, unbelievably vengeful, becomes utterly credible as Mr. Gibbons elucidates his private obsession. But the author's experiments in Joycean technique, though they yield persuasive insights, are sometimes distracting and obscure. *The Patchwork Time* is a patchwork quilt in which, here and there, the dye has run and marred the pattern. There is no doubt, however, that Gibbons has an important and original talent. He writes with a compassion and a concern for human dignity which mark a radical departure from the tortured violence of Caldwell and Faulkner.

Other Voices, Other Rooms (Random House, \$2.75), by another Southerner, Truman Capote, is also a story of emotional growth, this time from pre-adolescence to the first bewildered, terrifying awareness of adult passions.

At thirteen Joel Knox is summoned from his aunt's home in New Orleans to live with a father whom he has never seen, at Skully's Landing, an isolated, decaying house in the rural South. Here we are plunged into poetic Grand Guignol with a Southern accent and a cast of freaks: Joel's cousin Randolph, an exotic homosexual who spends most of his time sipping sherry, pasting bluejay feathers onto cardboard birds, and staring out of windows, dolled up in a Louis XVI ball dress and a silver wig; Joel's paralyzed father, who signals for attention by bouncing a red tennis ball around the house; a century-old Negro, Jesus Fever, who is always cold; his daughter Zoo, who is certain that the husband who half cut her throat will be back from the chain gang to finish the job; Idabel, a ferocious tomboy; Miss Wisteria, an oversexed midget; and others. The happenings in this world of grotesques, a nightmare universe where dream and reality are commingled, are replete with metaphorical intimations and Freudian imagery. *Other Voices, Other Rooms* has the perverse flavor of a children's story unfolded in a gothic chamber of horrors.

Mr. Capote is twenty-three. Like the short stories which have won him a sizable reputation with the advance guard, his first novel is experimental to the core. It achieves remarkable effects of poetry and terror: the unknown is a continual presence, obliquely disclosed in shapes and colors, and, in the shocked instant of recognition, again enveloped in mystery. *Other Voices, Other Rooms* is intense, brilliant, and — as a novel — a half failure: too formless and too choked with gaudy blossoms. I hope that Capote's exciting talent will respond to other voices, will explore other rooms. He already has an astonishing command of ways and means, a magic all his own.

Raoul Faure is another writer who has pondered Freud; and Freud has made him ponder the

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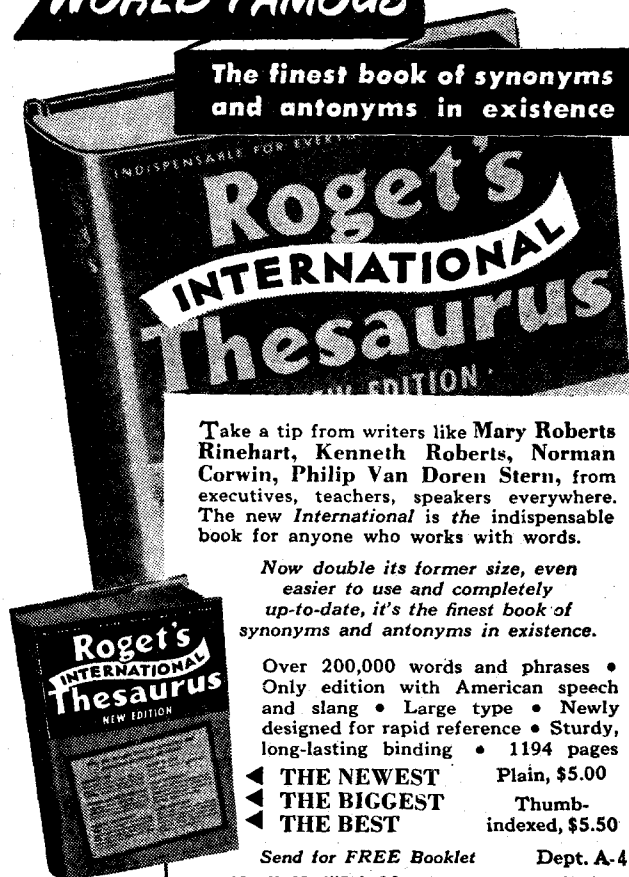
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legend of Lady Godiva. Mr. Faure is convinced it is a brazen whitewash. In *Lady Godiva and Master Tom* (Harper, \$3.00), he recounts with Freudian hindsight what really happened before, during, and after that piquant one-woman parade.

This, I hasten to emphasize, is no clinical case history but captivating fantasy, clearly and enchantingly written, richly laced with irony, surprise, and a sly sort of gaiety. Pervaded, too, with wisdom, dispensed with engaging simplicity by Ezra, the Earl's sagacious counselor.

In Mr. Faure's hands the story of Lady Godiva becomes a timeless parable. Lady Godiva is the glamour girl turned bitch after marrying the successful stockbroker; she is the frigid mink-coated matron with unprintable daydreams, who plays at philanthropy and has been known to dive nude into swimming pools after too many dry Martinis. And Tom, when you learn the secret of that famous peep, turns out to be a specimen the serious young novelists have been solemnly dissecting, but with less success than Ezra, the canny ancient, who hasn't heard of narcissism or the Oedipus complex but doesn't miss a trick.

Mr. Faure is a French businessman transplanted to America, who has made himself one of the most polished English stylists of the day. His third novel amply justifies the praise lavished on *Mister St. John* and *The Spear in the Sand*. To my mind, *Lady Godiva and Master Tom* is a book that has something to say, says it with charm, and is fun to read.

Man for China

W. H. Donald, the Australian newspaperman who for some forty years helped to shape China's destiny, has long been one of the genuine mystery men of our time. Just before his recent death, he confided the story of his career to another old China hand, **Earl Albert Selle**, who now tells it in *Donald of China* (Harper, \$3.50). A lively book, it is somewhat marred by mediocre writing, loose organization, and frantic hero-worship.

Donald's biography is in effect an intimate history of modern China. To the non-expert the book unfolds a picture of strife, backwardness, and corruption that is startling by comparison with even the most outspoken reports. As a young man, Donald took ship for China from Melbourne at the bidding of a mysterious telegram offering him a job on the *China Mail*. In 1905 he became the most famous correspondent in the Far East with the scoop that disclosed the whereabouts of the Russian Fleet and enabled the Japanese to destroy it at Tsushima. He later joined the Revolutionary Party that overthrew the Manchu dynasty, sighted the suns at the siege of Nanking, and thereafter acted as adviser to innumerable Chinese "governments." In the thirties he became the Solon and inseparable companion of the Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek.

After acquiring the bulkiest dossier in Tokyo's file of Very Important Enemies, he was captured in Manila and spent three years in internment without being recognized. Perhaps the most astounding fact about Donald, who lived only for the Chinese, is

that he never learned their language, never ate their food (he traveled with a private cook), and mispronounced even the simplest names. The biography of such a figure cannot fail to be engrossing.

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MR. ST. JOHN revisits Yugoslavia and finds no censorship, no militarism, no dictatorship, no terror. He notes that there are four kinds of people but quotes only one kind — those with “enthusiasm written on their faces” — and shares Tito’s abhorrence for the non-enthusiastic. His book is primarily a collection of “human interest” stories about Partisan heroes, eloquently interwoven with gruesome tales of Chetnik atrocities, neither of which are cause for canonizing Tito’s regime. It is not the Silent People who give tongue, but a set of ventriloquist’s dummies rattling off the Party Line.

THE UNITED NATIONS

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A USEFUL account of the origin, development, working practices, and problems of the United Nations by the dynamic delegate from Australia. Mr. Evatt supplies a heartening reminder of the UN’s concrete achievements, a searching diagnosis of its weaknesses, and a forceful set of recommendations for its improvement. He wastes no words and pulls no punches.

EAGLE IN THE SKY

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F. Van Wyck Mason

LIPPINCOTT

CUSTOM has somewhat staled the historical romance but the customers go right on loving it. This one is a vintage product by a reliable hand, who makes history the companion, not the slave, of romance. *Eagle in the Sky* traces the adventurous careers and tumultuous loves of three young doctors at the time of the American Revolution, sweeping from Boston up the coast of Maine and down to the Caribbean. Benedict Arnold’s treason, the great naval battle off the Chesapeake Capes, the surrender of Cornwallis, are a few of the historical events expertly recreated. Mr. Mason’s research into the horrifying medical practices of the period adds an interesting and original facet. A Literary Guild selection.

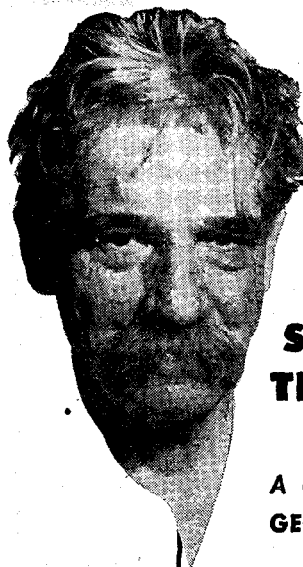
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PETER DE POLNAY is a gifted English novelist (*Two Mirrors*, *The Umbrella Thorn*) who has been highly praised — by Cyril Connolly, Elizabeth Bowen — but not yet widely appreciated. His canvas is slight but his touch is subtle, mature, and engagingly distinctive. He writes crisply, with suggestive understatement and sustained irony. His characters are skillfully particularized and revealed by the trivia of everyday existence. *The Moot Point*, which has to do with murder, is unraveled in the prosaic setting of a British boardinghouse. The cast includes a deaf-mute girl and half a dozen others who seem to be quite ordinary until you get to know them. A novel that is refreshingly different.



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MR. MONTGOMERY's reasonable thesis that Hungary wasn't an enthusiastic satellite — which of them were? — is advanced with some weird footnotes to recent history. For example: Beneš was the villain of Central Europe and its most underrated statesmen King Carol and the Hapsburgs; the Heimwehr's massacre of Austrian workers in February, 1934, was leftist propaganda (and presumably a hallucination on the part of John Gunther and other eyewitness reporters); Nazism was a workers' movement opposed by the German industrialists. (Has Mr. Montgomery been reading the papers?) A sample of the author's logic: Hungary, the *unwilling* satellite, did not want Germany's defeat, but "to adopt this attitude is by no means as foolish as may appear to some Americans. . . ."

The really alarming thing about this book is the fact that Mr. Montgomery, a former dairy magnate, was "U. S. Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to Hungary" for eight critical years, 1933-1941.

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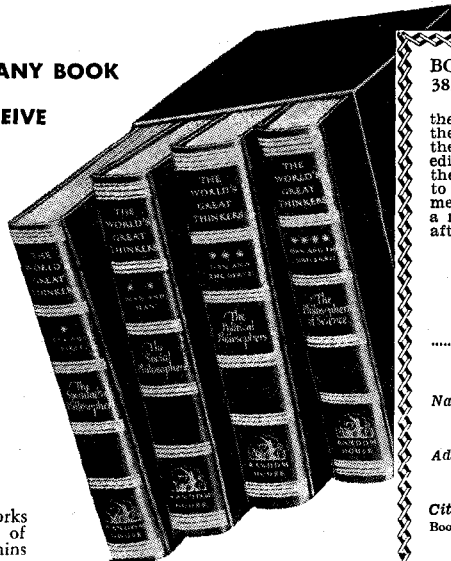
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